

ACT ONE

SCENE A

A FADE IN:

A

EXT. MADAM DUPONT'S PARISIAN APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING
(DAY 1)

(Will, Cab Driver)

IT IS A WARM AND GORGEOUS LATE-SUMMER DAY IN PARIS. A PARISIAN TAXI DRIVES UP TO A MODEST, WORKING-CLASS APARTMENT BUILDING IN THE NORTH-EAST OF THE CITY.

THE CAB DRIVER GETS OUT OF HIS CAB AND BEGIN UNLOADING THE TRUNK.

WILLIAM HUTCHINSON IV NOW GETS OUT OF THE CAB. HE IS A GOOD-LOOKING LAD OF 21 FROM MASSACHUSETTS, BUT HE LOOKS LIKE HE JUST GOT OFF AN AIRPLANE FROM THE STATES. HE SIZES UP HIS SURROUNDINGS, OUT OF PLACE IN A WORKING-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD.

BEHIND HIM, THE CAB DRIVER KEEPS TAKING OUT LUGGAGE; HE IS UP TO TWO VERY LARGE PIECES.

WILL, LOOKING AT A PIECE OF PAPER, GOES UP TO THE BUILDING AND PUSHES THE INTERCOM BUTTON FOR MADAM DUPONT.

DUPONT

(through a very loud intercom)

Bonjour.

WILL

Yes, um... *Bonjour*, Hello. I'm

Will, your . . . um . . . student.

DUPONT

<some French stuff that says she is

on the sixth floor>

(The door buzzes)

WILL

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAB DRIVER

She's on the sixth floor. Pull the
door open.

WILL DOES SO. THE CAB DRIVER HAS FINISHED UNLOADING THE
CAR. THERE ARE THREE LARGE PIECES OF LUGGAGE AND A SMALLER
COMPUTER CASE. THE CAB DRIVER SETS THE COMPUTER CASE DOOR
TO HOLD IT OPEN.

CUT TO:

B

SCENE B

B

HALLWAY/ INT. MADAM DUPONT'S APARTMENT
(Will, Madam Dupont)

THE HALLWAY, MORE LIKE A STAIR LANDING, OUTSIDE MADAM
DUPONT'S APARTMENT IS A TYPICAL ONE. IT IS A STAIRWELL
LANDING WHERE THE CENTRAL PORTION OF THE STAIRWELL HAS BEEN
CUT OUT TO MAKE ROOM FOR A VERY SMALL, ONE-PERSON ELEVATOR
INSTALLED SOMETIME DURING THE SIXTIES.

MADAM DUPONT WAITS INSIDE HER DOORWAY. SHE IS A SHORT,
AGING, LITTLE FRENCH-AFRICAN WOMAN WITH TONS OF ENERGY.

THE ELEVATOR DOOR SLIDES - CREEKS OPEN. WILL FALLS OUT, AND
HIS LUGGAGE FALLS ON TOP OF HIM.

DUPONT

<what did you bring so much luggage
for>

WILL

Hi.

MADAM DUPONT HELPS WILL UP. SHE TALKS, IN FRENCH, WHILE SHE
PICKS UP ONE OF THE LARGER BAGS, ALMOST AS LARGE AS SHE IS,
AND HEADS INTO THE APARTMENT.

DUPONT

<come, follow me>

WILL TAKES ONE OF THE BAGS AND HEADS INTO THE APARTMENT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADAM DUPONT'S APARTMENT IS A MODEST ONE AT BEST. IT HAS TWO BEDROOMS, A SMALL KITCHEN, A LIVING/DINING ROOM WITH A COUCH, TV, AND SMALL TABLE TO THE SIDE, AND A SMALL BATHROOM NEXT TO THE HALLWAY DOOR.

