

LEMONWATER

Written by

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1 EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DUSK

1

The fog is dropping over the Golden Gate Bridge. ZOE LERNER, 40, beautiful, short red hair, is driving her BMW with the roof down, across the GG bridge. A chartreuse scarf is wrapped around her neck, with its long tails billowing in the wind behind her, as she drives.

Her face is studying a thought. She looks neither sad nor happy. We hear music - just a cello and a violin - dueling slowly, sensually.

We follow Zoe's drive across the bridge. As she enters the first tunnel into Marin, we hear a horrible crash come from inside the blackness.

THREE MONTHS EARLIER

2 INT. SARA'S LOFT - SAN FRANCISCO - LATE AFTERNOON

2

Remarkable late afternoon light is streaming through the windows of SARA LUCERN's DogPatch loft. We focus in on an orange record player that's spinning an EP. We hear the voice of Maria Calas singing *Oh Mio Bambino Caro*. As her powerful singing wafts through the air, it slowly tours us around the loft - an artfully explosive scene of musical instruments, film posters, recording equipment. It's a juxtaposition of modernity and antiquity. It's not cluttered. There's enough space for us to take in every detail.

SARA LUCERN, mid-30's, curly black hair, beautiful, is tracing her fingers across the naked body of ZOE. They are lying together on a large bed. Sara's long hair has nestled its way around Zoe's face, around her short red hair. We don't know it's Zoe at first, until she turns around to speak.

ZOE
Beautiful but lonely.

SARA
Who?

ZOE
Maria Calas.

SARA
I can fix that.

ZOE
She's dead.

SARA
Don't be so pedestrian.

ZOE
I've never been called that.

SARA
Hold on.

Sara gets up, naked, and walks towards her work station: 2 monitors, pro audio speakers, outboard gear. She wakes up her computer, hits a few keys, and joins Zoe back in bed.

We now hear a second version of *Oh Mio Bambino Caro*, this time sung by Dame Kiri Te Kanawa. The two versions are dueling together in a mash-up that somehow works. It's musically orgasmic.

The two women begin to make love. Their connection is as powerful as is the music we're hearing. Their lovemaking together is rhythmic, mournful, beautifully arranged. It's as if they're being choreographed by the music itself.

CUT TO:

3 INT. SARA'S LOFT - A BIT LATER

3

The sun has gone down. The two women are now partially dressed, and lying on a soft floor - which has been transformed into a work space that's strewn with art supplies, sumi sticks, thick fibrous papers that serve as canvases for Chinese ink drawings they've made. There's a piece of drift wood with fresh blue paint on it, along side a bowl of iridescent blue paint.

Zoe and Sara are each eating with chopsticks from two bowls of white rice with bright green peas. Zoe takes out some peas and places them on the piece of wood. She mashes a few peas flat, into the wet blue paint.

ZOE
There.

SARA
I don't know why you always bring art supplies with you. You just need food to play with.

ZOE
And you.

SARA
I am food.

Zoe continues to mush a few more peas, thoughtfully.

ZOE
You are better than food.

SARA
Stay. Eat more.

ZOE
I'm already late.

SARA
Since when does that bother you?

ZOE
I'm not bothered. I'm just aware.

SARA
I loved today.

ZOE
I loved today.

Zoe continues to mush peas. Sara starts tapping a rhythm out with her chop sticks on the side of her bowl.

4 INT. THE HOME OF DAVID AND JULIE SABLE - THAT EVENING 4

Three couples are at a casual dinner party. All late 30's - Mid 40's. ZOE sits next to SAM, her husband. He is a beautiful, strong man, soft spoken man. Across from them are LEV & ALLEGRA, of Mid Eastern decent. Lev works with Sam and is his best friend. DAVID & JULIE are the hosts, sitting at the ends of the table. They're San Francisco born and bred, a bit more conventional than the other two couples.

Wine has been flowing freely.

DAVID
We don't even pretend to have privacy anymore.

JULIE
Well, I do. I lock myself in the bathroom and pretend I have privacy. I read.

DAVID
I don't mind it. These are incredible years with the kids. Speaking of which, yesterday, Jacob told us his coach had a vasectomy.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

I don't even know how he found out about it - let alone how he knew the word *vasectomy*.

JULIE

Well, I'm sure his coach didn't tell him. His coach's son told him. This kid is such a pervert. He gives me the creeps.

ALLEGRA

Maybe that's why the Coach had himself snipped.

ZOE

A little to late, obviously.

LEV

I can name a lot of fathers at Ali's school who should have had vasectomies about oh... 10 years ago.

SAM

Maybe we should start a vasectomy club. Like a men's club.. We could syphon Planned Parenthood funds. Same cause.

Zoe laughs a little.

LEV

Hand out literature at soccer games.

ZOE

It's all about prevention.

JULIE

That's a little harsh.

ZOE

Look, for one of me, Julie, there are a million women having babies at this very minute. Don't worry.

JULIE

But really. I've always wondered. Why don't you two have kids?

ZOE

Why?

SAM
We may adopt.

ZOE
We may build a pool. We may shave
our heads. We may do a lot of
things.

LEV
Sam, if you build a pool, don't use
our guys. They know nothing about
pools

Sam and Lev share a quick laugh.

SAM
We're not building a pool.

Zoe is mushing a bit of her food on her plate. There's a beat
of silence at the table.

ALLEGRA
San Francisco is too cold for
pools.

JULIE
No, shit.

Zoe is somewhere else by now. Her plate has become her
canvas.

LEV
Sam and I took on a huge contract
in Cupertino. Talk about a pool.

SAM
It's more of a water park.

LEV
For one kid.

DAVID
Well, good for them.

Zoe has created the beginnings of a beautiful design on her
plate.

JULIE
I hope that kid learns to share.
There's nothing worse than a kid in
a pool alone. What a waste.

DAVID

I'm sure there's a app for that. He can find out which kids on his block need a pool and then he can charge per minute or something.

ALLEGRA

That's horrible.

DAVID

I'm just saying that the kids down in Silicon Valley don't know any other way but to relate to each other through apps.

ALLEGRA

I don't believe that. It's the parents who can't relate.

DAVID

Of course. You've just answered your own question.

ALLEGRA

I didn't have a question.

DAVID

Apples don't fall far from trees.

ALLEGRA

I got that.

JULIE

I'm sorry, Allegra. Sometimes David is slow.

DAVID

I'm not slow.

JULIE

In a cute way. Not in a bad way.

Julie gets up to clear some dishes. Zoe's masterpiece is complete.

JULIE

Oh, Zoe. That's so nice.

Zoe holds the plate down before Julie picks it up. She destroyed the design with her fork.

JULIE

Well, you didn't have to do that!

ZOE

Were you going to save it?

JULIE

Well, no... but that was kind of violent the way you just messed it all up like that.

ZOE

Better me than you. Right?

JULIE

Well .. I wasn't going to do it like that.

ZOE

How were you going to do it?

JULIE

I don't know. With water - let the water run over it and do it sort of naturally.

Zoe starts to laugh.

JULIE

Why are you laughing? I was complimenting you on your art. You are so hard to understand sometimes. I swear.

Julie walks out of the dining room with the plates. Sam looks at Zoe, so in love with her. The two share a smile.

5 INT. SUNSET BAY ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY

5

Sara is in the Day room of an assisted living facility. 7 or 8 older people are loosely gathered around her. Sara's holding a trumpet in her hand, and is seated on a metal folding chair, facing the residents. MYRNA is old, fat and funny, seated directly in front of Sara on a old couch. CHANTAL, the picture of grace and class, a slight woman in her early 70's, impeccably dressed, is seated beside her. She has a French accent, a Quebecois.

Sara finishes a beautiful version of *Masquerade*. Everyone claps.

MYRNA

Sara, are you going to play some more?

SARA
No, you don't pay me enough.

CHANTAL
We should pay you.

SARA
No, I wouldn't take money from you.

Myrna looks suspicious.

MYRNA
Really?

SARA
OK maybe I would. But I'd be creative about it. Nothing as direct as cash or a check.

MYRNA
No, you'd like us each to put you in our wills.

SARA
Myrna! That's not nice. I volunteer here with no agenda.

MYRNA
But you have to admit - it's a good idea.

SARA
It's a great idea.

MYRNA
But don't get any funny ideas.

SARA
Never.

Chantal rises.

CHANTAL
Shall we?

SARA
Good-bye, Myrna. Good-bye everyone. Rodger, Beverly, Pete. Pete! Wake up, I'm leaving.

PETE, an old man slumped on the couch, keeps his eyes closed.

PETE

I never sleep. But I dream. Leave me alone.

SARA

I'll leave you alone.

Sara takes Chantal's arm and walks her out of the room.

CUT TO:

6

INT. CHANTAL'S ROOM - DAY

6

Sara and Chantal are seated in a little sitting area by Chantal's one window that looks out onto a sweet garden. Sara is holding Chantal's hands on the table.

SARA

You just found out today?

CHANTAL

The others don't know yet, of course. They've been keeping the news a secret from us.

SARA

Apparently.

CHANTAL

I was sitting just outside the administrative offices. I was there to pick up a package from my son. Michél rarely communicates with me, as you know.

SARA

I do know.

CHANTAL

So I had walked over there to get the package and to get a bit of exercise. I was sitting just outside Maureen's office. She's the director here. She works for the national office, you know - the Rothsam Group. It's quite a big business.

SARA

I know.

CHANTAL

So I was within ear shot - I could hear her talking on the phone. They're selling the land - the land that Sunset Bay is built on - right beneath us. The way she was discussing it - The whole thing was very obvious. I'm no detective, but when she saw me waiting right there outside her office, she was surprised and quite abrupt with me.

SARA

I just heard about it through Tess - yesterday. She works at The San Francisco Weekly - they're doing a story about it. It's the university who's buying the land, you know.

CHANTAL

Oh, I'm sure they'll relocate everyone here to someplace else - no matter what. But not me.

SARA

Why? Are you going to pitch a tent and protest?

CHANTAL

No, no. It's nothing like that. I'm just not sure what I'll be doing, dear.

SARA

Chantal, what are you scheming?

CHANTAL

Never mind me. I'll tell you when I'm clearer.

SARA

What do you mean?

CHANTAL

Dear, you're not the only one who lives in the moment these days. Speaking of which, how are you?

SARA

I'm fine.

CHANTAL

And Zoe?

SARA
Amazing. Beautiful.

CHANTAL
When did you last see her?

SARA
Thursday. All day.

CHANTAL
What a treat.

SARA
You have no idea.

CHANTAL
Tell me.

SARA
You do have an idea.

CHANTAL
I do.

Sara gets up and leans against the wall, facing Chantal.

SARA
It's been a year, you know.

CHANTAL
I know, dear.

SARA
I can't believe it.

CHANTAL
What can't you believe?

SARA
I've become OK. With everything.

CHANTAL
It used to hurt so much.

SARA
I know. Now it doesn't. Mostly.
Because when she leaves, so much of
her still stays. It's like she's
splitting in two. Maybe soon,
she'll never leave.

CHANTAL
But she'll be split in two.

SARA

She's so big, she can split in ten
and still be whole.

CHANTAL

I don't think so. It doesn't work
like that. You can love all the
parts Zoe gives to you - but never
think you've got her completely

SARA

You might be wrong about that.

CHANTAL

I don't need to be right.

Sara sits back down.

SARA

You never care about being right. I
love that.

CHANTAL

It's not that important to me.

Beat.

Darryl was an artist just like you
and Zoe. I never had all of him.
But for 46 years, I loved the parts
he gave to me completely.

