

All the Pieces

by
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Fade In

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- DAY

A mousy, eight-year-old girl with glasses, FAY, sits at her desk next to a boy with extremely long and shaggy hair, JULIAN.

He sits with his chin in his hands, staring love-struck at Fay as the teacher drones on in the background.

A pencil on Julian's desk rolls slowly off to land on the floor directly between Julian and Fay.

Bending down, Fay picks up the pencil and, with a slight smile, offers it to Julian.

Julian accepts the pencil as an extremely large and goofy grin manifests itself on his face.

Suddenly, Julian stands up and raises his hands in the air.

JULIAN
Attention everyone!

The teacher stops and looks at him.

TEACHER
Did you have something to add to our lecture, Mr. Magillacutty?

JULIAN
No ma'am. Instead, my muse has inspired me with yet another rock operetta in the tradition of Led Zeppelin and Neil Diamond.

Fay shakes her head violently while wordlessly mouthing the word "No" over and over as Julian steps to the top of his desk.

TEACHER
Julian Magillacutty, step down right now!

Julian pauses to pose on his desk, with his fingers in devil horns rising to the sky. He drops his head and closes his eyes.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Julian, this has gone far enough!

Raising his pencil like a microphone, Julian begins to scream a rock anthem out to the class.

JULIAN
Fay, Fay, Fay. What can I say?
(MORE)

JULIAN (CONT'D)
You're love light shines today. Oh,
yeah, yeah, yeah.

Fay closes her eyes, places her finger to her temples and
whispers as Julian continues on in the background.

FAY
God, kill me now. God, kill me now.
God, kill me now.

JULIAN
Oh, Fay, Fay, Fay. You face is warm
and gray. You know I'll never stray
from Fay, A-oh A.

Julian drops into a warble that stuns the entire class as
the teacher speaks rapidly into a walkie-talkie.

TEACHER
Front desk! Attention, front desk!
We have a situation.

FAY
God, kill me now. God, kill me now.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

FIFTEEN YEARS LATER

CUT TO:

INT. VILLA ON THE MEDITERRANEAN -- DAY

A young lady, dressed in an extremely large eighteenth century
dress with the top two buttons undone, lounges across a
settee. Her hair is done in a high beehivish do as she fans
herself.

The glass door to the veranda is open and shows a magnificent
view of the Mediterranean Sea.

A crash is heard from the veranda as a large potted plant
rolls across the doorway.

JEAN PHILLIPE LEJEAN, a large, Fabio-esque man, dressed in a
cape, mask, pantaloons, and no shirt drops in front of the
doorway.

Startled, the young lady glances over to the doorway and
sits up.

YOUNG LADY
Jean Phillipe Lejean!

In a very strong French accent, he replies.

JEAN

There is no one like me.

He sweeps into the room like an after Thanksgiving sale.

JEAN (CONT'D)

My dulcet darling, I can smell your yearning like a stale baguette.

The young lady places her hand on her forehead and lies back.

YOUNG LADY

Oh, Jean Phillipe. But my guardian, Reynaldo, is in the next room taking a short siesta. You must leave at once. Oh, but my heart. You have smitten me with the smittingness of the smitten.

JEAN

That's what I do. Yeah.

Jean kneels down next to her and grasps her face in his hands.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Ah, my flowering chrysanthemum of unbridled passion. How I have longed to run my fingers through your...

Jean begins to run his fingers through her hair but they catch and pull her hair. The young lady screams.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, I didn't--

Throwing his hands off, she works to undo her hair.

YOUNG LADY

I can do it myself!

She shakes her long chestnut hair out in slow motion.

Mesmerized, Jean reaches over to a table by the settee, grabs a chip, dips it into a bowl and plops it into his mouth.

Immediately, he opens his mouth and allows the chip to drop to the floor.

JEAN

What the heck is that? Tastes like something out of a diaper.

YOUNG LADY

It's humus, my bristling pectoral Romeo.

JEAN

Yeah, okay.

He looks at her with one raised eyebrow.

JEAN (CONT'D)

But I hunger instead for your love.

Reaching down, he grasps her dress and rips it open, spraying buttons everywhere. One button hits Jean in the eye.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Ow! Dang! I didn't know I'd need protective goggles!

The young lady reaches forward, her hand slightly raised toward him.

YOUNG LADY

Oh, my darling. Are you wounded?

Jean looks back at her with a growing bruise on the wounded eye.

JEAN

The only scars I suffer are the ones on my heart from my unrequited love toward you.

His hand rises to cover his bruised eye as he whispers.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Crap!

The young lady leans back and thrusts her chest forward to reveal a very complicated bodice.

YOUNG LADY

Oh, take me now, my raging whirlpool of love!

Jean's eyes grow large as he gazes at the bodice.

JEAN

What the heck is that?

YOUNG LADY

It is my bodice, prince of my heart. Quickly release me from this cloth prison so that we may be consumed in a miasma of lust.

JEAN

Miasma. Yeah.

(under his breath)

Think I'm gonna need the jaws of life for this one.

Shrugging, Jean grasps the bodice and attempts to rip it open.

YOUNG LADY
Hurry, my love!

Jean doubles his efforts.

YOUNG LADY (CONT'D)
Quickly!

JEAN
Yeah, yeah.

He leans forward and attempts to chew it off.

YOUNG LADY
Oh!

Jean glances up with teeth still planted firmly in the laces of the bodice, growls and shakes his head like a dog worrying a bone.