THE HALL THAT LEADS PAST THE BATHROOM FROM THE MAIN DOOR IS VERY NARROW, AND LINED WITH KNEE-HIGH BOOK-CASES CONTAINING JUNK. THERE IS ALSO JUNK, SUCH AS PLATES, PICTURES, AND CHEAP TOURIST KNICKKNACKS FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD ON THE WALLS.

WHILE DRAGGING HIS BAG, WILL KNOCKS ONE OF THE CHEAP, DECORATED PARTICLEBOARD PLATES OFF THE WALL. IT DOESN'T BREAK, BUT IT AGITATED MADAM.

WILL

Sorry.

MADAM DUPONT PICKS IT UP BEFORE WILL CAN, SHE EXAMINES IT LIKE IT WAS PORCELAIN, LOOKING FOR CRACKS.

DUPONT

<Be more careful; this is why you shouldn't bring so much stuff. You could have broken this. My son bought me this plate in Venice.>

FINALLY SATISFIED THAT IT ISN'T BROKEN, SHE REPLACES IT ON THE WALL AND POINTS OUT THE FEATURES OF THE APARTMENT AS SHE PASSES THEM ON THE WAY TO WILL'S ROOM. WILL FOLLOWS.

DUPONT (CONT'D)

<the bathroom is here, here is the dining room. That's the kitchen; don't go in there. That's my room. This is the living room, where we also eat. Dinner is at eight. This is your room. Put your bags there.>

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WE ARE NOW IN WHAT IS TO BE WILL'S ROOM. IT IS SMALL, EVEN COMPARED TO THE REST OF THE APARTMENT. THERE IS A SINGLE BED, A SMALL DRESSER HALF-FILLED WITH MADAM'S STUFF, A DESK, TWO CHAIRS THAT LOOK SCARY TO SIT IN, AND A SMALL REFRIGERATOR HALF-FILLED WITH MADAM'S STUFF. THE WINDOWS ARE OPEN TO ALLOW THE BREEZE IN, AND IT IS A BREEZY BREEZE. THE WINDOWS ALSO ADMIT, AND SEEM TO AMPLIFY THE STREET NOISE BELOW.

AS WILL SETS HIS BAGS DOWN WHERE INDICATED, MADAM DUPONT GOES OVER TO THE REFRIGERATOR ON WHICH THERE ARE TWO GLASSES FILLED WITH WHAT LOOKS LIKE CHEAP, WATERED-DOWN SCOTCH. MADAM PICKS UP THE TWO GLASSES AND HANDS ONE TO WILL.

DUPONT (CONT'D)

Benavue a Paris.

WILL

Cheers.

BOTH DRINK; WILL GAGS ON THE FRENCH ALCOHOL. MADAM LAUGHS AND LEAVES.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE C

C INT. CHEZ BOB - MOMENTS LATER C
(Bob, Keller, Marisa, Wolfgang, Sam)

IT IS A "TYPICAL" MORNING AT CHEZ BOB, AMERICAN BAR & GRILL. BOB, WHO IS NOW AND ALWAYS BEHIND THE BAR, IS PARIS'S ANSWER TO CAPT. TONY. HIS PLACE IS A COMBINATION AMERICAN SPORTS BAR, INTERNET CAFE, AND COFFEE HOUSE, SLANTING TOWARDS THE AMERICAN SPORTS BAR. IT IS IN PARIS'S 5TH ARRONDISSEMENT NEAR THE SORBONNE, AND IS THE HAUNT OF AMERICAN AND SOMETIMES BRITISH STUDENTS BECAUSE BOB SPEAKS ENGLISH, SERVES HAMBURGERS AND AMERICAN BEER, AND HAS THE BIG SCREEN TUNED TO EITHER ESPN OR CNN, FOR AMERICAN SPORTS AND NEWS. BOB ALSO OWNS THE BUILDING ABOVE HIM, A FAIRLY NICE SET OF APARTMENTS THAT HE RENTS TO ENGLISH AND AMERICAN STUDENTS.