SARA

Did you ever feel cheated?

CHANTAL

Never. I loved not knowing all of
him. And he didn't know all of me.
That's the secret.

SARA

To what?

CHANTAL

Oh, just life.

Sara laughs. She picks up a candle stick.

SARA

To life.

Chantal picks up the other candle stick.

CHANTAL
To life before death.

They clink.

7 INT. ROMEO'S BAR - NIGHT 7

Romeo's Bar is in the Mission District. It's filled with a combination of hipsters and a local Latino crowd. It's full of energy, but not too crowded. There's a few musicians setting up on stage. Sara walks on from the wings and places some water on the floor. She takes out her trumpet.

SALVADOR, a sweet young Latino man, who plays the keyboard, walks up to the mic.

SALVADOR
Thanks for coming out. This our weekly attempt to distract you from the world as it goes to hell. Enjoy the set. We love you for being here.

CUT TO:

8 INT. ROMEO'S BAR - AN HOUR LATER 8

The band has been playing. We hear a fusion of Latin and Funk. The sound starts to thin out, until we only hear the sound of Sara's trumpet.

In the back of the bar, Zoe has entered. She leans against the back wall and listens to Sara, who plays with an unbridled passion that takes her from zero to 60 within the first few notes - a straight shot to her own private ecstasy. Zoe seems to be taking the ride along with her.

CUT TO:

9 INT. ROMEO'S ROOM BAR - LATER 9

Sara is sweaty, in post-gig euphoria. She's at the bar. Her friend, TESS SLOAN, mid-30's, smart looking, strong features, walks up to her. They hug.

SARA
Hey - I'm so glad you broke free.

TESS
Ben and Oliver are having a man cave night.

SARA

Exciting.

TESS

Ben usually falls asleep under Oliver's blanket before they get to any deep stuff.

Tess orders a drink from the Bartender.

SARA

Thanks for coming.

TESS

Your lady was here. Came and went, as usual.

SARA

Oh. Good.

TESS

What do you mean, 'good'. Don't you ever want her to stick around and say nice things to you?

SARA

You do that.

TESS

I haven't said one nice thing to you yet.

SARA

I'm waiting.

TESS

Ben wants to pin her in a corner.

SARA

Ben does? Why?

TESS

Because he has more guts than I do.

SARA

Look, maybe it's time we all had dinner.

TESS

You think? After a year of me watching her lurk around in the back of the bar?

SARA
She's not social. She's an
introvert.

TESS
This is such an old conversation.

SARA
I'm sorry I'm boring you.

TESS
You're not. You're not boring me.
I'm just trying to get past the
excuses.

SARA
I said. I agree. It's time for us
to all have lunch - lunch is
probably better.

TESS
And talk about what? The future?

SARA
Why would you want to talk about
the future?

TESS
OK, the past. We can talk about how
great this year has been.

SARA
Why are you so snippy.

TESS
Because I was watching her watch
you tonight. There's something...
possessive about her. I don't like
it. I feel like she has no interest
in any other people or parts of
your life that don't have something
to do with her.

SARA
Well, she doesn't really.

TESS
And you think that's OK?

SARA
I didn't say it was OK. But I
accept it for now.

TESS
So it's going to change?

SARA
I don't know.

TESS
I know you don't know.

Beat.

TESS
So dinner. Really?

SARA
Dinner or lunch. I don't know yet.
But I think it would be good.

TESS
I doubt Ben would come.

SARA
Don't let him be a judgemental
shit.

TESS
He loves you, Sara. He's just never
seen you happy and this
relationship is no exception.

SARA
What do I have to do to convince
people that I am happy?

TESS
Let's see... Maybe, be happy and
we'd stop thinking you're not.

SARA
I am happy.

TESS
You deserve a little more happy
than once or twice a week happy.

SARA
Zoe is not all of my happy. I love
my work, my music, my cooking
shows. Jesus, Tess. You sound like
you don't know me very well.

TESS
I'm sorry. Something about her just
looked so smug tonight.

SARA
You don't know her!

TESS
Clearly I don't! I'd like to!

SARA
That's what I'm saying!

TESS
Well, then dinner. Yes. Absolutely.
Let's do it.

SARA
OK. Jesus. You make me tired.

TESS
Sorry.

SARA
Yeah, I'm sorry, too.

They sip their drinks.

10 EXT. ZOE AND SAM'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

10

Zoe is putting her keys in the door, after returning from the bar. The door opens as she's about to turn the knob. Sam is wearing his coat, smiling.

SAM
I was just going to watch some porn
when I heard your car.

ZOE
Porn while wearing your coat? Won't
you get overheated?

Sam laughs.

SAM
I was just about to walk. Come walk
with me.

ZOE
I'd love a walk.

CUT TO:

11

EXT. WALK STREETS OF POTRERO HILL - NIGHT

11

The city looks sparkling and clear. Sam and Zoe are walking hand in hand. There's an ease between them.

ZOE

I'm thinking about cutting back on my classes. Maybe only teach the master's class.

SAM

More time for you.

ZOE

And the kids in first year are so needy. They deserve more patience than I can give them.

They walk in silence for a moment.

SAM

The art institute is lucky to have you. Endgame is, too.

ZOE

I try not to think about Endgame. I just take their money.

SAM

(laughing)

Have you even seen your work inside a finished game?

ZOE

Nope.

SAM

Millions of pimply-faced kids with their joy sticks staring at your art.

ZOE

Don't think about.

They are walking past a cemetery. Sam stops.

SAM

It's been a while.

ZOE

Hmm.

Sam pulls her into the cemetery. They are both laughing.

SAM

Let's wake the dead.

They playfully start fucking against a tree.

12 EXT. CITY HALL - SAN FRANCISCO - AFTERNOON 12

It's a few days later. Sara is walking up the stairs of City Hall.

13 INT. CITY HALL - ROOM 127 - CITY RECORDS - CONTINUOUS 13

Sara is looking at some documents in front of the CLERK'S counter.

SARA

So this demolition permit says they start next Spring. But why haven't they gone public with this already?

CLERK

They have. By filing permits, the University makes it public.

SARA

When do they plan on telling the residents of Sunrise Bay?

CLERK

That's the facilities choice- not the University's.

SARA

Are they going to pay for relocation? There are over 100 old people about to be homeless.

CLERK

I don't know anything about that. But I'm sure there's plans. We have enough homeless people running around here. I'm sure the University doesn't want to be blamed for adding more.

SARA

Well, thanks.

Sara exits.

14 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY 14

Sara is walking while talking on the phone to Tess.

SARA

I saw the permits. Next Spring they start construction.

15 INT. SAN FRANCISCO WEEKLY - CONTINUOUS 15

Tess is in her cubical. It's neat, with pictures of Ben, her husband, and Oliver, her son. Pictures also with her and various stars and politicians. She's got some memorabilia from movies, PIXAR, and other production houses.

TESS

What are you doing, Sara? I'm the reporter in the family. Don't try to become me. That's creepy.

SARA

I was just passing by.

TESS

Bull shit.

SARA

I hope Chantal has a plan.

TESS

She can come live with you.

SARA

Very funny.

TESS

Older women are sexy.

SARA

Shut up.

TESS

Just say'n. At least she's available.

SARA

You're an asshole.

TESS

I'm funny is what I am.

SARA

I'm heading over to Endgame, now.
It's about to rain on me. I'll call
you later.

TESS

Hey, if you see Zoe - Tell her I'm
looking forward to dinner.

SARA

What? Oh, right.

TESS

Right.

Tess hangs up the phone.

TESS

(Under her breath)
Not gonna happen.

16

INT. ENDGAME OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

16

Sara walks into a modern, hip reception area. Video Game posters are on the walls. It's raining. Sara had no umbrella and is shaking herself off as she comes in. Zoe walks through some double doors and is about to leave the building.

SARA

Hi. Why are you leaving?

ZOE

Ah! And you're leaving, too.

Zoe starts to lead Sara towards the door. Sara stops her.

SARA

What about the production meeting?

ZOE

I think you got the time wrong.

SARA

No. I didn't.

ZOE

You didn't. You're right. But I just met with Simon and Leonard who are both majorly stressed out about something else unrelated to our release. I told them to do what they had to do and we could all meet on the phone tomorrow morning.

SARA

Really?

Sara seems thrilled. Zoe leads her outside.

ZOE

Let's go play in the rain.

They walk into the parking lot. Zoe gets inside Sara's jeep.

CUT TO:

17

EXT. EMBARCADERO PIERS OF SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

17

Sara's jeep is parked on a pier facing Bay. It's choppy seas, as the rain whips down the pier. We see Zoe and Sara under a flimsy umbrella walking on the pier heading slowly back towards the car. We can hardly hear them through the noise of the wind.

ZOE

Dinner?

SARA

I know that's sound dreadfully normal.

ZOE

Why do we have to have dinner with her?

Sara stops walking. She's left a bit outside of the umbrella.

SARA

Because Tess is my best friend and she wants to officially meet you.

ZOE

Why?

SARA

Because that's what normal people do.

ZOE

You're not normal.

SARA

Tess is normal.

ZOE

It's just not what you and I are about.

SARA

Well, it's what I'm about right now. At least when it comes to Tess. She's been supportive of us for this whole year.

ZOE

Supportive? What are we - puppies? We don't need support.

SARA

Maybe you don't. But it's been nice to have someone to talk to.

ZOE

Really?

SARA

Does that shock you?

ZOE

Sort of.

Sara shakes her head and walks back to her car in the rain. Zoe watches her walk and then follows slowly behind. When Sara gets back inside the Jeep, Zoe stay outside in front of the hood of the car, and starts to do a dance for Sara - a cross between Charlie Chaplin and a hooker. Sara can't help but laugh. We watch this for a few minutes.

CUT TO:

18 INT. SARA'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS

18

Zoe and Sara are seated in the car. They are both soaked. Sara is holding a little hand-held audio recorder.

SARA

What's 13 years of living with Sam feel like?

ZOE

Stop it. Turn that thing off.

SARA

Why? Tell me. I'm in reporter mode. I don't even love you right now.

ZOE

You're cracked.

SARA
Speak clearly please, directly into
the mic so you won't be misquoted.

ZOE
Sara, you don't want to know about
Sam.

SARA
No, not about Sam. About life with
Sam.

ZOE
How about life with us?

SARA
I'm trying to imagine that.

Sara looks out the window. The device is still recording. Zoe
watches her start to disappear into thought. She bends over
to speak into the reorder.

ZOE
Testing. Testing.

Sara turns towards her.

SARA
Leave him.

ZOE
Sara...

SARA
When?

ZOE
I don't think in a grid like you

SARA
I'm in a cage, not a grid.

ZOE
We're both in a cage.

SARA
No, you live in a house. With Sam.

ZOE
Do you really want to live in a
house with me?

SARA
No. I don't.

ZOE

Then what do you want?

SARA

I don't know.

ZOE

I know what you want. And I can't give it to you.

SARA

You give a lot to me.

ZOE

I do. But I can't give that to you.

Sara takes a deep breath.

SARA

I don't really mean it. I just get weak sometimes.

ZOE

It's not weak to want what you want.

SARA

It feels weak.

ZOE

It's not weak. Sara, you are so not weak. You are sexy and strong and you drive me crazy.

SARA

Kiss me.

ZOE

I'll kiss you, lady. I'll kiss you so hard.

Zoe kisses Sara passionately. We hear that same cello and violin dueling music heard in the opening of the movie. They are so into each other. We can feel the power of their connection- one that has no home but seems to be everywhere.