YOUNG LADY (CONT'D)
Oh my!

Rolling his eyes heavenward, Jean sits back to examine the bodice.

JEAN
Do you have any pliers, my gently heaving honeysuckle?

YOUNG LADY
No, my prince.

Jean again reaches forward to struggle with the bodice.

YOUNG LADY (CONT'D)
Oh! Oh my!

Sitting back in apparent defeat, Jean bends down beside the settee.

He rises again with a welder's helmet fastened on his head and pulls an acetylene torch from the ground.

JEAN
I hope you have a lead bra under this thing.

Jean lights the acetylene torch.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

Fay, now twenty-something, still cute, still wearing glasses, bangs her head repeatedly on the keyboard of the laptop in front of her.

FAY
No, no, no, no, no.

GWYNNETH, an old lady typing on a laptop next to Fay, stops and turns.

GWYNNETH
Having problems with Jean Phillipe again, dear?

Fay rests her head on the keyboard.

FAY
It's that blasted bodice again.

GWYNNETH
Try using a corset, dear. It's Lady Margoles' favorite undergarment.

FAY
I thought a bodice was a corset.

GWYNNETH
Oh no, dear. They're intended for the same purpose, but the laces are placed differently.

Marilyn, a middle-aged lady, slightly nuts, on the other side of Fay, chips in.

MARILYN
The corset's laces are in the back, while the bodice's are in the front. Like a tangerine.

GWYNNETH
Obviously, the corset was designed for the more well-to-do lady as the laces in the back were set for a servant to tighten.

MARILYN
Certainly, Gwynneth. With the laces in front, the bodice was designed for the lady who had to dress herself. Such as Mary, Queen of Scots or that one lady with three arms.

Fay raises her head and slams shut her laptop.

FAY
Well, that settles it. I can't write now. My dialogue would sound like a history lecture.

She rises and tosses her laptop into its case.

FAY (CONT'D)
Gwynneth. Marilyn. I'm going for a walk.

GWYNNETH
That's good, dear. A walk always does my creative juices good.

MARILYN
I like to watch fish.

Walking over to the counter, Fay addresses the Asian gentleman, HARRY, who is currently cleaning out a mug.

HARRY
Leaving awful early, Miss Fay.

FAY
I've run into a brick wall, Harry.

HARRY
Maybe you should listen to Miss Gwynneth and switch to a corset.

Fay pauses at the door.

FAY
I could make Jean Phillippe a cowboy and it wouldn't help today.

HARRY
See you tomorrow, Miss Fay.

FAY
Bye Harry. Ladies.

GWYNNETH AND MARILYN
Bye.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

Fay is walking down the sidewalk, laptop case under her arm, doing a little window shopping.

She passes a few clothing and jewelry stores but halts outside a bookstore window.

In the window is a large poster of a book cover, with the words "book signing today" across the top.

The book cover shows a muscled freak with long hair pulled back and held by a mask, standing over a voluptuous brunette lying on a blanket under a tree.

The title is "A Magnificent Festering" by Fay Clark.

Fay looks to the door and sees a long line jutting out.

Swiftly, she enters the shop and moves past the crowd to the front of the line where a beautiful woman with long, brown hair is signing copies of "A Magnificent Festering".

Walking directly to the table, Fay reaches down and picks up one of the books, which draws the ire of at least one of the ladies in line.

LADY IN LINE

Don't you know what a line is or are you stupid?

The woman signing books, AMANDA, looks up and recognizes Fay.

AMANDA

Oh, hey Fay...fabled stranger. What are you doing in these parts?

FAY

I was in the neighborhood passing through. How's the book signing, Fay Clark?

AMANDA

Oh, you know how it is. Sign, sign, sign. All day long

The Lady in Line gets to the front, looks crossly at Fay and then engages Amanda.

LADY IN LINE

Oh, I just love your books, Miss Clark.

AMANDA

Thank you. You know how it is: write, write, write. All day long.

Amanda turns to Fay.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

By the way, my good for nothing manager is in the back trying to score us a couple lattes. Why don't you drop in and say hi?

LADY IN LINE

So tell me, Miss Clark, what's next for our Jean Phillipe?

FAY

Weren't you telling me you were going to castrate him in the next book?

Amanda glares at Fay as cries of "What!" And "No!" Erupt from the line.

Fay takes off to the rear of the store.

FAY (CONT'D)

You have fun now.

LADY IN LINE

You can't castrate Jean Phillipe.
It would be like castrating Gandhi.

Toward the back of the bookstore, Fay nearly walks into a young man carrying two coffee cups. STUART, Fay's twenty-something manager is dressed in business attire.

STUART

Fay.

FAY

Amanda? You got Amanda to play me?

STUART

Shush.

Stuart pushes Fay into an empty row.

STUART (CONT'D)

What? Do you want the consumers to hear? Of course I got Amanda. Since you don't want to do these, and since I didn't put it in your contract, thank you very much, I can get who I want. Remember?

FAY

But why did you have to get Amanda? Couldn't you have gotten a homeless woman instead?

STUART

What's the matter with Amanda? She's a good people person.

FAY

Oh yeah. Sign, sign, sign. All day long. She makes me sound like I hate my fans.

STUART

Well, don't you?

FAY

I don't hate my fans.

STUART

Then why do you avoid book signing
and refuse to put your picture on
the covers?

FAY

It's complicated.

STUART

Speaking of complicated, how's Doctor
Fielding?

FAY

Tomorrow. I see him on Wednesdays.