BY THE BAR AT A STOOL IS A BOOK-BAG AND A COAT, AS IF ITS OCCUPANT HAS GONE TO GET SOMETHING HE FORGOT.

KELLER AND SAM SIT AT A TABLE EATING AND WATCHING THE MORNING NEWS ON CNN. KELLER IS EATING ORGANIC OATMEAL AND SAM IS EATING EGGS.

(CONTINUED)

C CONTINUED:

C

KELLER
(yelling at the Television)
Yeah, Drill for oil. Never mind
the birds and caribou and seals
that can't live greasily covered in
oil.

SAM
And that's the eggs.

WOLFGANG COMES IN THE FRONT DOOR, AND WALKS TOWARDS THE BAR -
THE SEAT WITH THE STUFF IS HIS. BOB PUTS A PLATE OF EGGS
DOWN BEFORE HE EVEN GETS THERE.

BOB
Rent due today.

WOLFGANG
Right.

BOB STICKS A POST-IT NOTE ON HIS HEAD. WOLFGANG TAKES IT
OFF AND LOOKS AT IT.

SAM
(to Wolfgang)
Still can't find a roommate?

WOLFGANG
No.

KELLER
If we lived under a socialist
economy you wouldn't need a
roommate.

(CONTINUED)

C CONTINUED:

C

WOLFGANG

In a socialist economy, I wouldn't
have an apartment.

BOB

By the way, have you lost your
wallet.

WOLFGANG

(checking his pockets)

I don't believe so.

WOLFGANG DOESN'T FIND IT IN HIS POCKETS. BOB PULLS IT OUT
FROM BEHIND THE BAR AND HANDS IT TO HIM.

WOLFGANG (CONT'D)

Thanks.

MARISA STORMS THROUGH THE DOOR, DRESSED PROFESSIONALLY BUT
OBVIOUSLY PEEVED.

MARISA

What is it with guys, can they just
like not take hints.

WOLFGANG

Marisa, will you move in with me?

MARISA

Have you lost your mind?

MARISA TAKES THE COFFEE THAT BOB HANDS HER AND TAKES A SIP.
SHE SPITS IT OUT

MARISA (CONT'D)

What is this?

(CONTINUED)

C CONTINUED:

C

BOB

By popular demand you have been
switched to decaf.

MARISA GIVES HIM A MURDEROUS LOOK.

BOB (CONT'D)

Double espresso coming up.

MARISA SITS DOWN

SAM

So what happened?

MARISA

I'm standing in line to buy my
Carte Orange when this tourist
starts hitting on me. I gave him
the shrug; I gave him the brush; I
then I flat out said "no" and he
still would just not go away.
Can't guys just take a hint.

WOLFGANG

So are you sure you don't want to
be my roommate.

MARISA

Go Away!

WOLFGANG

Sorry.

WOLFGANG GOES BACK TO HIS BREAKFAST.

(CONTINUED)

C CONTINUED:

C

KELLER

Next time that happens you should
throw them a curve.

SAM

What?

KELLER

You know, like say you'll meet them
somewhere and not shows up.

MARISA

Hmm...

KELLER

Send 'em somewhere embarrassing,
like a gay bar.

SAM

That's mean.

KELLER

Or you could take Sam's approach
and pine for the same guy forever
so nobody asks you out. How is
Peter?

WOLFGANG

Who is Peter?

KELLER

Sam?

SAM

Keller!

(CONTINUED)

C CONTINUED:

C

MARISA

Old Boyfriend?

SAM

Best Friend

MARISA AND KELLER

Ohh... Kiss of Death.

WOLFGANG

Where is he now?

SAM

In L.A., writing, with his perfect
prissy pop TV Actress.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE D

EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER
(Peter, Extras)

PETER, CARRYING A SUITCASE AND A LAPTOP CASE, WALKS OUT OF
THE AIRFRANCE BAGGAGE TERMINAL AND GETS IN A CAB.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

SCENE E

FADE IN:

INT. MADAM DUPONT'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY
(Will)

MADAM DUPONT'S BATHROOM IS MUCH LIKE THE REST OF THE APARTMENT, SMALL, CLUTTERED, AND VERY FRENCH.