It's about a week later. Sara is sitting at her computer working. There's a big image of an eyeball with currents running into it. It's animated and the section loops so we see the eyelid go down and up.

Sara is trying different sounds to match the eyelid movement. A Shutter sound, a heavy garage door closing, a low falling whistle, etc.

She's interrupted by a SKYPE call. LEONARD comes up on the screen. He's 30, black, dreads, beautiful. He's a preppy Rasta man.

LEONARD

Since you missed the meeting last week, I assume you're done with all your sound design for the first four levels. Good for you.

SARA

Yeah, right.

LEONARD

Well, what have you got for me then?

SARA

I'm just starting on level three. Are you my mother?

LEONARD

Do I look like your mother?

SARA

Strangely, yes.

LEONARD

I'm running comps for Simon. Can you send me one and two.

SARA

I already posted them this morning.

LEONARD

Alright. That's something. Thanks.

SARA

What's with the attitude?

LEONARD

You're running behind.

SARA

Nope. I'm actually right on schedule.

LEONARD

Yeah, but you always get shit done faster than you have been lately.

SARA
Lately? Wait. So now I get
attitude?

LEONARD
Absolutely. You spoiled me.

SARA
Can I go now?

LEONARD
It's always a pleasure.

Leonard disappears from the screen. Sara looks at her phone. She starts to type a text to Zoe, but then erases it, and puts the phone down. She calls out

SARA
Taxi!

A lumbering old bulldog lifts it's head from the couch. It looks like a pile of towels.

SARA
Take me for a walk.

Taxi looks very uninterested.

CUT TO:

20

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NEAR SARA'S LOFT - DAY

20

Sara and Taxi are walking the street near her loft. They stop near a Health food co-op, and look into the window. VANYA, 25, with bleached-blond cropped hair, walks out of the store, carrying some flyers. She speaks with a Russian accent.

VANYA
How's my little shoplifter?

SARA
Stop calling me that.

VANYA
I don't call you that. My boss
does.

SARA
We were talking and I just forgot
to pay. Did you tell him I paid for
it last week when I came in?

VANYA

A life of crime follows you where
ever you go.

SARA

You should know.

VANYA

I've tried to commit my crime with
you but you don't want me.

SARA

You're too young.

VANYA

I don't want to marry you. I just
want to fuck you.

SARA

I'm flattered.

VANYA

You should be. But I fell in love
this week. So forget it.

SARA

You fell in love?

VANYA

With Edna St. Vincent Millay

SARA

Oh, that safe kind of love.

VANYA

She burns her candles at both ends.

SARA

Very kinky.

VANYA

You need a shot of wheat grass.

SARA

I'm coming in for Taxi's food.
She's starving to death.

VANYA

Why do you feed her better than you
feed yourself?

SARA

I drink the fruit of your people.

VANYA
Vodka is not from a fruit.

SARA
It comes in fruit flavors.

VANYA
Not where I come from.

SARA
(pointing to flyers in her
hand)
Are you having a sale?

VANYA
Everything here is on sale if you
are a member of the co-op. Won't
you join us?

SARA
I don't do co-ops.

VANYA
Taxi's food would be 20% cheaper.

SARA
The membership dues are a scam.

VANYA
Suit yourself.

SARA
I always do.

VANYA
I remember.

SARA
You don't remember anything.

VANYA
Everything. Down to the detail.

Vanya runs her finger on Sara's neck for a split second. Sara
moves back.

SARA
Maybe you can wave my membership
fee then.

VANYA
I just work here.

SARA
Spoken like a true communist.

VANYA
You're a racist.

SARA
I'm not.

VANYA
Come inside and get Taxi her food
before she eats you.

SARA
She's too old to eat me.

VANYA
She's too old. I'm too young. Make
up your mind.

Sara laughs.

But in the end - She will kill you.
They always do. They turn on you,
those ugly dogs.

The three walk into the store.

21 EXT. SAM'S OFFICE - MARBLE AND STONE QUARRY - DAY 21

Sam's office is a trailer on the lot of a warehouse yard. He owns Lerner Chase Marble & Stone. He's just stepped out of his pick-up truck.

22 INT. SAM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 22

Sam greets Lev, who is sitting at one of the two desks in the trailer.

LEV
July 4th!

SAM
What about July 4th?

LEV
It's a long break this summer.
Falls on a Wednesday, so Allegra's
taking the whole week off from her
clients. Shrinks can do that. We
can do that. Let's all do the
Hawaii trip then.

(MORE)

LEV (CONT'D)

We've been talking about it for years. Let's do it.

SAM

Wow. I haven't even thought about the summer. Do we have to make a decision now?

LEV

Why not? I can book the condo. I just need a break. So do you. The girls would love it.

SAM

I've freezing my balls off lately.

LEV

I'm telling you.

SAM

Let me pass it by Zoe. She's hard to pin down for things like this.

LEV

Well, you deserve this so make it happen. She doesn't always have to be calling the shots, you know.

SAM

What do you mean by that?

LEV

You know what I mean. She always doing her own thing. And that's cool. It would just be great if she let you drive this one. Drag her on the plane if you have to. Strong women like our wives enjoy that sort of thing, sometimes.

SAM

(smiling to himself)
Yeah, I get that.

The two go about their business.

Sam is brushing his teeth. Zoe is already in bed reading a leather-bound book. Sam finishes up in the bathroom and joins her in bed.

SAM

So what do you think about Hawaii
in July - with Allegra and Lev?

ZOE

Hawaii?

SAM

We always talk about it.

ZOE

No, you and Lev always talk about
it. I hate the idea of going to
Hawaii. Italy is another story.

SAM

Italy is a lot of action and
touring. Hawaii would be a total
chill for us.

ZOE

Italy has art and interesting
people. Hawaii has neither.

SAM

It's not about that. It's not that
kind of trip.

ZOE

Well, if it's not that kind of trip
than I don't want to go.

SAM

But I'd like to go.

ZOE

Sam, then you should go.

SAM

I want to go with you. And I think
the 4 of us would have a good time.
They're *interesting* people.

ZOE

Look, I'm not teaching this summer,
so I really want to not have
should's and *have-to's* on my plate.

SAM

So vacationing with me is a have-
to?

ZOE

No! Vacationing with you is part of the plan. It's a must. Just let's go to Italy. Just the two of us.

SAM

We can do both. Maybe our taxes aren't as bad as we think.

ZOE

Let's hope.

Zoe lies in Sam's arms.

SAM

Think about it. I'd like to veg on a beach and not do anything. I need it.

ZOE

I know do. You're right.

SAM

It's been a long year.

ZOE

I know.

SAM

I know you know.

They share a gentle moment of silence together.

24 INT. SARA'S LOFT - LATE MORNING 24

Sara is working at her desk. Her cell rings. She smiles.

SARA

(sounds groggy)

I'm sleeping naked and alone.

25 INT. ZOE AND SAM'S HOUSE - ZOE'S STUDIO - DAY 25

Zoe's studio is bright with natural light. It's got lots of mixed media work around. Collages, paintings, pieces of her creative mind spilled throughout the room.

Zoe is seated in front of a large work station. We see the same eyeball on her screen we had seen on Sara's screen before.

ZOE
No, you're not.

SARA
If I was, would you leap in your
car and come over?

ZOE
I was thinking about doing that.
But I have to teach.

SARA
I have to rehearse. We have a late
gig tonight. Oh well, I'm never
going to see you again.

ZOE
I like the eyeball sound, by the
way. Very grunge.

SARA
You inspired it. What are you
working on now? This deadline is
killing me.

ZOE
I'm about to create the cross-
section of Bailey's hippocampus. I
feel like a medical examiner. I've
been reading all these Grey's
Anatomy books.

SARA
My anatomy is better than Grey's.

ZOE
That is true.

SARA
I need to see you.

ZOE
We'll figure it out.

SARA
I'll figure it out. I'm very clever
like that.

ZOE
You are.

Zoe hangs up the phone and continues to study her screen.
Sara does the same.

26 INT. SAN FRANCISCO ART INSTITUTE - DAY

26

Zoe is teaching a Master's class in drawing. The students are at their canvases. The class is small, only about 10 students. Zoe is in her element, as she walks around the room touching shoulders of certain student, bending in towards certain easels, passing by others. The works is beautiful, advanced. The focus is intense.

ZOE

(To no one in particular)

Light is fluid. If you give it too much weight, it loses it's credibility. It becomes dense and no one wants density unless you're painting a very dead horse.

A light chuckle is heard around the room.

ZOE

My hands have a tendency to stay on a stroke a second too long, sometimes. I have to stay in charge. I have to not disappear into my own flow. I have to be ahead of it. Stay ahead of what's about to happen on your canvas. Land before you fall. Dream before you sleep.

CUT TO:

27 INT. REHEARSAL STUDIO - DAY

27

Sara is playing trumpet with her band. It's a beautiful Portuguese song, mid-tempo, sexy.

We cut back and forth between Sara playing and Zoe teaching. After two or three switches, we land back on Sara leaving the studio.

28 EXT. REHEARSAL STUDIO - DAY

28

Sara is waving good bye to the rest of the band. She gets in to her Jeep and drives off.

29

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ART INSTITUTE - DAY

29

Zoe is walking out of the building. She's walking down an outside corridor when Sara surprises her and pulls her against the building to kiss her. Zoe seems surprised and happy.

ZOE

Hey! Hi! Wait - please don't do this here.

SARA

Art students are never shy.

She continues to kiss her.

SARA

Don't you guys pay for people to make love in front of you so you can draw them?

ZOE

Yes, but not the instructors. We just watch.

Zoe stops the kissing.

SARA

OK. OK. Do you like to watch?

ZOE

Shut up. Are you parked in the lot?

SARA

Yes. How much time do you have?

ZOE

As much time as I want.

SARA

You say that.

ZOE

You're right. Sam and I are doing our taxes tonight. Supposedly.

SARA

Taxes. That is so cozy.

ZOE

It is. Sort of.

SARA

OK. Please...

ZOE

Let's grab a glass of wine in North Beach.

SARA

I'll drive with you.

ZOE

No, don't. I'll meet you there. Then I won't have to drive back here to drop you.

SARA

I want to be alone with you in a small space.

ZOE

I'll find us a booth.

Zoe walks towards her car.

SARA

See you in a minute. Stone Seven?

ZOE

Yes - I'll get the booth.

30

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DUSK

30

We cut between Zoe driving and Sara driving. They are both looking for parking. Traffic is horrible. The light is dimming. Sara is getting frustrated. Zoe is less so, but starting to worry about time. Her phone rings and we hear Sam's voice through the car speakers.

SAM (O.C)

Honey, listen. Jerry said he can stop by for 20 minutes to go over the questions we had about our IRA's. How's traffic - can you get here soon? Class is out, right?

ZOE

Yes, we're done. Traffic is stupid. The bridge is probably packed but I'll get there when I can. Start without me. I'll be there.

Zoe hangs up the phone.

ZOE

Shit.

Zoe sees Sara on foot crossing the street, about to go into the bar. She beeps her horn, getting Sara's attention.

ZOE

Listen, I --

SARA

Fuck looking for parking. Just valet across the street. That's what I did.

ZOE

No, it's not about parking. I have to go home. Our accountant is actually coming over. I didn't know until just now. I have to go. I am so sorry.

SARA

Oh. No, it's OK. I mean, we didn't really have plans. We were being spontaneous. Sometimes it works. Sometimes it doesn't.

ZOE

I'm sorry. I'll call you tomorrow. I'll see you tomorrow.

SARA

OK. Hey - I'm having lunch with Tess tomorrow. Maybe you can join us.

ZOE

Maybe.

SARA

You should put you're roof up. It's fucking freezing.

Zoe wraps her neck with her chartreuse scarf.

ZOE

I'm all tucked in here. I like the wind. It clears my head.

Zoe blows her a kiss. Sara blows one back.

CUT TO:

31 INT. STONE SEVEN BAR - MOMENTS LATER 31

Sara is sitting at the bar having a drink. Her eyes are a bit watery. She seems tired. She shakes her head to snap out of it, realizing that this is just the way life is right now. She takes a breath and a big sip of wine.

32 INT. ROMEO'S BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT 32

Sara is back stage holding her trumpet between her legs as she is texting. We hear the sounds of a crowded bar, with people waiting for music. Salvador calls to her.

SALVADOR

Sara, share your set list with
Doug. My printer's broken so I only
hand-wrote two copies.

Sara is still texting and grunts an OK to him.

33 INT. SAM AND ZOE'S HOUSE - EVENING 33

It's been nearly 7 hours since Zoe's car crash. Sam is sitting on the couch between fits of numbness and crying. Lev is there with his wife, Allegra. There are few other people in the house. Things feel like they are in slow motion, but he CAMERA can't hold still on any one thing.

Lev is seated on the couch next to Sam.

LEV

I'll help you through this.

Sam is in shock. He can hardly respond.

SAM

That wasn't her. It can't be her.
It's a mistake.

Sam stands up. He walks passed the kitchen into his room then back out again, and sits back on the couch. He's completely dazed.

Allegra has walked into the kitchen. She is staring at Zoe's pocket book. Zoe's phone is sitting on top. A series of texts are coming through. CU on phone:

I have a feeling you might be here.

Am I right?

Testing

Taxes

Testing.

How's your IRA?

Sounds Jewish. Funny.

I'm about to go on stage.

ALLEGRA decides to call the person who is texting.

34 INT. ROMEO'S ROOM BAR - BACK STAGE - NIGHT 34

Sara answers the phone.

SARA
Are you here?

35 INT. ZOE AND SAM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 35

ALLEGRA
I'm sorry - this isn't Zoe.

SARA
Who am I speaking with?

ALLEGRA
My name is Allegra. I'm a friend of
Sam and Zoe Lerner.

SARA
Why are you calling me?

ALLEGRA
I saw that you texted Zoe.

SARA
What are you doing with Zoe's cell
phone?

ALLEGRA
I'm sorry to tell you this on the
phone. But Zoe died a few hours
ago. There was a car accident.

SARA
I don't understand.

ALLEGRA
It seems like you were a close friend. Sam just hasn't been able to make calls to anybody. It just happened.

SARA
Sam.

ALLEGRA
Yes, Sam - her husband.

SARA
I don't know Sam. I know Zoe.

Sara closes her phone.

CUT to the band playing on stage. Sara has mindlessly walked on stage. She is in shock, now standing before the crowd. She is in such a dizzying amount of pain. She steps out in front and begins to solo. She moves downstage as she plays, and ultimately falls off the stage.

CUT TO:

36 INT. ROMEO'S BAR - CONTINUOUS 36

POV of Sara from the floor. People are staring down at her. Sara gets up. She immediately screams in pain.

SALVADOR
I think you sprained your ankle or foot.

People start fussing. Sara faints.

37 INT. ZOE AND SAM'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING 37

Several weeks have gone by. SAM is standing in his kitchen, staring at a can of black beans. He opens it with a can opener. This takes a great amount of effort. His actions are labored and sad. The light is dim and the counter is scattered with papers, old bananas, a crumpled up gym towel. Sam drains the can in the sink, dumps the beans in a frying pan and turns on the flame. He stirs them with a fork. He walks over to the fridge. There only one photo - a large picture of Zoe's face - looking playful and beautiful. He opens the fridge, gets hot sauce, and seasons the beans.

He starts to eat them slowly, from the pot while still standing, leaning back against the counter.

We hear a phone ring.

38 INT. SARA'S LOFT - EARLY EVENING

38

The Phone rings. Sara is lying on her couch. Her left foot is wrapped in a soft cast. She looks horrible. She stars at the phone. Finally it stops ringing. Then it starts again. She picks up the phone and puts in on speaker.

TESS
Hi, love.

SARA
Hi.

TESS
Can I see you?

Sara stares into space for a few seconds.

TESS
Sara?

SARA
I bet you're already here, right?

39 EXT. SARA'S LOFT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

39

Tess is standing at entrance.

TESS
Yes.

40 INT. SARA'S LOFT - ENTRANCE

40

Tess has a key and lets herself in.

SARA
Hi.

TESS
Hi.

Tess gets a glass from the kitchen and pours a drink.

TESS
You need anything?

SARA
No.

TESS
How's that couch treating you?

SARA
Fine.

TESS
Have you left it this week?

SARA
Taxi needed to pee.

TESS
Thank god for Taxi.

SARA
He's very depressed.

Taxi is asleep on a big sofa chair.

TESS
He's in good company.

SARA
I'm horrible company.

TESS
How's the ankle?

SARA
It's fine. I can take this off when
I want to. I don't want to.

TESS
Sara --

SARA
Tess, I don't know what to do.

Sara starts to cry.

TESS
Do what you're doing.

SARA
Nobody understands.

TESS
I understand.

SARA
Nobody knows.

TESS
I know.

SARA
Only you and Chantal knew about
Zoe.

Sara weeps harder.

SARA
Why did she die? She was going to
do her taxes.

TESS
I don't know, Sara. It's fucked up.

SARA
It's so fucked up. This whole
things is fucked up. I don't know
what to do or who to be? I don't
exist. This pain doesn't exist. Do
you understand?

TESS
I understand.

SARA
I loved her so much.

TESS
I know.

SARA
No, actually you don't know. I
wasn't honest with you. I wasn't
honest with myself. I loved Zoe so
much - more than anything, or
anyone I ever loved. When we met,
my whole life changed. That's why I
took the crumbs. Her crumbs were
enough.

TESS
No, they weren't enough.

SARA
They were enough!

Sara is crying with wild eyes now.

TESS
Sara, you wanted more. You deserved
more.

SARA
I deserved Zoe. I had Zoe. We were
all going to have lunch.

Sara weeps. Tess holds her as best she can.

TESS
I know. I am so sorry.

Sara continues to weep in Tess's arms.

CUT TO:

41 INT. SARA'S LOFT - NIGHT 41

Sara is sleeping on the couch. Tess is in the corner of the
kitchen on the phone with Ben.

TESS
She finally just crashed. I'll be
home soon. Oliver OK?

42 INT. TESS AND BEN'S HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 42

BEN, mid-30's, handsome, is sitting in the den looking at the
TV with the sound off.

BEN
Take your time. We're fine here.

TESS
K. Love you.

Tess hangs up her phone. We hear Sara from across the room.

SARA (O.C.)
He must think I'm an idiot.

Tess walks over to Sara on the couch, just awake from what
must have been an hour sleep.

TESS
You're awake.

SARA
He does, doesn't he?

TESS

You so wrong about that.

SARA

Didn't he want to pin her down and tell her off?

TESS

Ben had nothing against Zoe. He just wanted her to live in one world and not two.

SARA

Easy for him to say.

TESS

No, it's not. He just saw both sides of this situation.

SARA

You mean Sam's side.

TESS

Both sides.

SARA

I wonder how Sam is.

TESS

I can't imagine.

SARA

I wonder what happened at the funeral. I wonder who went.

TESS

Don't think about that now.

SARA

I wonder if her students went. I wonder if the whole Endgame staff went.

TESS

Sara, what do you need. Tonight - do you need dinner? What have you eaten today?

SARA

I don't remember.

TESS

Can I make you something? Some rice?

SARA
I want to meet Sam.

TESS
You're not serious.

SARA
I am serious.

TESS
Sara, don't do that.

SARA
Rice would be good. I can make it.

Sara has a spark of unbalanced energy.

TESS
Sara, I'm serious. Don't contact Sam. If Zoe had wanted the two of you to meet, she would have --

SARA
You don't know that. The whole game has changed now.

TESS
Game? What game are you talking about?

SARA
It's a figure of speak.

TESS
Sara, please focus on getting through this- through your own pain. Sam is experiencing a whole different kind of loss right now.

SARA
How can you say that?

TESS
How can I say that? Because he was married to her for like 15 years!

SARA
13.

TESS
13 years. Whatever. My point is that he just lost his wife three weeks ago.

(MORE)

TESS (CONT'D)

And that last thing he needs is for her secret lover to show up on his doorstep.

SARA

So Ben has really gotten to you, huh?

TESS

What does this have to do with Ben?

SARA

I know Ben has thought about Sam from the beginning. It's not his fault. I get it. He wouldn't been happy if you and I were having an affair.

TESS

OK. Hold on. What conversation are we having right now? It's not about Ben. If you're so hell-bent on what he thinks - then talk with him, Sara. But anyone with a pulse would know that you trying to meet Sam right now is a bad idea.

SARA

Forget I said anything.

TESS

See, now I can't. I know you too well.

SARA

I need to sleep some more.

TESS

Let's make you some rice.

SARA

I don't want any rice!

TESS

Okay, okay. Jesus, Sara. I'm not you're enemy here.

SARA

I know that, Tess. I'm sorry.

TESS

Look, I'll call you tomorrow morning.

(MORE)

TESS (CONT'D)

By the way - the article about the University's land grab is coming out on Friday. Read it to distract you for a second, maybe. Looks like Chantal will have her pick of a few new old age homes - but they are all south - Daly City, San Mateo.

SARA

They don't call them old ages homes anymore.

TESS

Sorry.

SARA

I haven't seen her in a long time.

TESS

Well, maybe that could be your first big outing.

SARA

Maybe.

Sara takes a breath.

43 INT. TESS AND BEN'S HOME - NIGHT

43

Tess and Ben are lying in bed.

TESS

I can't even believe I'm telling you this.

BEN

Telling me what?

Tess sits up.

TESS

Sara is worrying me.

BEN

That's not news.

TESS

She wants to meet Sam.

BEN

Who's Sam?

TESS

Sam. Zoe's husband, Sam.

BEN

Holy shit. What do you mean, 'meet him.'

TESS

I don't know. She just got it into her head. She thinks it would be a good thing to do for some reason.

BEN

Good for who? The last thing Sam needs is to find out that Zoe was having an affair on him.

TESS

I said the exact same thing to her.

BEN

Did she see your point?

TESS

No. Or I don't know. She sort of changed the topic.

BEN

Does she think she has special privileges because she's a woman and not a man?

TESS

You mean if Zoe was sleeping with a guy, that guy would never dream of introducing himself to Sam?

BEN

Exactly. Fuck it. If gays want equal rights, they better know when it comes to committing adultery, they don't get a fee pass.

TESS

How do you really feel?

BEN

You know what I mean. I really think that Sara thinks her affair with Zoe was some kind of art film. It was fucking adultery.

TESS

Sam and Zoe had some kind of an agreement, I think.

BEN

You know, I don't think those agreements really work. If they did, then why all the secrecy this year?

Tess lies back down in exhaustion.

TESS

I don't know.

BEN

Do you and I have any agreements I should know about?

TESS

No way. I would cut your balls off.

BEN

I would cut your tits off.

Ben lies in Tess's arms.

BEN

But then I'd miss them terribly.

TESS

I can't say the same for your balls.

Ben squeezes one of Tess's tits and she screams.

44

INT. RESTAURANT - SAN FRANCISCO - LATE MORNING.

44

A week has passed. Sara and Chantal are sitting in a brightly lit restaurant. Sara's wearing regular shoes - no soft cast anymore. They are mid-meal.

CHANTAL

You're still not eating much.

SARA

This, from a woman who eats like a bird.

CHANTAL

(chuckling)

I remember when you first started visiting Mel at Sunrise Bay.

(MORE)

CHANTAL (CONT'D)

You used to bring him burritos. Oh my... that was years ago now. Imagine if you weren't such a good grand daughter to him. You and I would never have met.

SARA

I miss him.

CHANTAL

You were so good to him.

SARA

He was my pal.

CHANTAL

You're so good to me.

A WAITRESS comes over to refill their water. Sara doesn't like the intrusion.

SARA

I'm not sure I'm ready to be out in the world right now. This is my first attempt.

CHANTAL

Well, like I said on the phone, you didn't have to come on my account. I'm not big on birthdays.

SARA

Even if it wasn't your birthday - I'd want to see you.

CHANTAL

It's just glorious to get out of Sunrise Bay. I can't wait till I leave that place.

SARA

I heard that they have other facilities opening up rooms. Do you want me to take you to see any of them?

CHANTAL

Oh, please dear. Do you think I'm likely to go to another home? I'm looking forward to the change. Michél made a mistake moving me here all the way from Quebec - to suit his needs of course.

(MORE)

CHANTAL (CONT'D)

But now I don't have to live with that decision for the rest of my life.

SARA

No you don't. You're right.

CHANTAL

He lives 45 minutes away and we barely see each other.

SARA

Sorry, but your son is jerk.

Chantal laughs. They sit quietly.

CHANTAL

Sara, I'm moving back to Quebec.

SARA

(uneasy)

Back?

CHANTAL

It makes sense with all that's going on.

SARA

Quebec.

CHANTAL

You'll come visit.

SARA

You can't live alone anymore, Chantal.

CHANTAL

I have a friend. A bit younger than me. Belle and I go back 40 years Her husband died over Christmas. She's offered this to me. It will be good for both of us.

SARA

Does she have her own house?

CHANTAL

Yes, and it's small enough to manage. Close to all the important things. Sara - don't look so worried. You'll come visit.

SARA

I will.

Sara's eyes begin to water.

SARA

This feels horrible for some reason.

CHANTAL

Sweetheart, you've had a lot of loss recently.

SARA

Yes, great timing.

CHANTAL

I'm sorry.

SARA

No, I'm sorry. It's not all about me. I know that. I'm hurting so badly. I still can't believe the rest of the world can function normally when I can barely breathe.

CHANTAL

I feel like I knew Zoe a little. You spoke about her with such poetry.

SARA

She brought that out in me.

CHANTAL

It still lives in you then.

SARA

You think?

CHANTAL

Honestly love, I knew you before you knew her. Parts of you grew, but parts of you grew smaller.

SARA

Smaller?

CHANTAL

It's possible. When love is not lived out in the open - it has no fresh air to breathe. So it starts to steal oxygen. Slowly, things start to atrophy around it.

SARA
I'm beginning to see that.

CHANTAL
If you are, that means you're
growing again. So no need to worry.

SARA
How do you know all this?

CHANTAL
I think I've just lived on this
earth a bit longer than you. I see
patterns in life.

SARA
I see dead people.

CHANTAL
Pardon?

SARA
It's from a movie.

CHANTAL
Oh, I see. Sounds like a scary
movie.

Sara smiles at Chantal.

45 INT. SAM'S PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY 45

Sam is sitting in his truck parked outside his office. He's
talking on his cell phone.

SAM
This is Sam Lerner. I got your
email.

46 INT. ENDGAME - SIMON'S OFFICE - DAY 46

SIMON, the wired Production Director of Endgame, mid 30's, is
at his desk on the phone, acting very attentive to Sam.

SIMON
Hello, Mr. Lerner. I'm sorry we're
meeting under these circumstances.

47 INT. SAM'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

47

SAM

Yes... thank you. So, I got your message about the exhibit in New York and all. It's very nice of you.

SIMON

Well, it's a way to honor Zoe's contributions to the video game industry.

Sam rolls his eyes a bit. He switches the phone to the other ear, as if to get a new perspective.

SAM

My in-laws live in New York. I'm thinking about telling them. I'm not sure about the timing of all this.

SIMON

I understand.

SAM

I think they might come. I might even come. I'm not sure. Just forward me all the information and we'll see. I just didn't want to be rude and not acknowledge what you're doing. So thank you.

SIMON

Well, of course. Thank you and condolences of course to you and to Zoe's family.

SAM

Thanks. OK, bye.

Sam hangs up the phone.

48 INT. ENDGAME OFFICES - DAY

48

About 10 people are assembled around the table, including Leonard, Sara's sound design partner. Simon is running the meeting.

SIMON

I want to get things rolling. Who's missing?

LEONARD

Sara's going to limp in late. She just texted.

SIMON

How's her foot?

LEONARD

Healing.

DENNI, a tattooed production artist, 25, perks up.

DENNI

I heard she just walked off stage during a solo. Was she drunk?

LEONARD

No, she wasn't drunk. Just a freak accident.

DENNI

Lucky she didn't break her face.

SIMON

OK. Back on topic. So we're on schedule, except for Baily's Brain. We've got--

Sara walks in quickly and sits down.

LEONARD

Speak of the devil.

SARA

I'm sorry. What did I miss?

SIMON

We were just talking about you.

SARA

About me?

LEONARD

Denni is glad you didn't break your face when you fell a few weeks ago.

There's a chuckle in the room.

SIMON

Baily's Brain is about to be mastered. Are all your tracks in?

SARA

I'm almost there.

SIMON

Well, get there faster please. Like by Friday, the latest. Yes?

SARA

Yes. Absolutely.

SIMON

But I want focus us all on a new project. I just spoke to Sam - Zoe Lerner's husband. I went to the memorial service on Sunday, by the way. It was very fucking sad. Sara - I thought I'd see you there. I thought you two were friendly.

SARA

(stone-faced)

I couldn't make it.

SIMON

Well, I represented the team. Sam loved the flowers we sent. Anyway, he may come to the exhibit in New York next month.

SARA

What exhibit?

SIMON

That's what I want to talk with you all about today. Since we're launching Baily's Brain at the convention, I decided that a really cool way to honor Zoe's work - posthumously - is to have a gallery feature her work - at a space right near the convention center. So I found one to rent for 3 days. I've ordered large format iris prints of most of Zoe's art - only the landing pages obviously- nothing 3D. I want sound design for a few of the rooms we mount this in. I think it would be a very cool emmersive experience. Really pump up the game. Give it a new angle for the press.

SARA

The press?

Sara looks deeply disturbed.

SIMON
Is that a bad thing?

SARA
I can't believe you're doing this.

SIMON
It's the least we could do.

SARA
The least you can do? You're basically using Zoe's death as a marketing opportunity.

SIMON
You can choose to look at it that way.

SARA
Is there another angle I'm missing?

DENNI
Dude, your music is going to be played in a New York Gallery. That's a plug for you, no doubt.

SARA
I don't give a shit about that.

LEONARD
Chill out, little sister.

SARA
Am I the only one in the room who thinks this is kind of sick?

Sara gets up.

SIMON
Sara, you can calm down now. You're playing the role of the emotional artist now - I get it. Noted.

SARA
What - as opposed to the shrewd Production Designer? You know this is creepy.

SIMON
Not if we do it tastefully - which we have. Sam didn't seem that upset.

SARA
That upset?

SIMON
He thanked me for the invite. Said
his in=laws live in Manhattan and
they might all come, in fact.

SARA
Bullshit.

SIMON
No. That's what he said.

Sara sits down in defeat and disbelief.

SIMON
Are we done with the outbursts now?
Can I continue with the agenda?

SARA
(distantly)
Yeah, sure.

Sara looks like she's been hit by a bus.

49 INT. SARA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER 49

Sara is crying and slumped down in the front seat of her car.

50 EXT. OUTSIDE SAM'S OFFICE - DAY 50

Sam's just stepped out of his pick-up truck. Lev comes out of the trailer and walks up to him. Puts his arm around his shoulder.

LEV
Sam...

SAM
Hi Lev.

LEV
How are you?

SAM
Did you get that install solved
over on Bay View? It's our mistake.
We got to tighten up.

LEV

It's finishing up today. Everything is fine.

SAM

Good, good.

LEV

My wife wants to send more food over to you. Is that OK?

SAM

It's funny. Zoe wasn't much of a cook. But people think that now that she's gone, I'm going to starve to death.

LEV

It's the way we express ourselves - through food.

SAM

I know. It's wonderful. Don't get me wrong.

LEV

How about coming for dinner on Friday night?

SAM

By the end of the week, I'm spent, Lev. But thanks.

51 INT. SAM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

51

Lev and Sam are standing in Sam's office. Sam leans against his wall. There's a beat of silence.

SAM

I have to fill out these forms - these insurance forms. The car, the crash. There's still paperwork.

LEV

Let me do it. I'll do it for you.

SAM

You can't do it for me, Lev.

LEV

I'm sure it's not rocket science.

SAM

No, I'm just telling you about it because I feel like my head is still up my ass. I can't function.

LEV

Who says you have to function?

SAM

Of course I have to function.

Sam shakes his head out and sits at his desk.

LEV

The world goes 'round without you.

SAM

I know that.

LEV

You take all the time you need.

SAM

I have so much time I don't know what to do with it.

Sam rustles through some of his papers.

52

EXT. SAM AND ZOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

52

Sara is sneaking around the perimeters of Sam's house. She stops and stands outside a window, watching Sam, who is consumed by thought, lying on the couch. He sits up suddenly. Sara ducks, thinking he saw her. But he just has had moment of remembering something. He sits back down, puts his head in his hands and begins to cry.

Sara watches him. She torn about what to do. She walks to the front door of the house. It begins to rain.

The CAMERA cuts between Sam and Sara. Sara shows no sign of moving. She can't ring the doorbell. She seems frozen, not knowing what to do, perhaps not realizing even how she got there. She finally walks away from the door and back the window. Sam is now gone. She seems desperate to find him. But he's no where to be found. The lights suddenly go off and she sees him going up the stairs. When the light goes off on the stairs, too, Sara is left standing in darkness, soaking wet.

53 INT. SARA'S CAR - NIGHT 53

Sara is now driving in the rain. Her eyes are watery with rain and tears. She looks like she's on the edge of insanity.

54 INT. APARTMENT OF VANYA - NIGHT 54

Vanya opens the door.

VANYA
You're assuming a lot.

Sara is standing there looking very sad and wet.

VANYA
Come in. Maybe this is finally my
lucky night.

55 INT. VANYA'S LIVINGROOM - MOMENTS LATER 55

Vanya lives like a someone her age, but with a bit more global elements, since she is Russian-born and also processes an older soul than her 24 years.

Sara is sitting on the edge of Vanya's couch, not saying anything.

VANYA
Am I your new best friend or
something?

SARA
No. I just needed to see someone
tonight.

VANYA
You look like shit. Sorry, but you
do. You need more iron.

SARA
Is that what I need?

VANYA
I don't know what you need. I just
like you.

SARA
My girlfriend died.

VANYA
Holy shit. How?

SARA
Car accident.

VANYA
I didn't know you had a girl
friend. And now you want rebound -
you call it that right?

SARA
No rebound. I don't want anything.

VANYA
OK. Then we sit. I can read your
palm.

SARA
Can you?

VANYA
Of course I can. All Russian girls
learn from their grandmothers.

SARA
Really?

VANYA
No. I learned on St. Marks Place in
New York City. I used to get the
best drugs on that street.

SARA
Drugs? You're a health freak.

VANYA
Now. Before I was a drug addict.

SARA
One addition for another.

VANYA
Exactly. Works for me.

SARA
Read my palm?

VANYA
Ok.

Sara sticks out her right hand.

SARA
Thank you.

VANYA

I haven't said anything yet.

SARA

No. I meant thank you for letting me in. I'm kind of an asshole to you.

VANYA

No more than I am an asshole to you. I like you.

SARA

So what do you see?

VANYA

I need a drink first.

SARA

Me too.

VANYA

I know what you like. The one time you were here for that party, you stayed very close to the bar in my kitchen. I watched you.

SARA

You watched me? That's creepy.

VANYA

You didn't have a good time because you stayed for only 20 minutes. Americans want everything so fast. Even great friendship. You think you are snob, but you are just someone who doesn't stick around long enough to know people.

SARA

You're wrong about that.

Vanya is pouring some drinks in her kitchen area.

VANYA

Am I?

SARA

Yes.

VANYA

People your age are very defensive.

SARA

Can you read my palm and talk about
me and not people my age?

VANYA

I'm going to. See? Impatience. It's
a disease of you people.

CUT TO:

56

INT. VANYA'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT - AN HOUR LATER

56

Drinks have been drunk. Sara is on the couch looking more
relaxed almost asleep. Vanya is still holding her hand
reading.

VANYA

You are falling asleep but I'm not
done.

SARA

(Eyes closed)
I'm listening.

VANYA

Your love line is weak.

SARA

Be nice.

VANYA

It's what I see.

SARA

It's what I feel.

Vanya studies Sara's face. She starts running her fingers
slowly up Sara's neck, eventually running across her lips.
Sara's eyes are still closed.

VANYA

Do you feel this?

SARA

Vanya, I can't.

VANYA

But I can.

Vanya starts to undress Sara, slowly, as if she's uncovering
something rare with each layer. Sara lies back on the couch,
submitting to this strange and very vulnerable exposure. It's
not a seduction.

It's gentle, as if Vanya is giving Sara permission to let her defenses down, to be naked, to be touched. Sara eventually lies naked on the couch. Vanya, completely dressed. This isn't love making. It's caretaking. It's sexual and sensual. Vanya caresses, kisses. At some point, in such a natural unforced way, Vanya goes down on Sara. Sara takes in the pleasure. Tears stream down her face as she becomes aroused. Her orgasm yields way for a bigger release of tears and loneliness.

57 EXT. SARA'S LOFT - EARLY MORNING

57

It's the next morning. Sara walks into her loft in the same clothes she wore last night. She is confronted by Taxi, who is staring her down, like she deserves.

SARA

I'm taking you out right now. I'm sorry. I know you hate sleeping alone.

Taxi just stares at her.

SARA

Don't be a jerk.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. SARA'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

58

Sara and Taxi are exiting the loft for a walk. Leonard walks up to them.

LEONARD

Don't try to escape.

SARA

Leonard - what are you doing here?

LEONARD

Didn't you get my skype message?

SARA

Shit. No. I've been a bit off-line.

LEONARD

We need the final files for level 10 - so I'm here in person-

SARA

Walk with me.

Sara pulls Leonard along.

LEONARD

I don't want to walk with you. We are running behind, and I don't want Simon on my ass all week. I have to get ready for New York.

SARA

We can walk and talk.

Leonard reluctantly goes with her.

LEONARD

Please tell me you're done with your final comps.

SARA

By the end of the day.

LEONARD

Shit, Sara.

SARA

I'm sorry.

LEONARD

You have been off this last month - since your foot. What the fuck is up?

SARA

Have you ever sprained an ankle?

LEONARD

Girl, I've broken an entire leg. Why are you such a wimp?

SARA

It just threw me off.

LEONARD

I don't believe you. Are you working another gig? It's cool if you are. We're all contract people. We have other lives.

SARA

No. Endgame is it for me. I'm too lazy to get other work.

LEONARD

Man I could use more work. I plan to spend half my salary in New York. You're coming, right?

SARA

I have to.

LEONARD

It'll be fun. If you're in a better mood, I might even hang out with you.

SARA

Is that a threat?

LEONARD

I love New York.

SARA

Are you going to that gallery event? The one for Zoe?

LEONARD

Yes. It's turning out to be quite a happening. Her family confirmed they were coming. The press are definitely going to show. I know you got upset about the timing of all this, but it is great publicity.

SARA

Makes me ill.

LEONARD

You've got to chill out about that. Stop wasting your energy. Go with it. Besides, the Gallery is in Chelsea. Tons of cool after-hours places there with amazing music. You should bring your trumpet.

SARA

Maybe I will. Maybe I'll get discovered.

LEONARD

Stranger things have happened.

SARA

I'm sure they have.

Taxi stops to pee. Sara and Leonard wait, then fall back into step and keep on walking.

59 INT. SAM AND ZOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - A WEEK LATER 59

Sam is in the bedroom, packing a suitcase. He goes into the closet and stops to look at Zoe's clothes. He smells a few shirts and dresses, and is transported by the scent of Zoe. He takes a dress off its hanger, folds it neatly and put it in the suitcase with the rest of his stuff. Before he walks away, he sees a small blue scarf. He wraps it twice around his neck, smells it, then walk out of the room.

60 INT. ZOE AND SAM'S HOUSE - ZOE'S STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER 60

Sam is seated at Zoe's desk inside her studio. He's still wearing her scarf. He picks up some of her things and puts them down. He comes upon a yellow sticky pad with a pair of lips drawn on it - a simple line drawing of top lip, bottom lip. He smiles and picks it up. He flips through it mindlessly and sees that it's actually a little flip book Zoe doodled. One lip becomes two lips. They move together, move apart. Then the top of both lips fly away like two birds - getting smaller and smaller. Then the words "*your kisses give me wings*" on one page.

Sam plays with the flip book for a bit then lays it back down gently.

61 INT. TESS AND BEN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 61

Zoe is lying on their living room floor with Taxi and OLIVER, 5 year old son of Ben and Tess. Ben walks up to them.

BEN

Hey Oliver, you excited about Taxi spending the week with us? It'll be a long sleep over.

OLIVER

Yes, and he'll sleep in my bed.

SARA

Taxi has trouble hopping on top of beds. She's old.

OLIVER

I'll pick her up.

SARA

I think she weighs more than you.

Ben joins them down on the floor.

BEN
How are you doing?

SARA
Fine. How's nursing life?

BEN
Nursing life is fine. Are you really fine?

SARA
Fake it till you make it.

BEN
I still can't believe what happened.

SARA
This last month has been a nightmare.

Oliver has started to climb on Sara's back.

OLIVER
I have nightmares.

SARA
You do?

OLIVER
Yes. Last night, I was being chased by a French's mustard bottle.

SARA
Really? Are you sure it was French's and not Grey Poupon?

OLIVER
Nope. I'd know that yellow bottle from anywhere.

Oliver continues to climb on Sara.

BEN
Buddy, why don't you help mommy feed Taxi in the kitchen.

OLIVER
OK! Come on, Taxi.

Oliver and Taxi leave Ben and Sara alone.

BEN

I'm sorry. He was distracting. So, yeah. Tess said it's been like hell.

SARA

Yup.

BEN

I can't imagine. New York could be good for you. Breath of fresh air, maybe.

SARA

I doubt it.

BEN

Sara, I hope you're not going to do something you're going to regret while you're there.

SARA

What do you mean?

BEN

You know what I mean. Tess said Sam is going to be at the exhibition of Zoe's work.

SARA

Don't worry. I'm not going to throw my arms around him and start crying.

BEN

He must be a wreck.

SARA

Yes, he's a wreck.

BEN

How do you know?

SARA

Because I know.

BEN

Sara, just don't complicate his life right now.

SARA

You've never met the guy, Ben. Why are you so concerned about him?

BEN

He just lost his wife. I don't need to be his friend to feel badly for him.

SARA

Well, I feel badly for him, too.

BEN

OK. But don't...

SARA

Don't what?

BEN

Whatever. I know you too well to waste my breath.

SARA

What do that mean?

BEN

You're like mack truck when you have an idea in your head. It doesn't matter what I say.

SARA

I'm hardly a mack truck lately. I'm more like a broken shoe.

BEN

Speaking of which - How is your ankle?

SARA

I'm OK. Stills hurts. I'm not a mack truck.

BEN

Don't introduce yourself to him. That's all I wanted to say.

SARA

I knew you'd judge me. I told Tess you wouldn't understand.

BEN

I'm not judging you. This is not me judging you. I'm just looking at the logic of the situation. You had an affair without getting caught. Consider yourself lucky and walk away.

SARA
It's not that easy.

BEN
I didn't say it was. But I am saying that however hard it is to resist meeting Sam, it would be the most selfish act on your part.

SARA
Maybe not.

BEN
Maybe not? You're insane if you think you're going to do something good for Sam by exposing who you are. He is going through whatever process he needs to go through right now. Leave him be.

SARA
It doesn't make sense to me. We're both grieving. We both--

BEN
No. This is where I draw the line.

SARA
I know. I got the same lecture from Tess.

BEN
Well you have to hear it from me again.

SARA
No, I don't. I get that you both think that time is a huge factor here. 13 years of marriage compared to one year of our relationship. But you don't know--

BEN
Sara, this is not to discount the intensity and the depth of the love you might have shared.

SARA
You don't know what we had.

BEN

I don't. I just know that standing here on earth while you're up there in love poetry land - I see the mechanics of reality. Yes, reality across the axis of time. And yes, across the axis of morality and fidelity.

SARA

Wow. You sound like one of those preachers on TV.

BEN

Tell me you get where I'm coming from.

SARA

I do, Ben. I'm not an idiot.

BEN

No, you're not. You're brilliant, in fact, so just don't check out on this one. Think this through really, really hard before you mess up this man's life more than it already is.

Tess has been watching the last few moments of this conversation.

TESS

Are you two OK?

BEN

Yup.

SARA

I'm exhausted.

BEN

Come, let's eat.

TESS

(quietly to Sara)

Should I have not left you two alone?

SARA

No. It's fine. Nothing I didn't expect.

Tess puts her arm around Sara and they walk into the kitchen to join Ben and Oliver.

62 INT. JFK AIRPORT - NIGHT 62

Sara is on the curb on line for a taxi. She's smartly dressed, rolling one carry-on bag.

63 INT. TAXI - NIGHT 63

TAXI DRIVER

Where to?

SARA

Chelsea Inn. 17th Street.

TAXI DRIVER

Got it.

64 EXT. NYC STREET - CHELSEA - NIGHT 64

Leonard is walking the streets by Washington Square park. He is on the phone.

LEONARD

Hey lady. I'm in your old stomping ground. Tell me what tree you lost your virginity under.

65 INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS 65

SARA

I had my first before NYU, afraid to say.

LEONARD

That's young! Shit, no wonder you're gay. You needed a gentle older lover like me to set you on your path.

SARA

Dream on.

LEONARD

Am I seeing later at the Gallery? Or are you still pissed about it.

SARA

I'm pissed but I'm going.

LEONARD

I know - It's hard to stay away from those paper cups of wine.

SARA

I still have to get into the city.
I'll see you there.

LEONARD

See you.

Leonard is breathing in the rich night of Washington Square park. He's invigorated by this city.

66 EXT. CHELSEA INN - NIGHT 66

A taxi pulls up. Sara gets out.

CUT TO:

67 INT. CHELSEA INN - NIGHT 67

Sara is in her room. She's pulling out cloths from her suitcase. Hanging some up, while some she is placing on the bed. Eventually, she stands in front of the mirror, deciding on two different jackets to go with her skinny black jeans. One jacket is more conservative than the other. She goes with that one. She looks frazzled. She tries to breathe and calm her nerves down.

68 EXT. GALLERY. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT 68

The gallery is in Chelsea - walking distance from Sara's hotel. There is a crowd inside and out.

69 INT. GALLERY. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT 69

Since the gallery party is part of a special event for attendees of the video gaming convention - it's more nerd / geek than art connoisseur. Zoe's framed art is stunning - huge images of parts of the brain, re-imagined as it would be for an video game. The style is whimsical - with bright colors bursting out.

At the front of the gallery, we see Sam walking over to greet a group of 4 people - an elderly couple GARY and NATALIE (Zoe's parents) and Zoe's sister, LILY, late 40's, corporate looking, and her husband TODD. SAM greets them with kisses. The greeting is somber but warm.

SAM

Did you find parking OK? I didn't expect this to be so crazy. I hope it's alright for you.

GARY

You are not a New Yorker, Sam. We don't expect parking. We expect parking lots that cost us more than our cars do.

NATALIE

We're fine, Sam. Did you sleep well last night in the hotel? You left us so late - I really did want you to sleep at our house.

SAM

I slept fine. Here - come this way. We'll get out the traffic from the door. There's drinks and things here.

Sam leads the family over to a small bar.

TODD

I'll get us some wine. Everybody?

They confirm / decline. Todd moves towards the bar.

LILY

This is so ironic. Zoe hasn't shown her work in a gallery for years. She'd hate that this work was being shown - in New York City no less.

NATALIE

Well, it was a gesture by the company.

GARY

It was a big gesture for us to come.

NATALIE

I'm glad we're here.

SAM

You can go whenever you want. There's not going to be a speech or anything.

LILY

Are you sure?

SAM

I specifically requested that there not be one. No, it's such a disconnect to these people.

GARY

Who are these people?

LILY

They're gamers. They play video games on-line.

NATALIE

Did Zoe play these games?

SAM

No. She hates... she hated video games. But for the last 10 years the industry's been huge in San Francisco. She made more money than I did.

They all start to look around at the goings on. Todd comes back and hands out the wine.

CUT to Sara. She's in the back of the gallery slowly making her way forward. She looks as stoned-faced as she can, but acknowledging a few people she knows with a faint nod and smile. When she sees Sam and Zoe's family, she stops, takes a breath in. She moves towards the closest wall, leans against it and stares.

Leonard and Simon walk up to her.

LEONARD

You look like you just saw a ghost.

SIMON

Well, Zoe's stuff is so powerful. I can't believe how good it looks in here.

Sara hasn't said anything yet and isn't really looking at them.

LEONARD

Earth to Sara? *Did* you see a ghost?

SARA

No, no. I'm just jet lagged or something.

LEONARD

It's 4 in the afternoon in California. Is that when you usually go to bed?

SARA

No. It's when I wake up.

SIMON

What do you think of the sound design? We used directional speakers so there's not too much of a bleed from room to room. Very cool.

SARA

It's all good. Sounds great, yeah. Congrats.

SIMON

Congrats to you, too. It's your work. Well, I'm going to mingle... and do my job.

Simon walks off.

LEONARD

You're still in a mood.

SARA

Don't you have a lady to meet or something?

LEONARD

I do, in fact. But I didn't invite her to this.

SARA

Aren't you proud of your work?

LEONARD

I'm proud. I'm always proud.

Leonard starts to walk away.

LEONARD

I'm proud and I'm leaving. But I'll be back here to clean up later. Not. *(he laughs)* I'll call you tomorrow maybe.

Sara watches Leonard leave. As he passes Sam, we see Zoe's family spreading out and looking at the art. Sam is walking right in Sara's direction. She braces for a minute, breathes, and walks towards him. She approaches him gently, in a manner that is subdued and cautious.

SARA

Sam?

SAM

Yes.

SARA

I wanted to meet you. I knew Zoe.

SAM

Oh. Hi. Nice to meet you.

SARA

I worked with her this past year.
I'm... it's a big shock. I... I
wanted to meet you.

SAM

Well, it's a huge hole she's left.
For a lot of people, I guess. I'm
glad you had the chance to work
with her.

SARA

I'm Sara. She probably... Did she
mention me?

SAM

She had lots of people she worked
with. No... I don't really know or
remember if she did, honestly.

SARA

I'm a sound designer. The stuff
you're hearing...

SAM

It's very nice.

SARA

It works for what it is.

SAM

It does.

There's an uncomfortable beat.

SARA

I... is there... this is going to
sound strange. But I want to...

We hear Natalie a few feet away.

NATALIE

Sam. Excuse me. I'm so sorry to
interrupt...

Natalie walks up to Sam.

NATALIE

Gary wants to go. His hip is acting up. We'll see you for breakfast tomorrow - is that OK?

SAM

Uh... yes, yes. I'll be there by nine. Can I walk you all to the car? Will you be alright?

NATALIE

We'll be fine. You carry on here. See you tomorrow, dear.

SAM

I'll be leaving soon, too.

NATALIE

This was a nice gesture. Tell whomever that we appreciated it, of course.

Sam holds Natalie's hands.

SAM

I will, Natalie. This is difficult I know. I don't know what I was expecting.

NATALIE

Nothing. We weren't expecting anything. There's no way to anticipate one day to the next right now, Sam.

SAM

Right...

NATALIE

See you tomorrow, dear. Please get some sleep. Try, OK?

SAM

Yes. See you tomorrow.

He kisses her on the cheek. He looks beyond her and waves to the family at the door - they wave back. Lily mouths 'see you tomorrow'. Sam nods in agreement.

Sam turns back to Sara. She looks so pained.

SARA

Was that Zoe's mother?

SAM
Yes. She's lovely.

SARA
She seems lovely. Looks so much
like Zoe.

SAM
It's been terrible for them. It's a
never ending horror.

SARA
I'm sorry.

Sam is looking around, clearly agitated.

SAM
I'm going to go. It was good to
meet you. Good luck to you.

Sam quickly walks away. Sara stands there for a moment and then follows him out of the gallery. They are on 10th avenue - with typical evening traffic. Sara doesn't bother to call for him yet. He turns down a quieter side street... more tree lined, less traffic.

She finally calls for him.

SARA
Sam!

Sam stops, turns.

SAM
Yes?

SARA
Sam, I'm sorry. I wanted to finish
our conversation.

SAM
I'm sorry. Did we not finish?

SARA
Zoe's mother walked up...

SAM
Oh. Umm... sorry. What... what was
it you wanted to say?

SARA
Can we sit on this stoop here for a
second?

Sam looks around uncomfortably.

SARA
Please.

SAM
(strained)
I suppose so.

They sit across from each other.

SARA
Look, thank you. I know you're probably really exhausted.

SAM
I am.

SARA
I wasn't a big fan of this idea, by the way. This whole gallery... event-thing seemed out of place. Crass even. I protested, in fact. But it was out of my hands.

SAM
I have no big problem with it. I thought it was... well, it's inconsequential really. I wanted to see my in-laws anyway. Since the funeral, there's been a lot of back and forth.

Sam puts his head in his hands for one second, runs his hands through his hair. He's clearly exhausted. But he quickly recovers composure.

SAM
Look Sara... Sara, right?

SARA
Yes.

SAM
What is it you want to say? I'm sorry. I'm trying to stay focused here. Or did you just want to talk? I do understand that. A few of our friends have spent time together recently. It helps. Did you go to the memorial service? I don't remember the day very well.

SARA

No, I didn't. I didn't go.

Sam looks at Sara curiously.

SAM

Well, I'm sorry you missed it.

SARA

Me too.

SAM

How well did you know my wife?

SARA

I knew her well. This last year - it's been amazing. To get to know her. To work with her. I loved her. She was... she was extraordinary.

SAM

Like I said - she's left a hole. I suppose there's more people like you out there. I don't know. She was a very private person. I loved how mysterious she was. It suited her.

Sam stars off.

SAM

Especially this last year. A masterpiece was brewing in her, no doubt. But now I'll never know.

SARA

I know.

SAM

No, you don't. No offense, but her work with EndGame was not it - that's for sure. That was like 2% of what she was doing.

SARA

If that.

A long silent moment passes. Sam takes in the night and seems to settle in.

SAM

(speaking more to the world than to Sara)
Zoe was an artist all the time.
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

She... In the way she stepped through the house, in the way she read the paper, in the way she cooked, in the way she cut lemons, even - into little perfect moon slices that she dropped into our glasses of water at the table. She'd do one ceremonial squeeze into each glass and then watch the pulp swim around. Once, she said they reminded her of sperm searching to form new life. I swear. She saw all that in a glass of fucking lemon water. I think I married Zoe to see the world through her eyes.

Sara's been listening with a squint, barely being able to hear how Sam knows Zoe, stunned by his awe of her.

SARA

I know.

SAM

You say you know but you don't know. Nobody knows.

SARA

I do know.

SAM

(in an agitated burst)

You say you know - but you don't know. But it doesn't matter now about who knew Zoe or how much they thought they knew Zoe because she's dead... so that is the case here. That is the case.

He seems uncomfortable with his outburst but doesn't know where to move next.

SAM

I really have to go.

SARA

Wait. Sam - I've been grieving for Zoe and I've been doing it alone. Nobody knew Zoe the way we did so I thought ...I thought we should meet.

SAM

Sara, forgive me, but you sound as if you think we have a... some kind of connection with Zoe in common here and I'm... Look, I'm not going to deny your caring about her... your apparent feelings for her - but it's seems odd that you want some kind of bond with me. I was married to Zoe. I don't even know who you are. Our level of how we knew Zoe is hardly comparable. So I'm having trouble here... I'm sorry.

Sara stands and paces a bit.

SARA

I want you to know!

SAM

You want me to know what?

SARA

Zoe loved me!

SAM

OK. ...And you clearly loved her.

SARA

Zoe loved me!

SAM

What do you want me to do?

SARA

I want you to know!

SAM

So I know! So now I know.

SARA

You don't understand.

SAM

What don't I understand??

SARA

Zoe and I were lovers. She loved me. We were lovers. Lovers! She loved me!

The sky has just fallen. Oxygen is sucked from the air. Sam is visibly shaken.

He has a conversation in his head for several moments. He's navigating his feelings. Sara is frozen as if she is trying to hear him, hear his frenetic thoughts as they happen. His face slowly changes from shock to anger.

SAM

I don't know you. I've never heard of you.

SARA

I understand that. I--

SAM

You're saying you slept with my wife. So what? You think that connects us somehow?

SARA

Yes... yes it does. It's a crazy messed up situation I know---

SAM

Well, it makes me sick to my stomach. If that's the connection you're wanting.

SARA

Sam, it's not my intention to make you sick.

SAM

Well you have made me sick! So Zoe and you were lovers. That's what you're telling me. That's what you claim?

SARA

I've thought about this, Sam. I've thought about how to do this with you.

SAM

Oh, oh you've thought about this? So what exactly did you think about? Did you think you'd track me down here tonight, bond with me about fucking my wife and then share a hug??

SARA

Will you let me speak about this gently for a second without--

SAM

Oh - Is that what you thought would happen? Oh, oh. You thought you could tell me about soft moments between the two of you, the connection, the kissing, the poetry of your time with my wife. Is that... is that what you want to share with me?

SARA

If you understood - if you knew...
If you knew her better you'd --

SAM

If I knew her better???

SARA

You said yourself her mystery was part of what--

SAM

Don't you throw what I said back in my face. Yes - her mystery. I was in love with her mystery... I just never imagined that her mystery would be... hiding someone like you.

Sam drops into himself for a moment. Sara sits back down.

SARA

Please let me explain.

SAM

Don't sit so close to me!

They both spring to their feet.

SARA

Sam, please. Can we sit please?
You're scaring me. I just need to talk... I need --

SAM

You need to talk? About Zoe? How long? How long were you two been lovers?

SARA

Since... about a year.

SAM

A year.

SARA

Sam, she meant everything to me.
She was the love of my life.

SAM

How are you doing this? How are you
looking at me?

SARA

There's got to be a space we can
hold between us here. I want to
comfort you. I want you to comfort
me, I guess.

SAM

If you were a man, I would -- If
you were a man - you'd have the
sense - the decency not to be here
right now. But as a woman - you
want to send a message somehow,
right? I mean maybe that my wife
loved you and wanted you because of
what you have that I could never
give her. Right? Of course, of
course- yes. That's it isn't it?

SARA

This isn't about any message. I'm
not competing with you. We both
loved her. I just wanted you to
know - to grieve for a moment
together.

SAM

You don't have guilt about this -
do you? You are some kind of
idiot.

SARA

Would Zoe love an idiot?

SAM

Would Zoe love an idiot? I don't
know. I don't know right now.

Sam sits down on the stoop again. There's a break, long
enough to hear the sounds of the city.

SARA

I don't have guilt. But I'm sorry
this is so upsetting.

SAM

You expected otherwise? Then you are an idiot. Or someone with a very shallow understanding of human nature, of marriage, of fidelity. I could go on but I don't know you that well. I'm sure the list would get longer if I did.

Sara seems shaken out like a rag. She sits back on the stoop, leans back onto a step, closes her eyes and tears begin to stream down her face. Sam looks at her with little expression on his face at first. There's several moments of silence as he watches her.

SAM

This last year has been different between us and now I know why. You cheated me of my wife - of the last year of her life. Here I thought she was distracted by some huge artistic vision but her vision was of you. Her vision was of you...

Sam begins to cry a bit but stops himself.

SAM

I have no idea what to do with this information right now. But you were so clear that you wanted me to have it. You tracked me down - all the way to New York to deliver the news. You are mean. I'm getting that now.

SARA

I'm not mean.

SAM

Zoe would have never wanted me to know! She protected me and there's something kind about that. She did protect me. I didn't even know you existed.

SARA

Well I do exist!

SAM

Clearly you do!

SARA

She was in pain, Sam.

SAM

Pain?

SARA

It wasn't easy for her to be blasted open by us. It was a fucking explosion with no warning. There was no pre-meditation, no intrigue, no flirting or courting, no disrespect of pre-existing situations.

SAM

Is that was our marriage was in your eyes - a pre-existing condition?

SARA

No. It's just that we met in an inferno. Nothing could have protected either of us from this, Sam.

SAM

Oh, spare me.

SARA

No. It was an instant of truth that neither of us walked away from. And that is the truth.

SAM

So it was love at first sight, you're saying.

SARA

Yes.

SAM

You're such a fool.

SARA

I know this hurts. She loved you very--

SAM

(screaming)

Don't you dare tell me how Zoe loved me.

SARA

I'm sorry.

SAM

We had love. A love you seem to know very little about. Deep love. Enduring love. Boring, beautiful love. But Zoe had many things that made her life work. Our marriage was the thread that bound her edges together. I know that. I'm proud of that. She had world within worlds. Sometimes I'd get let in... sometimes I'd get shut out. It was fine. It was our contract. And It was caring, and stunning and perfect!

There's a heavy silence.

SAM

You've done me no favors here by bursting in with your pathetic confession.

SARA

I sought you out to grieve with you -- not to shove this in your face.

SAM

Bad plan.

SARA

I see that.

SAM

You do not fucking see that.

SARA

I'm sorry.

SAM

I will not give you the satisfaction of repackaging this in your language. The love affair as you call it is not even this issue. It's your audacity to think that we have something in common right now.

SARA

I thought we did.

SAM

I've known her and loved her since I was 22 years old.

SARA

Time isn't the only measuring stick-

SAM

Don't. You are so naive.

SARA

I know how she loved me.

SAM

Than go with that. Take it. It's yours. Write it down a thousand times. She loved you. What ever future you imagined you might have had with her - had she lived - that's your fantasy. I can't take that from you. Go and have it.

Sara turns from him and starts to cry a bit. Sam's eyes burn watery with anger and sadness. Sam and Sara are alone together. A minute passes. A heavy space hangs between them.

SAM

I'm going to go.

Sam walks up to her. Sara's head is still in her hands.

SAM

I am sorry you're in so much pain. I'm know Zoe would hate for either of us to be in pain. But it's what happens when life explodes without warning - as you said.

Sara looks up at him. She can't seem to speak.

Sam walks away. Sara is left staring up at the tree that looms before her. It's lit by street lamps and looks ominous but also looks like it's trying to bend down to envelope her.

MONTAGE of Sam / Sara making there way back to San Francisco.

70 INT. AIRPLANE. WINDOW SEAT - DAY 70

Sara is staring out the window.

71 EXT. SF INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT 71

Sam rolls his luggage to the curb and gets in a taxi.

72

EXT. SARA'S LOFT - NIGHT

72

Sara is sitting opposite Tess in Tess's car. TAXI is in the second seat, with the luggage.

SARA

I love you. Thank you for picking me up, for everything. Taxi looks fat.

TESS

Taxi is fat.

Sara is about to leave.

TESS

Hey, Sara -

SARA

Yeah?

TESS

You are worthy of so much more than what Zoe was willing to give you. You know that, right?

SARA

Worthy. Oh, I'm a jerk, Tess. A real fucking jerk.

Tess looks at Sara, letting the air pass through the words she just spoke.

SARA

And I know you know that.

TESS

Love is not always --

SARA

Don't talk about love. This isn't about love. It's about me being an asshole most of my life.

TESS

OK. Now you're being dramatic and self-hating.

SARA

How long have you waited for me to make this speech?

TESS

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

Sara touches Tess on the face.

SARA

You're such a fucking good friend.

TESS

I know that. So are you.

SARA

Whatever.

TESS

Start with knowing that. If love has made you be a jerk - then fine, but take a page from your friend book. You're a great friend.

Sara stares out into space.

SARA

Where does self-love end and self-ISH begin?

TESS

When someone else is getting hurt.

SARA

Right.

Sara kisses Tess and exits the car with Taxi.

73 INT. SARA'S LOFT - NIGHT

73

Sara is lying in bed. Light from the moon is shining across her room. Tears are falling slowly down her face but she seems moved more than sad.

74 INT. SUNSET RESIDENTIAL LIVING - DAY

74

Sara is sitting with Chantal. There are a few boxes packed. Chantal is clearly about to move.

SARA

Can I take you out for tea or a meal? Your last meal.

CHANTAL

You make it sound as if I'm off to
the electric chair.

SARA

Sorry. I just like to mark moments.

CHANTAL

I hate to be leaving you just now.
You have to promise me..

SARA

Promise you what?

CHANTAL

You promise me that you'll not
waste anymore time being the dark
poet. It doesn't suite you.

SARA

I know.

CHANTAL

You've got so much life in you. The
way you blow that trumpet of yours.
That's life - right there. I
remember the first time I heard you
play. I was sitting with Mel. We
laughed...

Chantal has made herself laugh.

CHANTAL

You're a funny gal.

SARA

I hit those wrong notes on purpose.

CHANTAL

Sure you did.

A beat.

SARA

I promise I'll be OK.

CHANTAL

Pretend you're a plant that needs
to survive. Stay in the light and
you won't die.

SARA

I don't want to die.

CHANTAL

That's good. Neither do I.

SARA

I'm glad we're clear about that.

CHANTAL

I've memorized the Skype call thing you taught me.

SARA

I'm going to test you - this weekend, I'll call. Just don't lapse into French when we talk. Keep your English up.

CHANTAL

I won't.

SARA

I'm going to miss you so much.

CHANTAL

Me too you, dear.

SARA

It's what I've been up to lately. Missing people I love.

CHANTAL

You are going to bore yourself if all you do is miss. Try having. Having is very satisfying.

SARA

I have had.

CHANTAL

Well have again!! No more missing. You're not in prison.

SARA

No, I am free. Like a bird. But you say I should think like a plant, too. I can't keep it straight.

CHANTAL

Metaphors, dear. Use whatever images work to get you going again.

SARA

Ok.

Sara holds Chantal's hands and then they embrace.

75

EXT. SARA'S LOFT - THE SMALL BALCONY OUTSIDE HER WINDOW - ~~DAY~~**FLASHBACK**

Zoe is sitting on one edge of the balcony and Sara is sitting on the other. They are facing each other with feet up. It's warm. The sun is dancing its light on glasses of wine. The mood is light and playful.

ZOE

When I was a kid, I'd visit my grandfather's diamond shop in Italy. I didn't know the value of the diamonds back then - but I knew how beautiful they made me feel when I held them.

SARA

He let you hold them? Even the rare ones?

ZOE

Especially the rare ones.

SARA

Did you keep any of them?

ZOE

He gave me a diamond when I turned 16. It's the one in this ring.

Sara gets up and walks over the Zoe and leans close in to see.

SARA

It's beautiful.

ZOE

It whispers. In Italian.

Sara holds Zoe's ring up to her ear.

ZOE

It's saying, *give me to Sara*.

SARA

No, it's not saying that.

ZOE

It is.

Zoe slips the ring on Sara's pinky.

SARA

Zoe...

ZOE

It's just a diamond ring.

Sara looks happy and sad at the same time.

DISSOLVE TO:

76

PRESENT DAY - SARA IN THE SAME SPOT ON THE BALCONY

76

CAMERA catches the reflection of the ring in the sun. PULL OUT to Sara's face looking at it. She holds it up to the sky then pulls it back down to her lips and kisses it gently. She then buries it deep inside the soil of a potted plant next to her. She lifts her hands back up to the sun, wiggles them, testing out their freedom. She closes her eyes and welcomes the sun onto her face, into her, like she's washing her soul clean.

Ending Credits over song "Time will say nothing but I told you so" inspired by a poem by W.H. Auden.

*Listen to all those tiny noises
The ones that you haven't heard before
Bend your head backwards until the sun kisses your neck
And keep your eyes open even if you're crying
And put a little life into what's dying to grow
Or time will say nothing but I told you so*

*At this edge we'll find a gentle slide down
I'll measure your laughter with a spoon
Color your telephone bills before we pay them
Return address should be the moon
And on your way there enjoy the show
Or time will say nothing but I told you so*

*And I know it's fair to crave some company
Even when you're ok being alone
And I know it's safe to let you go
'Cause time told me so*

*Don't let the sunlight go unbroken
Make sure it bursts into your day
Keep all your toys out there always waiting for you
And take a few minutes to pray
Plant our love where you promise it will grow
Or time will say nothing but I told you so*

FADE TO BLACK.

End

~~####~~