Stuart pushes Fay toward the end of the row and toward the
fans.

STUART

So, where's my new book?

FAY

Jean Phillipe is being a little
stubborn.

STUART

So, make him--

They are interrupted by the sudden chanting of "Don't snip
Jean Phillipe! Don't snip Jean Phillipe!"

Stuart rushes forward, leaving Fay, and heads toward the
signing table as Fay heads toward the exit.

STUART (CONT'D)

Ladies! Ladies! Jean Phillipe is
not getting snipped.

LADY IN LINE

Then why did she say she was going
to castrate him?

STUART

She meant that he was going to be,
uh...unable to woo other women because
of his deep love for the Countess.

Fay pauses by the door.

FAY

Dang, he's quick.

Fay exits as the fans calm down.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

Fay walks into an apartment building and waves at the man behind the desk.

FAY

Hey Frank.

FRANK

Miss Clark. Hey, it's almost evening.
You going out partying tonight?

FAY

You know me, Frank. I'll think it'll
be a little of the same tonight.

FRANK

Alright. Well, you have a good
evening then.

FAY

You too, Frank.

She moves to the elevator and presses the button.

When the doors open, a muscle-bound Adonis with a heavy Brooklyn accent, GREGORY, is waiting inside.

Fay moves inside without looking at him and moves to the side farthest away from him.

GREGORY

Going up?

Fay nods shyly as her eyes fade into a fantasy.

Gregory's hair begins to wave like it had been caught in a wind. With half-closed lids, he addresses Fay now in a heavy French accent.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

You know, I see you on the elevator
all the time, but I don't know your
name.

FAY

It's Fay.

GREGORY

Of course. A beautiful name for a
beautiful girl. Do you know, the
name Fay means ethereal or unearthly?
It's something beyond the normal,
just like your amazing eyes. You
know, I have a penthouse...What floor?

The fantasy drops as she stands, open-mouthed, and staring into space.

When her silence continues, Gregory asks again, impatiently.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
I said, what floor?

FAY
Oh, sorry. I'm sorry. It's five
please. Sorry.

Gregory rolls his eyes and pushes the "5" button.

They ride the elevator in silence, with Fay averting eyes the entire trip.

Gregory's eyes drop down to Fay's laptop case, which has some papers sticking out of it.

GREGORY
So, you a writer?

Fay nods quickly, without looking at his face.

Suddenly, a bell rings and the elevator doors open. Gregory and Fay both attempt to leave together and get stuck in the door.

FAY
I'm so sorry. Excuse me.

Fay moves back quickly, as Gregory exits the elevator.

GREGORY
Hey, I didn't know--

The elevator doors close on Fay, locking her inside. A look of panic crosses her face as she glances at the numbers on the wall.

The elevator doors open again.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
Hey, you gettin' out?

Fay nods and moves out of the elevator.

FAY
Thank you.

GREGORY
Hey, no problem. Anyway, I was gonna say that I didn't know you lived on this floor. I mean, I know Mrs. Franchetti over in 512. Man, she must beat those kids every night. But I swear I never seen you before.

Fay looks up and stops in alarm.

FAY

Uh, I think I missed..I mean, I'm back in 505.

GREGORY

Yeah, you must a missed it by a couple doors.

They back track and stop in front of door 505, where Fay slips into another short fantasy. In other words, Gregory's hair flows and the French accent shows its ugly face.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

My darling, why must we part so quickly? Can you not invite me in so that we may partake of the bagel together?

And she slips out again to see the real Gregory looking at her as if she had slipped into a coma.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Hey, you got a problem with that lock or something?

Nervously, Fay turns around and slips her key into the lock.

FAY

Uh, no. No thank you.

Gregory moves down the hallway.

GREGORY

Alrighty. See ya around.

Fay quickly shuts the door and slips behind it, closing her eyes for a moment.

A loud cat's meow startles her and she opens her eyes to see two cats coming toward her while a third rubs her on the leg.

Fay leaves her laptop case on the table, bends down and picks up the cat, and moves down the entryway.

FAY

Oh, Mr. Whiskers, he talked to me today. He really did.

Glancing into the kitchen, Fay notices an empty cat food dish. Gently dropping the cat on the floor, she moves to a cabinet in the kitchen and removes a bag of cat food.

FAY (CONT'D)

Oh, you poor babies. Has mama not been taking care of her babies?

The three cats entwine themselves through her legs as she pours food into the large bowl.

As soon as she is finished, Fay pets each cat and moves into the living room, where she sits on the couch.

She glances at the TV for a moment before her eyes wander to the window. Rising to her feet, she moves to the window and thrusts it open.

Looking wistfully out into the dark city night, she sighs.

FAY (CONT'D)
When's it gonna be my turn?

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Outside Fay's window night has fallen on the city. On the streets, the cars have lights blazing and radios blaring as the traffic begins to slowly move.

Several blocks away from Fay's apartment is a large stone building.

Inside this building, only laser lights break the darkness as a pounding beat wraps itself around the auditorium.

On the stage, the bass player, DANNY, is cavorting next to the keyboardist, BRANDON.

Leaning over the edge of the stage, the lead singer, JULIAN, sings directly into the crowd. He is slightly slurring the words of the song, but the crowd doesn't appear to notice.

Danny, keeping his eyes on Julian, moves closer to Brandon where he can yell to be heard.

DANNY
Five bucks says he pukes tonight.

BRANDON
You're on.