HALF OF IT IS TAKEN UP BY A SMALL, RECTANGULAR BATH WITH A HAND-HELD SHOWER ON ONE END, AND NO SHOWER CURTAIN. ON THE WALLS AROUND THE TUB ARE NUMEROUS SHAMPOOS, SOAPS, AND CONDITIONERS, ALONG WITH SEVERAL TYPES OF DISINFECTANT.

NEXT TO THE BATH-TUB IS THE SINK, WITH THE USUAL CONDIMENTS ON TOP. UNDER THE SINK IS A BIDET, WITH A PAIR OF UNDERWEAR SOAKING IN BLOODY WATER IN IT. NEXT TO THIS IS THE TOILET, A VERY SMALL TOILET. BECAUSE OF THE PRESENCE OF A HAMPER AND A CABINET, THERE IS NO ROOM TO SIT AT THE TOILET.

WILL WALKS IN WEARING A MICKEY MOUSE TOWEL AND AN AMERICAN TEE-SHIRT, CARRYING A SHOWER-CADDIE FILLED WITH SALON-GRADE TOILETRIES.

WILL LOOKS AT THE SHOWER SUSPICIOUSLY.

WILL

No shower curtain

HE SETS DOWN THE TOILETRIES. HE THEN LOOKS AT THE KNOBS, ONE LABELED "C" AND ONE LABELED "F".

WILL (CONT'D)

Cold

HE TURNS THE ONE LABELED "C", UNDRESSES AND STEPS INTO THE BATH TUB. HE FIRST TRIES SITTING. THEN HE DECIDES TO STAND.

HE PICKS UP THE SHOWER HANDLE AND SPRAYS HIS FEET.

WILL (CONT'D)

Ah

STEAM STARTS BILLOWING FORTH FROM THE TAP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL (CONT'D)

Ow!

WILL SLIPS AND HITS HIS HEAD.

WILL ADJUSTS THE TAP AND STANDS, HOLDING THE SHOWER HEAD.
HE STARTS WASHING.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE E

INT. MADAM DUPONT'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - LATER
(Will)

WILL IS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR; THERE IS WATER
EVERYWHERE.

HE TAKES THE RAZOR OUT OF THE CADDIE AND TRIES TO PLUG IT
IN, BUT THE PLUGS DON'T MATCH.

HE SETS DOWN HIS RAZOR AND OPENS THE CABINET ABOVE THE SINK.
IN IT, BESIDES TUBS OF TOOTHPASTE FROM THE 1960'S, IS A PLUG
ADAPTER.

WILL

Yes!

WILL STICKS THE ADAPTER ON THE END OF THE RAZOR AND THE
RAZOR INTO THE PLUG. HE TURNS IT ON. THE RAZOR FRIES FROM
THE 220 VOLTAGE.

THE LIGHT FLICKERS OUT.

WILL (CONT'D)

Oh Hell.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MONMARTRE CAFE - DAY
(Sam, Peter, Man, Woman, Extras)

MONMARTRE IS THE VILLAGE IN PARIS ON THE HILL WHERE ALL THE
ARTISTS DRAW PICTURES OF TOURISTS FOR MONEY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM IS THERE, DRAWING AN ELDERLY AMERICAN MAN AND WOMAN IN ONE OF THE OUTSIDE CAFES.

WOMAN

How long does it take to draw?

SAM

Just a few minutes.

MAN

So, you're not French.

SAM

No, I'm from Florida, studying French art. Where are y'all from?

WOMAN

Columbus

SAM

Oh, I have a cousin that live in South Carolina.

MAN

Columbus Ohio.

SAM

Oh.

SAM FINISHES HER DRAWING; IT IS A WELL-DONE CHARACTURE OF THE COUPLE.

SAM (CONT'D)

There you go; you can hang that on your wall when you get home.

MAN

No, my wife would see it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

See, I still think we should get
that apartment. How much do we owe
you miss?

SAM

Three hundred francs.

MAN

Here you go.

THE MAN HANDS HER THE MONEY. SAM WALKS UP TO ANOTHER TABLE
TO ANOTHER, YOUNGER COUPLE.

SAM

Would you like your picture done?

PETER WALKS UP BEHIND HER.

PETER

Could I get my picture done?

SAM JUMPS, STARTLED, AND KNOCKS OVER THE TABLE, SENDING THE
DISHES CRASHING TO THE FLOOR.

FADE TO:

SCENE F

INT. MADAM DUPONT'S APARTMENT, WILL'S ROOM
(Will, Madam Dupont)

WILL HAS SET HIS SUITCASES ON THE BED AND IS DIGGING THROUGH
THEM, UNPACKING IN THE LOOSEST SENSE OF THE WORD.

ON THE BED NEXT TO HIS SUITCASES A POTABLE DVD PLAYER, THE
LATEST IN POTABLE VIDEO GAME TECHNOLOGY, THREE OR FOUR CD
CASES, A POTABLE DISCMAN, A TOP-OF-THE-LINE LAPTOP, AND
OTHER VERY EXPENSIVE AND COOL TOYS. CLOTHS, OF WHICH THERE
ARE PLENTY, ARE IN NEAT PILES.

WILL

Ah ha!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL PRODUCES A NOTE FROM THE DEEP RECESSES OF HIS BAG.

WILL (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Will, to collect your credit-card,
go to M. Opera. Take the main
exit, walk around the Paris Opera
House to the left, and you will run
into the American Express office.
Stand in the Card Services line.
This is also where you go to
collect your mail, which I expect
you to do daily. Don't forget to
take your passport. Call Madam
Jacou at 01.34.34.45.67 and" blah
blah blah blah . . . Hmm, M. Opera?
Taxi?

SCENE G

INT. MONMARTRE CAFE - DAY
(Peter, Sam, Waiter, Extras)

PETER AND SAM ARE IN THAT SAME CAFE. SAM IS SITTING AT A
TABLE WATCHING PETER TALK WITH A WAITER. THE WAITER AND
PETER SHARE A LAUGH, AND PETER COMES TO THE TABLE. THE
WAITER GOES ON WITH WAITING.

PETER SITS DOWN AND SMILES IN A "I TOLD YOU I COULD HANDLE
IT AND IT'S HANDLED" SORT OF WAY.

SAM

How did you ... never mind. What
are you doing in Paris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

What would you say if I said I was
just here to see you.

SAM

Hogwash.

PETER

It's a long story.

SAM

(to the waiter as he passes)

Monsieur, une café au lait et un
thé au lait si vous plait.

(to PETER)

Would you like something?

PETER

I don't know if it's that long.

SAM

Last time we talked, you had sold
your script and were being paid to
rewrite it.

PETER

My script was optioned, and I was
paid to rewrite it, twice. Then
they paid someone else to rewrite
it, twice, then they dropped it
because it "had no edge."

THE WAITER COMES BACK WITH DRINKS. SAM TAKES THE COFFEE,
PETER THE TEA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Merci

PETER

Thanks

SAM

What about Victoria?

PETER

Oh, you mean "Harmony", the new UPN star. I caught her in bed with her costar.

SAM

Ouch

PETER

Yeah, both cheating on their boyfriends.

SAM

Huh?

PETER

That's what I said.

SAM

Well... Well what about...

PETER

The apartment was in Vicky's name, and most of the furniture was hers. I left what was mine with a friend in L.A.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

What about...

PETER

I've still got most of my option checks so money isn't a problem for a little while.

SAM

What did your parents say?

PETER

Um, well, they don't know yet.

SAM

What? Peter you have to talk to them.

PETER

I will.

SAM

When?