Danny moves away just as Julian decides to climb on top of one of the five foot speakers book-ending the stage.

Julian reaches the top of the speaker, reaches an ear-shattering crescendo and begins to puke on the crowd underneath him.

While most of the crowd backs away quickly, two girls dance under the spray.

GIRL 1
It's raining!

Yeah!

They both pump their fists in the air and dance harder as a roadie moves on stage to help Julian get down from the speaker.

Julian raises his hand to his mouth and quickly runs offstage.

Smiling, Danny moves closer to Brandon while the band continues playing. Brandon hands a five dollar bill over to him.

Danny stuffs the bill into his pocket and moves away, continuing to play.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT

Julian is puking next to a trash can as Danny stands next to him.

DANNY

Hey, you almost got through a whole set tonight, Julian.

Danny looks down to where Julian has been vomiting.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Is that an entire French fry? You have really got to chew your food better. Don't you just hate that burning feeling or when that piece gets stuck in your throat? That's the worst.

The two girls that got puked on wander out a side door, see Danny and Julian and walk toward them.

GIRL 1

Hey, you're in the band.

Danny looks up.

DANNY

Beat it, girls. We're having a meeting.

GIRL 2

You're not having a meeting. He's puking.

DANNY

It's a conference call.

Julian calls from inside a trash can.

JULIAN
Julian's busy. You go bye bye now.

Danny rises to herd the girls away.

GIRL 1
Hey! But you puked on us. Don't
you even want our numbers?

Julian's arm rises up and his palm opens as the girls look
desperately through their purses.

GIRL 2
Do you got something to write with?

Danny grabs both by the shoulders and gently moves them away.

DANNY
You know what? Julian puked on a
lot of girls. I don't think I'd
feel all that special. But hey, I
bet if you give your info to the guy
at the box office tomorrow, he'll
get it to us.

GIRL 2
Really?

DANNY
Sure. Why not?

Girl 1 turns to him as they continue down the alley.

GIRL 1
Hey, do you have a girlfriend?

DANNY
Yeah, I've got a bunch of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT

Back at the stage door entrance, Julian is sitting next to
the trash can, holding his head in his hands and moaning.

Danny walks up, sits down next to him and throws a hand on
Julian's shoulder.

DANNY
You know, you're gonna have to snap
out of this sometime. Me and the
rest of the band's been talking and
we're gonna have to let you go.

JULIAN
You can't kick me out of the band.
I own most of the instruments.

DANNY

You're right. I was just bluffing. But you're slurring and puking a lot more these days. I don't think the fans are gonna stay fans if you keep this up.

JULIAN

Those girls didn't seem to mind.

DANNY

Brain damage. Look, I wouldn't be having this talk if I didn't care.

JULIAN

Is this one of those moments, where I cry, we hug, and then life gets better.

DANNY

No. You have puke running down your shirt. And I wouldn't hug you even if you were wearing a really clean tuxedo. I want you to do me a favor.

JULIAN

Does it involve hugging?

Danny pulls a card from his back pocket and hands it to Julian.

DANNY

Go see this guy tomorrow.

JULIAN

A shrink?

DANNY

No, he's more like a counselor.

JULIAN

That's what a shrink is.

DANNY

Does it matter? Maybe he'll give you a hug.

JULIAN

If he's giving out free hugs...

DANNY

Julian, we've been friends since High School. That's why I'm giving you this card.

JULIAN

Yeah, I--

10.
Julian turns and vomits all over the card. Quick as lightning, Danny reaches into his pocket and pulls out another card.

DANNY

And that's why I brought two cards.

Danny slips the card into Julian's back pocket as the lead singer continues to empty his stomach.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

Julian, wearing sunglasses, stops in front of a building.

Slowly, he brings the business card from out of his pocket to directly in front of his face and compares the address with the one on the building.

Placing the card back into his pocket, He steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR FIELDING'S WAITING ROOM -- DAY

Julian steps into an empty waiting room and walks up to the receptionist, who is typing.

JULIAN

Hey. I'm here to see the doctor.

Without stopping her typing or looking up, the receptionists answers him.

RECEPTIONIST

Which doctor are you here to see?

JULIAN

Witch doctor. Yeah, I...The one that talks to crazy people.

RECEPTIONIST

Honey, that's the only kind of doctors we have around here. What's his name?

Julian fumbles in his pocket and takes out the card.

JULIAN

Fielding.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment?

JULIAN

Crap, you ask a lot of questions.

RECEPTIONIST

You think I do? Wait till you get in to see Dr. Fielding. What's your name?

JULIAN

Julian. Julian Mack. Ever hear of me?

RECEPTIONIST

No, and I really don't have to. Take a seat.

Julian takes an empty seat in the waiting room and picks up a magazine.

Leafing through the magazine, he tears out random pages and stuffs them into his pocket.

After a moment, a door opens and a man walks out with his head bowed. The man continues walking until he runs into the door frame of the exit. He looks around quickly and then exits.

Julian lowers his eyes once the man leaves and continues to tear out pages from the magazine.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Mr. Mack? Dr. Fielding will see you now.

Julian rises, tosses the magazine onto a nearby table and starts toward the door the man just left from.

Just outside the door, Julian stops and looks back at the receptionist.

JULIAN

Uh.

The receptionist nods without raising her head. Julian enters and closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR FIELDING'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Julian walks into a darkened room with only several candles for light. Incense is burning in a container on the desk.

DOCTOR FIELDING is sitting behind his desk, dressed in casual business attire, with his feet propped up on the desk and a keyboard in his lap.