PETER

Sometime before the rest of my stuff is delivered to their house. Do you know of a place I can stay? Hotels are a bit expensive.

SAM

How long are you staying?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

Don't know yet. Call it six weeks
for now.

SAM

(writing down an address on a piece of paper)

A friend of mine, Wolfgang, is
looking for a roommate.

PETER

Wolfgang?

SAM

Don't.

PETER

I wasn't.

SAM

It's above a bar called Chez Bob.
This is the address and metro.

PETER

Thanks. Meet me there later?

SAM

You got it.

PETER

See you.

PETER LEAVES MONEY ON THE TABLE FOR THE DRINKS AND COLLECTS
HIS BAGS. HE IS LEAVING

SAM

Peter

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

Yeah

SAM

It's good to see you.

PETER

Good to see you too.

PETER LEAVES; SAM SIGHS.

FADE TO:

SCENE H

INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS OFFICE - AFTERNOON
(Marisa, Will, Teller, Extras)

THE AMERICAN EXPRESS OFFICE IS, AS EXPECTED FOR A MONDAY AFTERNOON, BUSY. TOURISTS ARE WAITING IN LINE TO CHANGE MONEY, GET TRAVEL TIPS, AND GET MAIL.

MARISA IS WAITING IN THE BACK OF THE CARDMEMBER SERVICES LINE TO GET HER MAIL, STILL VISIBLY IN A LESS THAN CHEERY MOOD.

WILL, SHARPLY DRESSED, GETS OUT OF A CAB AND ENTERS THE BUILDING. HE LOOKS AROUND, SEES THE CARDMEMBER SERVICES LINE, AND GETS IN LINE BEHIND MARISA, WHO WOULD BE VERY CONTENT TO IGNORE HIM.

WILL NOTICES THE VERY PRETTY LADY (MARISA) IN THE LINE IN FRONT OF HIM, AND TRIES TO STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION.

WILL

Hey.

MARISA IGNORES HIM.

WILL (CONT'D)

Can you tell me something; Why is
it that the hot water tap is

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL (CONT'D)

labeled "C"? At least, both the
sinks in my apartment are.

MARISA

(very bothered)

"Chaud" is French for hot.

WILL

Oh, that explains it. What's cold?

MARISA

Froid

WILL

Oh, so that's why they're labeled
"C" and "F". How long have you
been in Paris.

MARISA

Do you mind?

WILL

I just don't know anyone here and I
was wondering if you would want to
have some lunch with me.

MARISA

No, I've eaten.

MARISA REACHES THE FRONT OF THE LINE.

TELLER

Bonjour.

MARISA

Post si vous plait, Marissa Jones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARISSA HANDS THE TELLER HER PASSPORT. THE TELLER GOES TO CHECK THE MAIL.

WILL

Okay Marisa, how about drinks later?

MARISA

Can't you take a . . .
(Marisa has a devilish idea)

On second thought, yes. Jacques et Jacques near the University, Five O'clock?

WILL

I'll be there ... um ... where is that?

THE TELLER COMES BACK WITH THE MAIL

TELLER

Here you go ma'am.

MARISA

Merci.
(to Will, Indicating the Information desk)

Ask them.

SHE LEAVES, FLIPPING THROUGH HER LETTERS. WILL WATCHES HER GO OUT, MUCH TO THE ANNOYANCE OF THE PEOPLE BEHIND HIM, BEFORE ACKNOWLEDGING THE TELLER.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

SCENE I

FADE IN:

D INT. JACQUE ET JACQUE - AFTERNOON (5PM) D
(Will, Guy, Extras)

JACQUE ET JACQUE IS OBVIOUSLY A GAY BAR, BUT WILL HASN'T NOTICED YET.

WILL IS SITTING AT A TABLE, NURSING A GLASS OF WINE. A GUY COMES UP TO THE TABLE AND STARTS HITTING ON WILL.

GUY

Bonjour.

WILL

Hi.

GUY

American.

WILL

Yes

GUY

Do you speak any French?

WILL

No.

GUY

That is Okay. May I join you?

(CONTINUED)

D CONTINUED:

D

WILL

I'm waiting for someone.

GUY

And who is this lucky guy?

WILL

It's a she.

GUY

Here?

WILL LOOKS AROUND, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME REALIZES THAT HE'S THE BUTT OF A VERY MEAN JOKE.

WILL

Excuse me.

GUY

Certainly.

WILL PAYS HIS TAB AND LEAVES AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

FADE TO:

SCENE J

INT. CHEZ BOB - EVENING

(Keller, Sam, Bob, Marisa, Will, Peter, Donatella, Wolfgang)

KELLER AND SAM ARE TALKING.

KELLER

Here?

SAM

Yes. I ran into him today while working.

KELLER

In Paris?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

I didn't fly to L.A. and back.

MARISA COMES RUNNING IN THE DOOR BEAMING.

KELLER

What's got you in a good mood?

MARISA

This guy was hitting on me in the
American Express office...

KELLER

Was he cute?

MARISA

Actually he kind-of was but really
annoying. Anyway, I did what you
suggested and threw him a curve
and...

(noticing the dreamy, pensive look in Sam)

... and what's with you.

KELLER

Peter showed up in town. So what
did you do?

MARISA

Peter as in this morning Peter?

SAM

Yep

MARISA

In Paris?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLER

No, she just flew to L.A. and back.

MARISA

What? . . . Don't take Sam's lines
out of context.

KELLER

Sorry

MARISA

What's he doing here?

SAM

Apparently his writing deal fell
through.

MARISA

And his TV girlfriend?

SAM

Caught her in bed with her gay male
co-star.

KELLER

What?

SAM

That's what I said.

MARISA

That means he single! I'm so
excited for you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

But he just got out of a
relationship. Doesn't he need some
healing time?

KELLER

Take it from me, men are pigs. He
will be in bed with someone else
before you can say "How about
moving past friendship?"

MARISA

What's worse is, as soon as he
finds someone new . . .

KELLER

. . . which will be tomorrow

MARISA

He'll be asking his best female
friend for date tips.

SAM

That does sound like him.

MARISA

The kind of healing that boy needs
is the kind where he's healing,
lying next to thee.

KELLER

Absolutely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

Yeah, I can do that. Strike while
it's hot.

KELLER

(to Marisa)
You go girl.

So what happened?

MARISA

What?

KELLER

With the guy.

MARISA

Oh... I sent him to the gay bar
down the street.

KELLER

Jacque et Jacque?

MARISA

The same.

KELLER

Cheers.

MARISA

I'll never here from him again.

JUST THEN, PETER, WILL, AND A YOUNG AND VERY ATTRACTIVE
ITALIAN GIRL NAMED DONATELLA WALK IN THE FRONT DOOR.

DONATELLA IS TALKING TO WILL IN GOOD ENGLISH. DONATELLA IS
HOLDING WILL'S FRIED RAZOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONATELLA

It fried as you said because the power in Europe has two-hundred-twenty voltage, and the power in the U.S. Has one-hundred ten voltage.

WILL

But I put an adapter on it.

DONATELLA

This is a plug adaptor, you need a voltage adaptor.

SAM

(Waving them over)

Peter.

PETER

Sam.

THE TRIO HEADS OVER TO THE TABLE. MARISA, WHO WAS SITTING WITH HER BACK TO THE DOOR TURNS AROUND.

WILL

You! You sent me to a gay bar.

MARISA

Well... Well...

KELLER

Well you wouldn't stop groping her in the FedEx line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL

American Express. I never groped
her, and she could have just
slapped me across the face like a
decent girl.

KELLER

Daccord.

KELLER SLAPS HIM ACROSS THE FACE FOR MARISA. DONATELLA AND
THE GIRLS ARE SNICKERING.