FIELDING

Be with you in a moment. Please have a seat on the couch.

20.
Julian glances around the room to see a flat screen television against one wall, a bookcase loaded with books, and, in front of the desk, a chair and a couch.

Julian opts for the chair and gazes at the odd collection of art objects littered around the room.

Doctor Fielding walks up behind him as Julian sits engrossed in a statue of an upside down cow.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

You know, my clients usually sit on the couch. I find it puts people more at ease.

JULIAN

Uh huh. Is that what the incense is for or did you just smoke something you shouldn't have?

Dr. Fielding sits awkwardly on the couch with his pad of paper and pen clenched in his hands.

FIELDING

You'll have to promise to wake me if I fall asleep.

JULIAN

Won't you get paid whether you're asleep or awake?

FIELDING

Actually, yes. Now, Mr. Magillacutty--

JULIAN

Mack. I dropped the rest a long time ago.

FIELDING

Okay. Mack.

JULIAN

But you can call me Julian, seeing how this is going to be one of them there casual relationships.

FIELDING

Okay, Julian. And you can call me Emile.

JULIAN

Let's keep it on a professional basis, Doc.

FIELDING

Fair enough. You were referred here by Danny Moore, an old college friend of mine.

JULIAN
Danny went to college?

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR FIELDING'S WAITING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Fay enters and approaches the receptionist area.

FAY
I'm here for my--

RECEPTIONIST
Early as usual but right on time...for
you. You can have a seat Miss Clark.
He'll be with you as soon as he's
done.

FAY
Thank you.

Fay sits down in the exact same seat last occupied by Julian.
She picks up the magazine he tossed and numerous pages fall
immediately to the floor.

The receptionist looks up from her typing.

RECEPTIONIST
Have you been destroying my magazines?

Fay looks aghast.

FAY
No.

The receptionist looks down at the pages on the floor and
narrows her eyes.

RECEPTIONIST
I'll be watching you.

Fay quickly bends down to pick up the pages.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR FIELDING'S OFFICE -- LATER

Julian is now lying on the couch, while the doctor is sitting
in the chair, scribbling furiously.

FIELDING
And who had the spider monkey after
that?

Julian consults his watch.

22.

JULIAN

Sorry Doc, but your time's up. We'll have to continue this session next week. So, am I cured?

FIELDING

No. I mean...I'd like to see you again next week. I'm very concerned about your, uh, drinking habits.

Julian stands up.

JULIAN

Yep. Just like I told my friends. Psychiatrists are just like chiropractors. There's always a little more nut to crack.

Fielding rises from his chair and approaches his desk. He searches around the surface of his desk.

FIELDING

Look, I want you to give me a call. But I can't seem to find my cards anywhere. Can you wait here for a minute?

JULIAN

Sure, Doc. Anything you want.

As soon as Dr. Fielding exits the room, Julian goes to the desk and extinguishes the incense.

He then goes directly to the cow and turns it right-side up.

Just as he is finishing, Fielding enters the room and hands Julian a card.

FIELDING

Here's my card.

Julian pulls out the card in his pocket.

JULIAN

I already have one. Thanks.

Fielding looks down at the card in his hand.

FIELDING

Okay. Well, give my receptionist a call and set up an appointment. I've got this slot open next week, I believe.

JULIAN

Sounds good to me, Doc.

As Julian prepares to leave, Fielding interjects.

FIELDING

Oh, and Julian, this will all remain confidential.

JULIAN

Who you gonna tell, Doc? Who'd believe you?

FIELDING

Yeah. Right. See you next week, Julian.

JULIAN

All right, Doc.

Julian exits the office and approaches the receptionist, all the while walking so Fay cannot see his face.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

So, what's my bill?

The receptionist again responds without raising her eyes.

RECEPTIONIST

It's been covered.

JULIAN

Cool. Nothing like free shrink wrap.

As Julian exits, the receptionist calls out to Fay.

RECEPTIONIST

Miss Clark? Dr. Fielding will see you now.

Fay rises and enters Dr. Fielding's office.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR FIELDING'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Fay enters just as Fielding is pushing play on the CD player. The sounds of slow jazz fill the room as Fay shuts the door behind her.

She flops down on the couch and looks up to see Dr. Fielding typing, smiling and shaking his head.

FIELDING

I'm sorry, Fay. I'll be with you in a second.

He finishes and rises, noticing that his incense has been put out. Quizzically, he looks at Fay.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

Did you put out my incense?

Fay answers, slightly frustrated.

FAY
No. No, I didn't.

Fielding looks over and sees the cow statue.

FIELDING
Did you touch my cow?

Fay bursts into tears.

FAY
No, I didn't touch your cow or your
incense. And I didn't destroy your
magazine. I didn't do anything.

Fielding walks over to her, hands Fay a Kleenex and pats her
shoulder.

FIELDING
I'm sure there's a perfectly rational
explanation for all of this.

FAY
I sure hope so, Dr. Fielding.

Doctor Fielding takes a seat in the chair.

FIELDING
So, how's Jean Phillipe this week?

Fay cries loudly again.

FAY
It's all wrong. He's gone stale.
Boring. I can't think of anything
new for him and he keeps getting
stuck trying to undo a blasted bodice.

FIELDING
Have you tried a corset--

FAY
It's not him. It's me. He talked
to me. We actually had a real live
conversation. But I was an idiot.
I just stammered like a high school
girl with her first crush.

FIELDING
I'm a little confused. Jean Phillipe
is talking to you?

FAY
No! I'm talking about the guy in my
apartment building.

(MORE)

FAY (CONT'D)

Why can't I just talk to someone like a normal person?

FIELDING

Fay, we've been through this. I'm sure that the numerous episodes in your elementary school days left a profound impact on your--

FAY

But, my gosh. That was so long ago. It's not like I have to deal with a missing limb. It's my brain. It's broken.

FIELDING

Your brain's not broken, Fay. You just have some issues to deal with. Are you still having the fantasy issues?

FAY

Why do you think I was such a stammering idiot? A man starts talking and I go away. I'm sure I start to drool.

FIELDING

Let's take care of one issue at a time.

Fielding rises, approaches his desk and grabs a pad of paper.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

Fay, let's try a little experiment. Tomorrow, when you feel yourself drifting into a fantasy scenario, try to picture the man as someone else. Maybe someone famous.

FAY

I don't see how changing the Adonis into Abraham Lincoln is going to help me.

FIELDING

Just give it a chance. And try Harry Truman. I think you'll appreciate his rugged good looks.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Julian and his band are in an abandoned warehouse, practicing.

In the middle of a tune, Julian abruptly stops them.

JULIAN

Okay, hold on. Stop. Stop.

The bands slows down to a stop and looks at Julian expectantly. After a moment of silence, Danny approaches Julian, who is staring off into space.

DANNY

Hey bro, what's the matter? Hangover?

JULIAN

No. Something's off. Crap, I need a drink.

DANNY

Don't go off on me now. We've only got eight songs done and the execs want twelve in two weeks. Don't make me crank open your top and yank what I need out.

JULIAN

No, man, there's just--

BRANDON

Come on, man, this is the eighth time--

Julian's eyes narrow.

JULIAN

Brandon play your chorus part again.

BRANDON

If it'll get us moving.

Brandon plays two chords before being stopped by Julian.

JULIAN

There. Right there.

He looks around while everyone stares at him.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

What? Brandon, kick it up to B flat and shoot a half beat faster than you were playing. All right, gang. Let's start two measures before the money shot.

The band kicks into gear again directly before the chorus and it sounds surprisingly better.

They stop after the chorus with self-achieving smiles on their faces. All except Julian, who is frowning slightly.

Danny approaches him.

DANNY

See. I knew it was a good idea not to fire you today. One down, three to go. What?

JULIAN

I need to get out of here for a second. Get me a cappuccino.

LENNY, the extremely large and hairy drummer stands up.

LENNY

Hey man, get me a double mocha latte. And a bag of barbecue corn nuts.

Julian heads for the exit.

JULIAN

Double mocha yes. Corn nuts no.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARRY'S COFFEE SHOP -- MORNING

Marilyn and Gwynneth are standing in a line in front of Harry's Coffee Shop, waiting for him to open the doors just as Fay comes rushing up.

FAY

Ladies.

GWYNNETH AND MARILYN

Fay.

GWYNNETH

Have any luck with your bodice quandary, dear?

FAY

Yeah. I think I'm gonna put the bodice on Jean Phillipe and let the Countess take it off him.

MARILYN

I once placed the Count Von Richter into a tub of tapioca but that was for my more adult novelette.

GWYNNETH

And we all know how that turned out, dear.

Harry opens the door and the ladies enter, seating themselves into their usual spots.

Like competitors in a synchronized swimming competition, the ladies sit, bring out their laptops, and start them up at the same time.

Marilyn speaks to Gwynneth over the top of Fay.

MARILYN

Mr. Scruffles has a cold. He just sits on the heater all night, not moving. I believe I shall take him to the vet tomorrow if his complexion doesn't improve. Thank you, Harry.

Harry sweeps by, leaving a steaming cup next to each woman.

FAY

Thanks, Harry.

GWYNNETH

Thank you, dear.

Harry heads off behind the counter.

GWYNNETH (CONT'D)

Marilyn, dear, your cat's been dead for two years now. Whatever's on the heater is not Mr. Scruffles.

MARILYN

Oh dear. Well, it certainly looked like Mr. Scruffles.

GWYNNETH

Been awhile since the fumigator's been around, dear?

Fay flexes her fingers above her keyboard.

FAY

I had a mini revelation last night. Jean Phillipe is going to take the Countess on a gondola ride.

GWYNNETH

That's Venice, dear.

FAY

Italy's on the Mediterranean.

MARILYN

Oh, maybe they could be out on the Mediterranean on a skiff and they could crash onto a deserted island.

GWYNNETH

And perhaps there could be a professor, a movie star and a millionaire on the skiff with them. Too many bad television memories, dear.

FAY
Wait. It might work.

GWYNNETH
Not in the Mediterranean, dear.

FAY
Maybe I should give him a new hobby
as well.

MARILYN
He could make large rope bridges.

GWYNNETH
Lady Margoles hunts rhinoceros.

FAY
Maybe he could learn the guitar to
serenade his lady.

GWYNNETH
That would be lovely, dear.

MARILYN
And he could hide his sword inside
his guitar.

GWYNNETH
Why would he do that, dear?

MARILYN
It would be a secret, wouldn't it.

Fay's fingers drop to the keyboard and her first sentence
pops up on the screen:

"Jean Phillipe, rogue and troubadour, lifts the Countess
from the depths of the mighty sea and deposits her like a
dainty bag of potatoes onto the sandy beach."

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED ISLAND -- DAY

In the midst of some waves, Jean Phillipe holds the young
lady in his arms as he struggles toward the beach.

JEAN
(aside)
It's like this dress was made out of
concrete. My love, hold fast to
consciousness. Our island of
salvation is almost at hand.

YOUNG LADY
Oh, Jean Phillipe, you are so strong
and brave. Why, I believed I swooned
when the sharks came upon us.

JEAN

Yeah, you did that thing. But fear no longer, my luscious bicuspid, for while you swooned, I wrestled each shark until they swam away in defeat, crying like little baby sharks for their mama.

They reach the beach where Jean looks around desperately for a spot to deposit the young lady.

Finding nothing, he drops her on the sand.

YOUNG LADY

Oof! Jean Phillipe!

JEAN

I apologize, my love. But I fear my arms have become as weak as bigfoot's loafers.

Jean throws himself next to her on the beach.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Now I'm gonna throw up.

The Young Lady raises up and rests a hand on Jean's shoulder.

YOUNG LADY

Oh, my poor suffering hero. Perhaps my love could rejuvenate you.

Jean rolls his eyes.

JEAN

Or maybe you'll kill me. Oh, but my flowering dandelion, we must find shelter before the squall that tore apart our ship finds us unprepared.

Jean rises to his feet and extends a hand to the Young Lady. She looks disappointed and reluctantly takes his hand to rise to her feet.

They search the beach with their eyes and see only coconut trees and underbrush.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S COFFEE SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Julian enters and approaches the counter, as Harry approaches.

HARRY

Can I help you?

JULIAN

Yeah. I need a cappuccino, a mocha latte, and do you have any Corn Nuts?

HARRY

I'm sorry, but the machine's broke and we're out of mocha right now.

JULIAN

Would you repeat that in English?

HARRY

I did say that in English.

JULIAN

Look, maybe you didn't go to all the customer service classes or something. The customer is always right, so get some chocolate bars or something and make my order.

HARRY

Maybe you don't hear English. I said we can't do mocha right now.

JULIAN

Maybe you can't do mocha or maybe you don't want to do mocha.

HARRY

What's that supposed to mean?

JULIAN

Oh, you know what that means.

HARRY

Maybe I know what that means and maybe I don't.

JULIAN

Maybe you better look again and find some mocha where you didn't think it was.

HARRY

Get out of my store.

JULIAN

Oh, you want to play hardball? How's this?

Julian grabs a few straws and shoves them up his nostrils.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

And I'll do this to every straw in the joint unless I get my mocha pronto.

52.
Harry begins to yell at Julian in Korean. When Harry takes a breath, Julian cuts in.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry but I don't speak Japanese.

HARRY
That's Korean, you idiot.

JULIAN
And how am I supposed to know that?

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED ISLAND -- CONTINUOUS

Jean is looking cautiously up into the coconut trees as the Young Lady stares into the underbrush.

YOUNG LADY
Oh, Jean Phillipe, what if there are wild animals about?

JEAN
You know, I hear that more people get killed each year from falling coconuts than from wild animal attacks.

Young Lady looks up.

YOUNG LADY
Really?

JEAN
Oh yeah. They'd be walking along, minding their own business, then BANG, on the head with a coconut and they can't even eat with a fork anymore.

The Young Lady pauses for a moment, then Harry's Korean rant leaks over from the coffee shop and she begins to yell at Jean Phillipe in Korean.

Jean Phillipe looks quizzically before responding.

JEAN (CONT'D)
I did not realize you knew Japanese.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S COFFEE SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Above the laptop, Fay's eyes pop open and she turns to Gwynneth, who is staring at the counter.

33.

FAY
Okay, what's all the...

She trails off as she turns and sees the back of Julian at the front counter, rubbing sugar packets on his head.

Harry, behind the counter, continues to yell at him in Korean.

JULIAN
How about this, mocha man? You want
some more?

FAY
Gwynneth, what is going on?

GWYNNETH
Another weirdo in the store, dear.
Harry is taking care of it.

Harry stops his rant and points at the door.

HARRY
Get out! Get out!

JULIAN
You may have won this round--

HARRY
Get out!

Julian leans in close.

JULIAN
Never forget. If I find you've been
holding out on me, I will destroy
you.

HARRY
Get out!

Julian pulls the straws from his nose and throws them on the counter.

JULIAN
I will never patronize your
establishment again.

HARRY
Good. Get out!

Julian pauses at the door.

JULIAN
And may I say your Korean needs a
little work.

HARRY
Get out!

Julian finally exits.

GWYNNETH

Harry, dear, are you all right?

HARRY

Yeah, I don't know. The crazies always come out on Saturday.

GWYNNETH

It's Thursday, dear.

Harry shrugs.

HARRY

Four day weekend.

FAY

Maybe you're right. I don't think the beach was working well for me.

GWYNNETH

Maybe you should try the guitar, dear.

MARILYN

And the sword, of course. Where would a troubadour be without his sword?

FAY

The only problem is that I don't know the first thing about guitars.

GWYNNETH

Well, what do you know about, dear?

FAY

I know about cats.

MARILYN

Perhaps Jean Phillipe could have an attack cat, named Mojo.

GWYNNETH

Maybe you should stick with the guitar. Oh. You could go to a music shop and do a little research.

FAY

Do they let you do that? Just go in and ask questions without buying something?

MARILYN

That's how I did my research for Count Von Richter's Rollicking Rendezvous of Romance.

GWYNNETH

That is an assault of R's dear.

MARILYN

Alliteration, Gwynneth. It's what separates the girl scouts from the brownies. In the book, the Count had to go undercover in a massage parlor located in a small village in Belgium. Well, I'd of course never been in a massage parlor, not a proper one at any rate. So, I went to Mr. Fong's laundry, which I'd always heard was a front for a massage parlor...

As Marilyn continues to babble, Gwynneth whispers to Fay.

GWYNNETH

As I was saying dear, there's a lovely little music shop not three blocks from here.

FAY

The one called Crazy Eddie's Music?

GWYNNETH

That's right.

MARILYN

And he had a lemon in his pocket, for crying out loud.

GWYNNETH

I'm sure, if you approach the man behind the counter, they'd be happy to discuss the finer points of music with you.

MARILYN

And then the cops busted in. I told them I was only doing research, but they wouldn't have any of it.

Fay rises and packs up her laptop.

FAY

Well, ladies, I'm off on the most adventure I've had in at least a year.

MARILYN

You have fun dear. But not too much fun. Remember the moral from my story.

GWYNNETH

I'm sure you'll be fine dear.

Fay approaches the counter.

FAY
Harry, can you hold on to my laptop
for about an hour?

HARRY
Sure thing, Miss Fay.

She removes a note pad from the case and hands Harry the laptop.

FAY
Thank you, Harry.

HARRY
Have a good day, Miss Fay.

She exits.

MARILYN
I hope what I said helped.

GWYNNETH
I'm sure it did in some way, dear.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- DAY

The band is finishing up a song. Julian halts in the middle and the rest slowly fade off.

DANNY
What?

JULIAN
I don't know. I think we better
stop for today.

LENNY
Sounds good to me. I need to find
some Corn Nuts or I'll go mad. Mad,
I tells ya.

Lenny tosses his sticks on the ground by the drums and exits.

Brandon comes around to where Danny and Julian are standing and throws his arms around both of their shoulders.

BRANDON
Well, gents, anyone wanna buy me
lunch?

Julian pushes Brandon's arm off while Danny draws him closer.

DANNY

I may be persuaded to let you buy me lunch, my rampaging spamalope.

Brandon pushes him away.

BRANDON

Forget it. It's not worth it.

Julian drifts over to the keyboard and fingers a melody.

DANNY

Let me grab my book and we'll get gone. Julian, you coming?

JULIAN

Naw. I've got some errands to run. People to see.

Danny walks back toward Brandon with a book in his hand.

BRANDON

Is that a romance novel?

DANNY

So? I had a girlfriend once who got me hooked on them.

The three walk out of the warehouse together.

JULIAN

You had a girlfriend?

DANNY

Yeah. You remember Amanda?

JULIAN

Huginkiss?

DANNY

Haw, haw. No. Short. Blonde. Liked Bob Seger.

JULIAN

Oh. Amanda Huginkiss.

Danny pushes him away.

DANNY

Go. Run errands. Stay sober.

JULIAN

Yah voll, mein Herr.

Julian walks away from them, down the sidewalk.

DANNY

So, what are you hungry for?

BRANDON
Corn Nuts. Just kidding.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAZY EDDIE'S MUSIC -- DAY

Julian enters Crazy Eddie's Music Store. BILLY, a crazy-looking bear of a man, full on Mexican with long hair and a long shaggy beard, stands behind the main counter, reading a magazine.

A wide smile erupts on his face as soon as he catches sight of Julian.

BILLY
Julian!

JULIAN
Billy the Shank! How's business?

They both take a moment to look around the deserted store. Guitars and other instruments hang from the walls. Two drum sets are set up in opposite corners.

The case that Billy stands behind holds a variety of other music paraphernalia.

BILLY
We're swamped. I'm gonna quit some day. I promise you.

JULIAN
You wouldn't do that to Ed, would you?

Billy lays his magazine on the counter.

BILLY
Hey, do me a favor and watch the store for a sec. I've got to run some strings up to Quartz.

JULIAN
Why can't he run down and get his own strings?

BILLY
You know Quartz. Plus he's gonna give me a ten buck tip and I haven't had lunch yet. Ed won't care. You're practically an employee.

JULIAN
Whatever. But I'm not going behind the counter. And if anyone wants to buy anything, I'm only dealing in Deutschmarks.

Billy pauses at the door as Julian moves to pick up a guitar.

BILLY

You call it. You won't get any customers anyway. It's lunch time.

Billy exits and leaves Julian alone to pick out a tune on the guitar.

As Julian turns his back on the door, it opens and in walks Fay.

She wanders over to the counter, sees no one and glances around the shop.

Looking directly at Julian, she clears her throat.

JULIAN

Do you need a cough drop?

He turns around and Fay screams, dropping her note pad.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

What? Is it my devilish good looks?

FAY

No, I'm sorry. You remind me of someone I knew a long time ago.

JULIAN

You look oddly familiar as well. Are you related to Momar Khadafi?

FAY

Not that I know of? Does he play an instrument?

JULIAN

Kinda. What can I do for you, beautiful? Need a guitar? A trombone? A kazoo? I've got a lovely piccolo that was once owned by Adolph Hitler's brother, Hans.

FAY

Hans Hitler?

JULIAN

I'm afraid Mr. and Mrs. Hitler weren't very original.

FAY

Um, I was wondering if you could tell me a little about music.

JULIAN

Music, huh? Now there's a broad subject. Anything in particular?