WILL

Ow.

MARISA

Well, I see it didn't take you too
long to replace me.

PETER

Oh, I'm sorry. This is Donatella;
she's with me.

SAM

What?

PETER

Yeah, we met on the subway.
Donatella, this is Sam, my friend
from the U.S. and I don't know
these people.

SAM

Um...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLER

Hi. I'm Keller. What's your
political affiliation?

PETER

What?

MARISA

If you say Democrat or Green you
can be her friend, if you say
Libertarian you can be Wolfgang's.

PETER

And Republican?

MARISA

They guillitine you.

MARISA (CONT'D)

Hi I'm Marisa.

PETER

Hey. I've heard allot about you in
the five minutes I've known Will
here.

WILL

(Sarcastically)

All of it shining.

PETER

Yeah. Um... Wolfgang... Sam said
something about him wanting a
roommate?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARISA

He'll be here in a minute.

WILL

Hey everyone, I'm Will. Just to set the record straight, I'm an American; I do not frequent gay bars; and I met Peter here when I stopped him a few blocks away to ask where I could get an American Beer.

WOLFGANG WALKS IN THE DOOR.

WOLFGANG

Has anyone seen my keys?

MARISA

And that's Wolfgang.

WOLFGANG

Hey guys. Have any of you seen my keys? Wait...

WOLFGANG DOES A DOUBLE-TAKE ON WILL, DONATELLA, AND PETER.

WOLFGANG (CONT'D)

I don't know the three of you right?

DONATELLA

I take your class sir. Donatella.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOLFGANG

Oh . . . So I don't know two of you
right?

PETER

Hi, I'm Peter. Sam tells me you're
looking for a roommate.

WOLFGANG

Roommate, right, I found a roommate
today.

PETER

You sure did.

WOLFGANG

Nice guy at school... what was his
name?

PETER

Oh. Son of a Gun.

WOLFGANG

Do you know the origin of that
phrase?

PETER

No.

EVERYBODY ELSE GROANS

WOLFGANG

Well, in the British Navy, when the
wife or mistress of a sailer was
giving birth, the sailors would

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOLFGANG (CONT'D)

fire off the cannon behind her to help the process. Hence the phrase "son of a gun."

SAM

Peter, when Wolfgang asks you if you know something the answer is always "yes".

DONATELLA

(to Peter) I must leave.

Tomorrow at eight o'clock thirty P. M.?

PETER

Tomorrow at Eight-Thirty.

DONATELLA LEAVES. PETER FOLLOWS HER OUT WITH HER GAZE AND SHE GIVES THE APPROPRIATE LOOK BACK.

SAM

So y'all really hit it off then.

PETER

Yeah. Hey Sam, you've been here a while. Do you know someplace nice I can take her around here?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE.

SCENE J

TAG

FADE IN:

E INT. CHEZ BOB MEN'S ROOM - DAY (3)
(Will)

E

CHEZ BOB HAS A NICE BATHROOM.

THE TOILET FLUSHES AND WILL COMES OUT OF THE STALL, BUCKLING HIS BELT. HE GOES TO THE SINK AND REACHES FOR ONE OF THE KNOBS.

WILL STOPS AND LOOKS AT THE SINK. ONLY ONE OF THE KNOBS, THE KNOB WILL WAS REACHING FOR, IS LABELED. IT HAS A "C" ON IT. THE LABEL ON THE OTHER SINK IS MISSING. WILL REACHES FOR THE OTHER KNOB, TURNS IT, AND STARTS HUMMING TO HIMSELF AS HE WASHES HIS HANDS. THE CAMERA PANS DOWN AND WE SEE CLEARLY WRITTEN THE LABEL "MADE IN THE U.S.A."

STEM STARTS BOILING UP FROM THE SINK.

WILL

Ah!

WILL RETRACTS HIS HANDS QUICKLY, HAVING BURNED HIMSELF YET AGAIN.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW