ALONG CAME POLLY

UNTITLED

by John Hamburg

7/22/02

For Educational Purposes Only

FADE IN:

EXT. RIHGA ROYAL HOTEL - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

GUESTS dressed in BLACK-TIE enter this nice Midtown Manhattan Hotel. We hear the voice of REUBEN FEFFER.

REUBEN (O.S.)
Why can't you just believe me? No, I have no doubts about this at all.

INT. GROOM'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SANDY LYLE, 30-ish, hair unwashed, face unshaven, gut hanging out from his rumpled tux, smokes pot from a little PIPE.

SANDY
(yelling into the bathroom)
I'm telling you you're about to make a mistake that will haunt you for the rest of your life.

IN THE BATHROOM

REUBEN FEFFER, same age as Sandy, nice-looking, with a kind, sympathetic face, finishes peeing. He LIFTS HIS LEG, using his SHOE to flush the toilet-handle.

REUBEN
I had my entire twenties to sow my wild oats. I'm ready to move on.

Reuben walks into the dressing area, heads to a sink/vanity mirror area while Sandy hides the pipe.

SANDY
You've been with Lisa for the last four and a half years. You haven't sowed an oat in half a decade.

There's a knock at the door. Sandy opens it onto two grungy twentysomethings, DUSTIN and VIC, holding a video camera and boom microphone respectively.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Yo, guys. Give us a little private time, okay. Just make sure you get some good angles during my song.

DUSTIN
You got it, Sandy.

They exit.

REUBEN
Who was that?

SANDY
I told you about those guys. They're doing the E TRUE HOLLYWOOD STORY on me.

REUBEN
You invited them to my wedding?

SANDY
Reuben, I'm serious. It's not too late. You can still get out of this thing.

REUBEN
The fact is, I love Lisa, she loves me. We're both ready to get on with the next stage of our lives.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

(A VIDEOGRAPHER tapes the entire wedding)

Reuben and LISA KRAMER, his attractive, well put together fiancé, face each other in front of a RABBI.

REUBEN
I do.

RABBI
I now pronounce you man and wife! Go on, kiss each other.

He embraces Lisa, planting a loving kiss on her lips.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

The cheesy BANDLEADER is at the microphone.

BANDLEADER
Ladies and gentlemen, for their first dance as husband and wife, help me welcome Reuben and Lisa Feffer!

The WEDDING PLANNER runs up, whispering in the bandleader's ear.

BANDLEADER (CONT'D)
Excuse me. Reuben Feffer and Lisa Kramer!

Reuben and Lisa jog onto the dance floor, slow dance for about three seconds, then wave and greet the crowd.

THE BALLROOM - MINUTES LATER

STAN INDURSKY, 50, blow-dried hair, confident, makes a toast.

STAN
...I'm Reuben's boss, Stan Indursky. Now, Reuben's not the kind of guy who brags about his success, so let me do it for him. The fact is, this kid is the best risk-assessment expert in the entire insurance business. For chrissakes, he invented the software that runs my entire R.A. Department. Reuben, Lisa, I want you to know, that I'd insure your marriage any day of the week. Mazel, you two. Good things.

The crowd gives Stan a nice round of applause.

STAN (CONT'D)
Oh, and Lisa...
(makes a 'screwing' gesture with his fingers)
...don't tire him out too bad on the honeymoon, okay. I need this guy fresh when he gets back!

The crowd is a bit taken aback by Stan's off-color remark.

MOMENTS LATER

Sandy address the crowd, BAGPIPES slung around his neck.

SANDY
Some of you may remember this from a little picture I made in 1986... that's right, it was called CROCODILE TEARS... here we go.

He launches into a bagpipe rendition of the AIR SUPPLY song "I'M ALL OUT OF LOVE." Reuben and Lisa pretend to enjoy it.

LATER

Reuben and Lisa CUT THE CAKE, neatly feeding each other bites.

LATER

Reuben stands at the mic, one arm around Lisa.

REUBEN
...the truth is, I've been waiting for this day my entire life.
(MORE)

REUBEN (CONT'D)
From as far back as I can remember, I knew I wanted marriage, kids, the whole thing. And four and a half years ago, a real estate agent named Lisa Kramer showed me an apartment, which, of course, I rented just so she'd go out with me!

LISA
I gave him a good price!

REUBEN
Not good enough! She's a killer! But seriously, after about a month of dating, I knew she was the one. Lisa, you're my best friend...

Sandy looks to the E GUYS, shakes his head, 'Not true.'

REUBEN (CONT'D)
...you're my partner, you're my wife... man it feels good to say that... and I couldn't be happier that on this day I've been dreaming about for so long, the woman I'm standing next to...
(choking up)
...is you.

Reuben and Lisa embrace. The crowd applauds and we go to...

THE PHOTO SESSION

Reuben posing with Lisa. Lisa and Reuben with her parents, then, with his parents, VIVIAN and ARNOLD.

(Vivian is a passive-aggressive terror who kills you with a smile and a calm voice. Arnold is sleepy-eyed and silent)

As they smile for the camera, Vivian whispers to her son...

VIVIAN
Did you pack a sweater for the trip? It gets deceptively brisk there at night.

REUBEN
Mom, we're going to the Caribbean. I don't need a sweater.

VIVIAN
Then go catch pneumonia. But don't expect me to shed tears when you come home in a body-bag.

Vivian smiles, the FLASH taking us to...

EXT. CARRIBEAN ISLAND OF ST. BARTS - DAY

A small PLANE touches down on the island's lone airstrip.

INT. HOTEL BUNGALOW - DAY

Reuben carries Lisa over the threshold as she playfully kicks and screams.

LISA
Ah! Stop it! Reuben, put me down, put me down!

REUBEN
Almost there!

As they get to the bed... a tiny LIZARD leaps from the ceiling onto Lisa. She and Reuben both freak out, swatting at it, as... Reuben accidentally drops Lisa to the ground.

EXT. ST. BARTS - SALINE BEACH - DAY

We're on a wide, picturesque, white-sand beach. TOPLESS WOMEN sunbathe. SWIMMERS ride the gentle Caribbean waves.

Lisa and Reuben lie on their stomachs, Lisa reading a book, Reuben looking at the New York Times Real Estate Section.

REUBEN
How's your bruise?

LISA
It's fine. You know, a little sore.

Lisa rolls over, revealing a HUGE PURPLE WELT on her thigh.

REUBEN
They really should tell you if they're gonna let Komodo Dragons run loose around the hotel. Ooh, how about this one?

He circles a listing and hands her the paper.

LISA
'Recently renovated colonial in Montclair... three bedrooms...' Sweetie, remember, we took a virtual tour of this one on the internet. It was perfect but a little pricey.

REUBEN
That's right. It's probably off the market anyway.

LISA
I doubt it. This is last week's paper.

REUBEN
Yeah, no, I'm sure it's off the market.

LISA
How come?

Beat.

REUBEN
Because I bought it.

LISA
You what?

REUBEN
I bought the house, last week.

LISA
(stunned)
You bought the house? That house? In Montclair? New Jersey?

REUBEN
I went out with the broker a couple of weeks ago, just to kind of poke around, there was another couple who were about to bid so, I just... I bought it. I wanted to surprise you on the Honeymoon.

LISA
Reuben, I'm in shock. Are you sure we can afford it?

REUBEN
Yes. I've run the numbers like a million times. I told Indursky about it, so hopefully he'll get the hint and finally give me a raise. You've been saving from your job. We can do it.

Just then, CLAUDE, a tan, scruffily handsome Frenchman walks up to them. He speaks broken English through a French accent.

CLAUDE
Hi, hello, how is it going?

Reuben and Lisa look up, something catches them a bit off-guard.

REUBEN
It's uh... it's going great. Thank you.

CLAUDE
My name is Claude. What are you guys's names?

REUBEN
I'm Reuben, and this is my wife... Lisa.

CLAUDE
Lubahn, Leeza, what's up?!

NEW ANGLE -- BEHIND CLAUDE

We now see that Claude is BUCK NAKED. Lisa stares in shock at Claude's genitals (which remain unseen to us).

LISA
Hello.

CLAUDE
So, I see you gang are new to ze island, and I wanna come have a meet with you. That's my boat out zere by ze sand bar.

They look to the water where Claude's SAILBOAT is moored.

LISA
It's very... big.

CLAUDE
Eez a pretty good size. So listen, tell me true, are you guys for scuba?

REUBEN
What does that mean?

CLAUDE
I'm like unofficial scuba king of St. Bart. So, if you guys are for scuba, I take you out on ze boat, show you ze corral reef, ze fish, we eat langoustine, just kinda have like a scuba party.

REUBEN
That sounds great, but we're not certified so... we're gonna have to pass.

CLAUDE
Ees no biggie. I get you ree-zort certified in couple hours.
(noticing Lisa's bruise)
Ooh, look like someone got a big a boo-boo. No worry, I give you famous Caribbean boo-boo remedy.

LISA
What's that?

Claude rubs his hands together, making them hot with friction. Then, he puts his hot hands over Lisa's bruise.

CLAUDE
Ze heat will make boo-boo feel like million bucks.

REUBEN
I see. It kinda loosens the muscle.

LISA
It does seem to be helping.

With his hand on Lisa's thigh, his dick mere inches from her face, Claude continues talking casually.

CLAUDE
So you theenk you guys are for scuba?

LISA
I have always wanted to try it.

REUBEN
Tell you what, Claude, let us talk it over, and maybe we'll try it later on.

Claude removes his hand from Lisa's thigh, stands up.

CLAUDE
Cool bean. I'll be around whole afternoon.

LISA
Thank you for the... boo-boo remedy.

CLAUDE
Pleasure. Au revoir, Lubahn, Lisa.

He walks away, Reuben shaking his head as he watches him.

LISA
What's wrong?

REUBEN
You don't find that weird, the way he isn't wearing any clothes?

LISA
He's French. They're much more comfortable with their bodies than Americans.

REUBEN
But wouldn't that just be so painful... to get a sunburn on your... wiener?

LISA
I'm sure he puts sunblock on it.

Reuben looks disgusted, picturing this in his mind.

EXT. CLAUDE'S BOAT - THAT AFTERNOON

Reuben and Lisa approach the boat.

LISA
It really looks even better than it did on the website?

REUBEN
The place is amazing. It's got a huge backyard. Tons of room for kids. You're gonna love it.
(eyeing the boat)
You think there's a bathroom on board?

LISA
Oh, no, your stomach's feeling funny?

REUBEN
No but... you know how it gets.

Claude, now wearing a tiny Speedo, waves from the deck.

CLAUDE
Lubahn, Leeza! Hello!

EXT. CLAUDE'S BOAT - MINUTES LATER

Lisa's on deck. Reuben unsteadily tries to board.

LISA
You want some help, honey?

REUBEN
No, I got it.

He makes it onto the boat.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
Alright, here we go.

LISA
Isn't this exciting?

REUBEN
It is.
(looks around, then)
You know what, I think I'm gonna skip the scuba diving.

LISA
Are you serious? Reuben, you called eight hotels, they all said this guy is the best.

REUBEN
It's not that, I'm just feeling a little queasy. But you should still go.

LISA
We're on our honeymoon. I'm not gonna go without you.

REUBEN
What's the big deal? It's only a few hours. Claude, hold off a second, okay.
(kisses Lisa)
I'll see you in a little while. I love you.

Reuben heads off the boat, passing Claude.

CLAUDE
You are not for scuba, Lubahn?

REUBEN
No, I'm gonna take care of some stuff in town.
(talking quietly)
Look, I want you to know that this woman means more to me than anything else in the world. So be careful, alright? Scuba can be dangerous if the proper precautions aren't taken.

CLAUDE
Lubahn, look at me in my eyeball. I promees you, I take care of Leeza like she ees my own flesh and blood.

REUBEN
Thank you.

Reuben and Claude shake hands, then Claude jumps on board the boat, pushes off from the dock.

CLAUDE
Au revoir, Lubahn!

LISA
Bye, honey!

REUBEN
I love you!

INT. "MATCH" SUPERMARKET - DAY

Reuben pushes his cart down various aisles of this local grocery, picking up cheese, lobsters from a tank, flowers.

INT. REUBEN/LISA'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Reuben's prepared the bungalow for a romantic night. A table is candlelit. Rose petals line the floor.

He eyes himself in a mirror, tucking/untucking a long-sleeve shirt into Bermuda shorts, seeing which way looks better.

As he goes about his business, he sings his own version of Billy Idol's WHITE WEDDING, getting several words wrong.

REUBEN
Hey little sister, ba-ba-ba-ba... Hey little sister... who's the super one? Little sister there's a shotgun... it's a.... great day for a... white wedding.

EXT. REUBEN'S RENTAL JEEP - DAY

Reuben drives towards the beach, a bottle of champagne and two glasses on the seat next to him. He sings along to the Bob Marley song "Jammin'" which plays on the radio -- but the only word of the song he seems to know is... "Jammin'."

EXT. CLAUDE'S BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

On deck now, Reuben hears the feint sounds of "Jammin'."

REUBEN
Lisa? Claude?

Finding nothing, he heads below-deck, following the music. He gets to a closed door, knocks...

REUBEN (CONT'D)
Hello?

No response. He tentatively opens the door and we...

REVERSE ONTO REUBEN

as his face registers pure, unadulterated shock.

REUBEN
Oh my god.

REUBEN'S POV -- CLAUDE AND LISA ARE IN BED, SCREWING THEIR BRAINS OUT.

Their wet-suits are pulled down by their ankles. They're both still wearing their FLIPPERS.

And the worst part of it is, the Bob Marley song is so loud, and Claude and Lisa are so into what they're doing, that they don't even notice Reuben standing at the door.

Reuben watches Claude have sex with his wife for several incredibly painful seconds until...

THE CHAMPAGNE AND GLASSES

slip out of his hands, CRASHING to the floor and SHATTERING. Suddenly, Lisa and Claude look up, busted.

LISA
Oh my god!

CLAUDE
Holee sheet! Lubahn!!! Zees is not what it look like!

It's not? Reuben is frozen. He tries to speak, but all he can do is let out a pathetic, barely audible GROAN.

EXT. THE DECK OF CLAUDE'S BOAT - MINUTES LATER

Lisa and Claude are now clothed. Reuben is still in disbelief.

REUBEN
You think you might be in love with him?! You spent one goddamn day scuba diving with this jackass! How does this happen?
(whipping around to face Claude)
What did you do to her?! Did you mess around with her oxygen tanks or something?!

CLAUDE
I did nothing, Lubahn.

REUBEN
My name is not Lubahn! It's Reuben! You hear me?! Reuben!

CLAUDE
Look, we had a scuba, we drink some white wine, talk about life, ees like love at first sight. We cannot help eet. She make like a fire in my trouser.

LISA
What he's saying is, it's not something we can just explain.

CLAUDE
Lubahn, ees like the story of ze hippo.

REUBEN
I'm not familiar with that story.

CLAUDE
Ze hippo eez not born going, cool bean, I am a hippo. No way, José. He see all ze beautiful animal in ze bush, ze lion, ze leopard, ze zebra, and yet, he eez a ugly hippo. So he paint ze stripe on he-self to be a zebra, but he fool no one. And zen he have a friend put ze spot on his skin like ze leopard. But everyone know he eez a hippo. So at certain point, he look himself in mirror, and say, 'Hey, I am hippo, and zere is nothing I can do about eet.' And once he accept that, he live life happy as a hippo. You understand?

Beat. Reuben nods. Then...

REUBEN
I'm gonna kill you!!!

Reuben CHARGES at Claude like a maniac...

LISA
Reuben, no!

...but the larger Claude grabs hold of him, expertly bringing Reuben's hands behind his neck in a kind of SLEEPER-HOLD.

CLAUDE
Shhhh. Lubahn, zis is not ze way. Leeza and I are for love now. Do I like how it happen? Nó thank you, José. I hate eet. But we must to be like ze heepo right now and accept thees.

EXT. REUBEN/LISA'S BUNGALOW - LATER

In a daze, Reuben exits the bungalow, wheeling his suitcase. He passes Lisa. Claude looks on from a distance.

REUBEN
There's some lobsters and imported cheeses in the fridge if you and Claude want to eat them.

Lisa sees the bungalow made up for the romantic dinner.

LISA
I know I'm hurting you, Reuben. I just, I'm feeling something which I've never felt before and I can't ignore that. It wouldn't be fair to either of us.

REUBEN
We're married, Lisa. We have wedding rings. We're about to move into a house.

LISA
Which you bought without even asking me!

REUBEN
Because you loved it on the stupid internet! We have plans, Lisa. Plans that involve the rest of our lives. How can you just turn your back on that?

LISA
That's what you're really upset about isn't it? Well, maybe that's why this happened. Maybe deep down I realized you love these plans we've made more than you love me.

REUBEN
Whatever makes you feel better. Thanks for ruining my life.

LISA
You're gonna be fine, Reuben.

REUBEN
No, I'm not. I'm not gonna be fine... at all.

He gets in the car, turns to Lisa one last time.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
I'm telling you right now, don't come running back to me, 'cause this ship has sailed. You hear me? The GOOD SHIP REUBEN FEFFER has left the dock!

Reuben puts the car into GEAR, PUNCHES the accelerator and...

ACCIDENTALLY GOES IN REVERSE, his Jeep flying backwards out the driveway into a FIFTEEN FOOT RAVINE.

EXT. CLAUDE'S MOPED - LATER

Reuben wraps his arms around Claude's Speedo-clad waist while Claude drives him to the airport on his scooter.

EXT. ST. BARTS AIRPORT - LATER

Claude pulls his moped into the parking area. He and Reuben get off, Claude helping Reuben with his suitcase.

CLAUDE
Lubahn, I want you to know, I take ze best care of her, my friend. I promees.

REUBEN
Right... you mentioned that earlier, on the boat.

Reuben turns away, wheeling his suitcase into the terminal.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REUBEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Establishing of this nice, post-war Greenwich Village high-rise.

INT. REUBEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Reuben enters, turns on a light, sees the mountain of WEDDING GIFTS piled up in the living room.

THE BEDROOM - LATER

He readies the bed for sleeping -- stowing the throw-pillows, folding up the bed-spread -- doing an elaborate pre-bed routine that was clearly designed for two people.

THE BATHROOM

He brushes his teeth with his ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH -- his eyes landing on Lisa's matching ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH.

THE BED

Reuben gets under the covers on "his" side. Turns out his bedside lamp. He instinctively reaches his hand out for Lisa, finding only an empty space.

HIGH ANGLE -- looking down. Reuben sets a pillow where Lisa once slept, wraps his arm around it. Tries to fall asleep.

FADE OUT:

INT. REUBEN'S OFFICE - DAY

ANGLE ON A SIGN THAT READS: INDURSKY AND SONS, INSURANCE.

We MOVE DOWN to catch Reuben, heading down the hall of this midtown insurance firm, passing several CO-WORKERS who look at him with pity.

He gets to his office, where a framed poster of a cat hanging from tree, with the caption "Hang in there" sits. On his desk, there's a gift-basket with a few books -- "Dating for Dummies," "When Bad Things Happen to Good People" -- along with jelly beans and microwave popcorn.

BY A SECRETARY'S DESK

REUBEN
How does everyone know about this?

SECRETARY
Your mother called Mr. Indursky and told him what happened. I'm so sorry, Reuben.

REUBEN
Thank you.

Reuben heads down the hall, passing a CORNER OFFICE where STAN INDURSKY calls out to him.

STAN
There he is! Reub, come on in, I gotta spitball something with you.

REUBEN
I'll be right back, Mr. Indursky. I'm just running to the Men's Room.

STAN
Hang on, I'll join you.

Reuben looks upset by this development.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Reuben and Stan enter. A LONG ROW OF URINALS line the wall.

STAN
I heard about your honeymoon... just terrible. I knew that girl was a slut the minute I laid eyes on her.

REUBEN
Well, it's a very complicated--

STAN
Don't make excuses. She's a dime-store hooker and she always will be.

Stan goes to the sink/mirror area to comb his hair, while Reuben heads to THE URINAL FURTHEST FROM THE SINK.

STAN (CONT'D)
Y'ever hear of a guy named Leland Van Lew?

REUBEN
Yeah, he was on the cover of FORBES a few years ago. He's Australian, right?

STAN
Exactly. He built up one of these high-tech, modem-scrotum god knows what they do companies. Anyway, they've growing so fast that now they need to go public, bring in outside investors.

Stan walks up to the urinal RIGHT NEXT TO REUBEN. Reuben hasn't peed yet, but Stan pees immediately.

STAN (CONT'D)
But, if Van Lew wants to remain CEO of a publicly held company, guess what he needs.

REUBEN
Life insurance.

STAN
Bingo was his name.

REUBEN
So you want me to do an analysis, see if he qualifies for a policy?

STAN
I do, but here's the thing. Van Lew's got a reputation as a cowboy. He's already been turned down by all the big agencies. So he came to us... I guess he's hoping to find better luck at the boutiques.

Reuben looks over, catches Stan KNEADING HIS DICK like he's milking a cow.

STAN (CONT'D)
It's a long-shot, but, if somehow he turns out to be less risky than he sounds, there could be a lot of dough in this for us, plus a nice little bonus for yourself, help you keep up with those house payments, right?

REUBEN
I could certainly use the extra money, Stan.

STAN
Understood, but if you think Van Lew's gonna up and die on us, there's no way I'm insuring the son-of-a-dick.

REUBEN
Of course. I won't approve him if he doesn't check out.

Still unable to pee, Reuben hears Indursky push out the last remaining drops. Every time we think he's done, there's a little more in the well.

STAN
I know, Reub. You're the only one I can trust for these kind of jobs. I'm just worried that you've been to hell and back with that whore wife of yours. You sure you don't want some time off?

REUBEN
I'm fine, sir. Really.

Finally, Stan finishes, puts a hand on Reuben's shoulder. Reuben tries to hide his discomfort.

STAN
Okay, done deal. I'm glad you're back. Lonely here without ya.

Stan exits the bathroom, leaving Reuben standing there.

INT. REUBEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Reuben sits on his couch, sadly watching his WEDDING VIDEO. The doorbell rings. He PAUSES the tape.

IN THE FOYER

Reuben opens the door onto Sandy Lyle.

SANDY
(sensitively)
I'm so sorry, Reuben.

He hugs Reuben.

REUBEN
Thanks, Sandy.

SANDY
Whatever you need, I'm here for you, brother.

As Reuben wraps his arms around his friend, suddenly, his eyes are filled with a HARSH WHITE LIGHT.

Behind Sandy in the doorway, DUSTIN and VIC, the two-man camera and sound crew from the E NETWORK record the action.

REUBEN
What the hell is this?!

SANDY
You remember Dustin and Vic.

DUSTIN
What's up?

VIC
Sorry about your wife.

As Dustin and Vic squeeze by Reuben, into the apartment...

REUBEN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Dustin and Vic hang out in the b.g. while Reuben and Sandy talk on the couch, the wedding video still playing.

REUBEN
Forget it. I'm not going to a party.

SANDY
What do you think is gonna happen? Lisa's just gonna come waltzing through that door, saying she made a mistake?

REUBEN
No, of course not. I'm just trying to make sense of what the hell she did.

SANDY
Hit PAUSE.

Reuben PAUSES the tape.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Check out her expression.

REUBEN
She's smiling.

SANDY
I'm a student of acting, Reuben. She's faking it. She's terrified.

Reuben walks up to the TV, getting a closer look.

SANDY (CONT'D)
The woman got spooked. She needed to explore. Which is exactly what you're gonna do. I'm telling you, Lisa boning that French nudist was the best thing that ever happened to you. You've been given the gift of freedom. Don't turn your back on that.

REUBEN
I don't want freedom. I want to be married. I'm an adult, Sandy! I own a goddamn house! I have to be out of this apartment in a month.

The VCR snaps out of PAUSE. ON THE TAPE, Reuben is mid-speech.

REUBEN (ON TAPE) (CONT'D)
I couldn't be happier that on this day I've been dreaming about for so long, the woman I'm standing next to... is you.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
She does look a little nervous there.

INT. LOFT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Reuben and Sandy are surrounded by fellow PARTYGOERS.

REUBEN
(quietly)
Who's party is this again?

SANDY
(normal voice)
It's an art opening for this Dutch guy, Hagen. His painting sucks but he used to sell me really good pot.

Passengers exchange uncomfortable looks.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Oh, man, I am so freakin' horny.

Sandy talks as if he and Reuben are alone in the elevator.

SANDY (CONT'D)
I would just so love to get my dicky sticky tonight. You know what I'm talking about, dude?

Mortified, Reuben nods, hoping Sandy will stop. He doesn't.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Sex. Sexual intercourse. Penis in vageenis.

REUBEN
I get it!

The elevator thankfully reaches it's floor. The doors open onto a hip party in a large LOFT, shitty MODERN ART lining the walls.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
Just don't leave me, alright. I haven't been to a party alone in a long time.

SANDY
Relax, I'm your wing-man. I'll be right by your side the whole time.

Reuben scans the party -- everybody seeming to know each other, looking happy, engaged in conversation.

REUBEN
So, what do we do? We get a drink or just kind of take a lap around the--

Reuben turns his head around -- no Sandy. He turns the other way -- same result. Sandy's vanished.

Reuben is now alone. And in a panic. We watch him as he tries to make himself look busy.

-He crosses the room, heading nowhere.

-He sits on a couch, crossing and uncrossing his legs, next to a COUPLE who are making out.

-He nibbles on a cracker by the cheese and cracker area.

-He looks around for Sandy, can't find him anywhere.

-Frustrated, Reuben punches the elevator button, trying to leave. Just as the elevator arrives, he hears...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Reuben?

Reuben turns around, sees an INCREDIBLY APPEALING WOMAN in a catering outfit, holding a tray of wine glasses.

This is POLLY PRINCE. She walks up to Reuben.

POLLY
You're Reuben Feffer, right?

REUBEN
Uh, yes.

POLLY
I'm Polly... Prince. We went to middle school or Junior High, or whatever it's called together.

As Polly speaks, we MOVE IN on Reuben.

POLLY (CONT'D)
You have no idea who I am, do you?

In a series of QUICK-CUT IMAGES...

-A 12-YEAR-OLD Reuben sits in math class, watching Polly solve a tough problem at the blackboard.

-Polly kicks Reuben's ass in a speed-chess match surrounded by other STUDENTS in the Chess Club.

-AT A MODEL U.N. CONFERENCE -- Reuben watches as Polly finishes delivering a passionate speech.

YOUNG POLLY
...why I am proposing a series of informal socials between the teenagers of East and West Berlin to promote a unified Germany. All in favor say "Aye."

YOUNG REUBEN
(shooting his hand up)
AYE!

-A sad-looking Reuben sits on the sidewalk outside his school, reading his Middle School Yearbook. Under a PHOTO of Reuben and Polly at the MODEL U.N. CONFERENCE there's an inscription.

YOUNG POLLY (V.O.)
Reuben, it was great getting to know you this year and being delegates at the Model U.N. together. Even though I have to move, maybe we could stay in touch and be friends. Love, I mean, Like, okay, whatever, Love, Polly.

BACK TO THE ART OPENING

Reuben looks at Polly, nods casually.

REUBEN
You know what, yes. Polly Prince. It's coming back to me. You left before high-school, right?

POLLY
After Seventh Grade. My mom and I moved to Michigan.

REUBEN
That's right. How come you left?

POLLY
It's... we just had to go.

REUBEN
And now you live in New York?

POLLY
I moved here a few months ago.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Another waitress, ROXANNE, makes eye-contact with Polly -- holds up a baguette, strokes it like it's a penis.

She smiles at Polly, as if she's making a really funny joke. Polly shakes her head, slightly embarrassed.

REUBEN
Friend of yours?

POLLY
Um... yeah, that's Roxanne. She does that a lot with bread, wine bottles...
(new subject)
...anyway, what's the deal? You must be married, with kids, that whole thing.

Beat. Then...

REUBEN
No, I'm single. Haven't taken the plunge yet. But yeah, so, you know, it's fun.

Sandy walks up to Reuben and Polly. He seems on edge.

SANDY
C'I talk to you for a second?

REUBEN
Sandy, this is Polly Prince. Remember, from middle school.

SANDY
(couldn't care less)
Hey, how ya doing?

POLLY
Wow, Sandy Lyle, the last time I saw you you were playing bagpipes in that movie.

SANDY
CROCO TEARS. Yup, that's me.

The bitchy CATERING MANAGER walks over to Polly.

CATERING MANAGER
Polly, can I have a word with you? You're not circulating and there's an entire quadrant of the grid without any wine-flow at all--

Sandy and Reuben have a quick, quiet conversation.

REUBEN
Where the hell did you go?

SANDY
Reuben, I'm in a situation here. We have to leave now.

REUBEN
Give me a few minutes, okay.

SANDY
Dude, no, this is serious. I just sharted.

REUBEN
I don't know what that means.

SANDY
I tried to fart and a little shit came out. I sharted. Now let's go.

REUBEN
You are the most disgusting person I have ever met in my life.

Polly re-joins Reuben and Sandy.

POLLY
Hey, I gotta go "circulate" you guys. Sandy, are you good, you're still acting?

SANDY
I am. It's going incredibly well. I'm actually headlining a new revival of JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR.

POLLY
Great. Well, it was good seeing you guys. Take care.

REUBEN
Bye, Polly.

As she walks away, she leans down to offer wine to PEOPLE on a couch. Sandy and Reuben notice the elaborate TATTOO that peeks out from the small of her back. They exchange looks, intrigued.

INT. REUBEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Reuben enters the quiet apartment, the gifts still piled up.

IN THE BEDROOM

He goes through his elaborate pre-bed routine of stowing the throw-pillows and bedspread.

IN THE CLOSET

Using a step-ladder, Reuben reaches a high-shelf. He pulls down a box which reads: **"Reuben Feffer. Grades 6-8."**

IN THE BEDROOM - LATER

Reuben flips through his Seventh Grade yearbook.

ON THE YEARBOOK -- First, he sees a photo of him and Sandy as TWELVE YEAR OLDS -- Sandy looking precocious and cute.

Next, he sees photos of a YOUNGER POLLY in various extracurricular clubs -- several of them with Reuben.

Reuben gets to the page with Polly's inscription. He reads it closely, thoughts racing through his mind.

EXT. GARAGE - LATER

Reuben gets in his Honda, ALFONSO, the night-shift garage-worker stands next to the car.

ALFONSO
Sorry about your esposa.

REUBEN
Thank you, Alfonso.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EVEN LATER THAT NIGHT

The Honda pulls up in a nice suburban neighborhood. Reuben exits the car. Stares at something.

REUBEN'S POV -- he's looking at his HOUSE. It's nice. And big. Way too much space for one person. A "SOLD!" banner covers the "FOR SALE" sign.

Reuben walks around, checking things out when... he's flooded by a POWERFUL WHITE LIGHT.

He turns around, sees a NEIGHBORHOOD SECURITY CAR with it's SEARCH LIGHT pointing straight at him. A SECURITY OFFICER exits the car, speaking through a bullhorn.

SECURITY OFFICER
'Scuse me. This is private property.

REUBEN
I know. I just bought this house.

SECURITY OFFICER
Oh, sure, Mr. Feffer, right?

REUBEN
Right. Just call me Reuben.

SECURITY OFFICER
Welcome to the neighborhood.

As the Security Officer gets back in his car, he puts the bullhorn to his mouth again.

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)
Sorry about your wife, Reuben.

REUBEN
Uh-huh.

Reuben waves, as the Officer drive away.

EXT. HORATIO STREET BASKETBALL COURTS - DAY

Reuben and Sandy play hoops. As Sandy shoots, he calls out...

SANDY
Let it rain!

REUBEN
So, I did a lot of thinking last night, and, there's something I'm pretty excited about.

Sandy chucks up another shot.

SANDY
Let it rain. What's up?

CLANG. It misfires off the rim.

REUBEN
I'm gonna ask Polly Prince on a date. I have this feeling I can get my life back on track with her. What do you think?

Before Sandy responds, TWO GUYS -- one MUSCULAR, the other FAT AND HAIRY, walk up to them.

MUSCULAR GUY
You wanna play two's?

REUBEN
We're kind of in the middle of a conversat--

SANDY
You douchebags bring your "A" game?

MUSCULAR GUY
What was that?

SANDY
I'm just messin' with you free-weights. Let's get it on.

Reuben looks at Sandy incredulously.

THE BASKETBALL COURT - MINUTES LATER

IN A SERIES OF CUTS

Reuben and Sandy play two on two against these guys. The fat/hairy guy's on Reuben, the muscular guy guards Sandy.

SANDY
Let it rain!

His missed shot caroms off the rim. Reuben grabs the rebound.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Outlet!

Reuben tosses the ball to Sandy who shoots again.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Rain-time!

Another miss. Reuben shakes his head in frustration.

NEW PLAY -- Sandy executes a fancy drive to the hoop...

SANDY (CONT'D)
White-chocolate!

...until he trips and throws the ball away.

The fat guy removes his shirt, sweat pouring off his torso.

REUBEN
Would you mind putting your shirt back on?

The fat guy looks at Reuben like he's nuts. Then, he starts dribbling towards the basket, Reuben backing away to avoid touching this sweaty, furry behemoth.

But the guy throws his back into Reuben, sweat flying off his body into Reuben's face. As a startled Reuben wipes his eyes, the fat guy turns around, jumps into Reuben...

SLOW MOTION

The guy's matted gut JIGGLES INTO REUBEN'S FACE. Reuben backs away, dazed as we...

END SLOW MOTION

The fat guy WHIPS the ball to the muscular guy, who drives to the hoop, jumps in the air...

...and gets VIOLENTLY SLAMMED IN THE FACE by Sandy's forearm...

SANDY
Get that outta my house!

The muscular guy crashes to the pavement, then jumps up, sprinting towards Sandy.

MUSCULAR GUY
What's your problem, man?!!!

Sandy dives to the ground, curls up in the fetal position.

SANDY
Don't hit me! I'm a pussy! I'm a pussy!

The muscular guy stops himself, shaking his head at the pathetic sight beneath him.

MUSCULAR GUY
And you sucked in that movie too!

He CHUCKS the ball at Sandy, walks away.

INT. JOE'S PIZZA - GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY

Sandy eats a slice. Reuben chugs from a bottle of Listerine.

REUBEN
I can still taste that guy's stomach.

SANDY
My point is, you don't know this girl. You haven't seen her since Seventh Grade.

Reuben spits the mouthwash into a paper cup.

REUBEN
How different could she be? She was a senior Delegate at the Model U.N. A mathlete.

SANDY
Did you see that tattoo on her back?

REUBEN
Yes. So what?

SANDY
That tattoo is there for the visual pleasure of men when they make love to her from behind. Trust me, Mathletes don't wear body art like that.

Sandy notices Reuben patting his pizza with a napkin.

SANDY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

REUBEN
I'm blotting the grease. . .

SANDY
That's the best part. Give it to me.

Sandy takes Reuben's slice, folds it, funneling the grease onto his own slice.

REUBEN
I thought you'd be happy for me.

SANDY
No, I'm not. If you want to date, I'm all for it. But don't pin all your hopes on some ink-stained waitress you had a crush on when you were twelve.

REUBEN
I think Polly and I ran into each other for a reason. I'm sorry if you don't agree, but I like to believe in a little something called destiny, Sandy.

INT. REUBEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Reuben's on the phone with an OPERATOR, writing something down.

REUBEN
Prince, with a P.
(write a number down)
Can you give me her address as well?

THE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Holding the phone and a piece of paper with a number, Reuben takes a deep breath, punches in a number. After a few rings...

POLLY (O.S.)
Hello?

Reuben FREEZES, too nervous to speak.

POLLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello? Is someone there?

He hangs up, practically hyperventilating. Then... THE PHONE RINGS. He looks at the Caller I.D. which reads: POLLY PRINCE.

REUBEN
Shit.

He drops the phone like it's a hot potato. Then, his ANSWERING MACHINE picks up.

REUBEN'S VOICE
Hi, this is Reuben.

REUBEN
Oh, shit.

He sprints across the apartment, towards the machine.

REUBEN'S VOICE
I'm unable to get to the phone right now, but please leave a detailed message after the beep. If you're calling for--

Reuben gets to the machine, RIPS it from its power cord, CHUCKING it across the room. As it SMASHES against the wall...

EXT. POLLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - THE NEXT DAY

A sketchy street in Alphabet City.

Polly walks up to her fairly rundown walk-up, eating a LUNA BAR. She carries a shopping bag from a BED AND BATH store, along with a large purse in which she fishes for her keys.

ON THE CORNER

Reuben peeks behind a building, watching her.

REUBEN'S POV -- Polly starts taking stuff out of her bag. A hairbrush, gum-wrappers, sunglasses, tissues. No keys.

The Luna Bar falls onto the street. She picks it up, dusts it off... puts it back in her mouth.

Reuben watches this, STUNNED.

Finally, Polly locates her keys, throws her stuff back into her bag. Reuben casually strolls towards Polly's building.

REUBEN
Polly?

POLLY
Reuben? Hi.

REUBEN
This is so funny. I didn't know you lived down here.

POLLY
Yeah. Do you live around here, too?

REUBEN
Not really, no.

POLLY
Oh. Hey, did you call me last night?

REUBEN
Um... I don't think so.

POLLY
You sure? Because I got a hang-up and I did that star 69 thingie and I thought I got your answering machine.

REUBEN
Really? I've heard that from a few people so... maybe the phone lines got crossed or something.
(points to her bag)
You doing some shopping?

Polly pulls a beautiful, hand-crafted LOOFAH out of a bag.

POLLY
I just spent like two hundred bucks on a loofah. It's supposed to be this amazing design from Sweden, so--

REUBEN
Would you like to get dinner some time?

POLLY
(taken aback)
Oh. Okay. Ummm... I'm not sure.

REUBEN
Oh, really?

POLLY
No, I mean, it'd be fun to catch up, I just... I have to see if I'm free.

REUBEN
Okay, well, here's my card. I'll write my cell number on the back.

He takes out a GOLD CROSS PEN, writes his number on the back, hands her the card.

POLLY
"Reuben Feffer. Senior Risk Assessment Analyst." Sounds very official.

Just then, a handsome Latin American man, JAVIER exits the building on rollerblades.

JAVIER
Hey, you.

POLLY
Hey, Javy.

JAVIER
Don't forget, it's Tuesday. I'll pick you up around eight, okay?

POLLY
Excellent.

Javier blades off. Reuben looks deflated.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Okay, well, Reuben, nice running into you... again

REUBEN
You have my information?

POLLY
Got it right here on the card.

He nods, waves, and she disappears into her building.

INT. INDURSKY AND SONS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Reuben leads a meeting of the RISK ASSESSMENT DEPARTMENT.

REUBEN
Cheryl, that's nice of you, I just don't want to be set up on a date.

CHERYL (EARLY 40S)
I know, but I really think you'd hit it off with my cousin. She just had cosmetic dental surgery so she can't eat solid foods yet but--

REUBEN
Can we please move on to the case-work?

IN A SERIES OF JUMPCUTS -- we see snippets from the meeting.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
Mitch, what do you got for us?

MITCH
White male, fifty two years old. Plays tennis twice a week.

REUBEN
Singles or doubles.

MITCH
I didn't ask.

REUBEN
You always ask.

GUY
...he's 38. Flies his own plane.

REUBEN
...I believe the fatality rates of single engine Cessnas are .174%.

WOMAN
...she quit smoking two years ago.

REUBEN
...it's too late for her lungs to regenerate. That's a Pass.

MITCH
The guy's in great shape, no history of heart disease.

REUBEN
.023% of heart attacks in white males over fifty happen on the tennis court. He's a time bomb waiting to explode.

CHERYL
She's got such a wonderful smile now, Reub. Can't you at least take her out for a drink? Or soup?

INT. REUBEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Reuben's on his headset telephone. On one wall, there's a large bulletin board with the name "LELAND VAN LEW" written at the top. He twirls his gold pen with his fingers.

We hear the voice of an Australian woman on the line.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Leland Van Lew's office, this is Deborah.

REUBEN
Hi, it's Reuben Feffer for Mr. Van Lew.

DEBORAH (O.S.)
Right, the insurance man. I'm afraid Leland is swimming with Great Whites on the Barrier Reef this week.

REUBEN
He's swimming with who?

DEBORAH (O.S.)
Great White sharks. You know, man-eaters. But, he's due in Pittsburgh next week for a board meeting. Can I set something up for then?

Reuben's other line rings.

REUBEN
Deborah, can I put you on hold?
(clicking over)
Reuben Feffer.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Polly's on a payphone.

SPLIT SCREEN REUBEN AND POLLY

POLLY
Hi, Reuben, it's Polly Prince.

REUBEN
Polly. Hi. How's it going?

POLLY
I was just calling to say I'm free tomorrow night if you want to get together.

REUBEN
Great. Should I pick a place or--

POLLY
No, let me figure out my schedule and I'll just give you a call if I can do it.

REUBEN
I thought you just said you were free?

POLLY
Yeah, I'm actually not sure. Okay, well, I'll talk to you later.

REUBEN
Wait, Polly--

She hangs up. Reuben notices the other line still blinking.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
(clicking the line)
Sorry, Deborah, so you were saying he'll be in Pittsburgh...

INT. AVENUE D PLAYHOUSE - DAY

A diverse group of MEN and WOMEN rehearse a number from the rock musical JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR. Sandy is in the middle of them wearing a UNITARD and a HEADBAND.

SANDY AND CAST
What's the buzz, tell me what's happenin'... what's the buzz, tell me what's happenin'...

Reuben enters the back of the theater, watching as on-stage, Sandy drops to his knees, sings in a rock-star falsetto.

SANDY
Why should you want to know?! Don't you mind about the future! Don't you try and think ahead! Save tomorrow for tomorrow, think about today inst--

Sandy gets up, staring down a sweet-faced KOREAN MAN.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Would you mind not stepping on my lines, Wonsuk?!
(to the cast)
I'm playing Judas! Do you people understand that! I'm the one people are paying to see. So when I'm busting out a solo, do me a favor and... SHUT YOUR FREAKIN' ASSHOLES, which is my nickname for your mouths!

EXT. THE THEATER - DAY

Reuben and Sandy exit the building, heading down the street.

REUBEN
So the play's going well?

SANDY
You know, first-week jitters. I just wish they didn't surround me with a bunch of amateurs.

REUBEN
I thought that's the point of community theater.

SANDY
Whatever, Reuben. After the TRUE HOLLYWOOD STORY airs, I'll be done with this crap. So where are you taking her?

REUBEN
Some place in the East Village. She left the address on my machine.

SANDY
You let her pick the restaurant?

REUBEN
I had no choice. She literally called me back seven times just to confirm and cancel and then confirm again. Why? What's wrong with her picking the place?

SANDY
You have Irritable Bowel Syndrome, dude. If she chose an ethnic restaurant, you're gonna be running to the bathroom every five seconds.

REUBEN
Oh my god, you're right.

SANDY
You always try to stick to basics on the first date. Fish, chicken, light pasta.

Reuben suddenly looks concerned.

SANDY (CONT'D)
If she did go foreign and your stomach acts up, just make sure you don't leave the table for more than three minutes.

REUBEN
Why?

SANDY
If you're away for longer than that, she's gonna know you're making a number two. Let her find out about your messed up stomach a couple dates in.

REUBEN
Okay, three minutes. That makes sense.

SANDY
I doubt it'll get this far, but if she turns out to be easier than I thought, there's something you need to know.

REUBEN
I'm not a virgin, Sandy.

SANDY
Not technically, but times have changed since you were last single. Now, when I'm making out with a girl for the first time, I like to give her a little spanking--

REUBEN
What?

SANDY
Nothing violent. Just a gentle tap on the tushy to say, 'Hey, I'm your Daddy.'

REUBEN
Why do I wanna be their Daddy?

SANDY
Women are on a constant search for father figures. All they really want is approval from Papa, and a light spanking does the trick, brings them right back to childhood. Trust me, they're putty in your hands after that.

REUBEN
I'm excited, Sandy. I have a feeling this could be one of those defining moments in my life.

SANDY
I actually don't think it's gonna work out, but I'm pulling for you, Reub. I just pray to god she didn't go ethnic.

INT. MOROCCAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

ON POLLY -- shoving food from various exotic dishes into her mouth with her HANDS.

PAN OVER to Reuben, dipping a finger into his dish, putting it into his mouth. He looks up at Polly, forcing a smile.

REUBEN
You're sure we're not supposed to use silverware?

POLLY
I'm telling you, I lived in Morocco for five months. Just dig in.

As Reuben is about to dip another finger into a dish...

REUBEN
Maybe I'll just see if they have an extra fork lying around.
(to a WAITER)
Hi, may I have some silverware?

WAITER
You are supposed to eat with hands.

REUBEN
I know, but if you have any kind of utensil, I'd really appreciate it. Thanks so much.

The waiter walks away, shaking his head.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
So when did you live in Morocco?

POLLY
In the mid-90s. I've kinda bounced around to a few different places over the past few years.

REUBEN
Oh, yeah, like where?

POLLY
(almost embarrassed)
Oh, god, um... Austin, Istanbul, Costa Rica, Portland, Sri Lanka, Albany. A couple of other places.

REUBEN
Were you working for the Peace Corps or something?

POLLY
No, I just... move a lot. I tend to go a little stir crazy when I'm in one place for too long.

The waiter returns, holding a LARGE LADLE.

WAITER
Chef needs it back when you are done.

Polly stifles a laugh. Reuben tentatively takes the utensil.

THE RESTAURANT - LATER

Reuben is SWEATING PROFUSELY as he awkwardly eats his food with the cumbersome ladle. Polly is cracking up.

POLLY
Oh my god, I can't believe you remember that!

REUBEN
Of course, you were like the greatest delegate in Model U.N. history.

POLLY
I guess I did manage to pass a lot of resolutions.
(suddenly concerned)
Are you okay? You're sweating pretty heavily.

REUBEN
I'm fine. I always react this way to spicy food.

POLLY
(concerned, but pushing on)
So, I'm surprised you're not married. Even when we were kids, you seemed like one of those guys who'd settle down at a young age. You were like an old-young guy.

REUBEN
An old young-guy? Gee, thanks.

POLLY
No, I mean it in a good way. You were a very mature eleven-year-old.

REUBEN
Well, it just hasn't happened. What about you? Have you ever gotten close?

Reuben downs an entire glass of water.

POLLY
To being married? No, I'm not big on the whole long-term commitment thing.

REUBEN
Why, are you coming out of a bad relationship or something?

POLLY
I'm coming out of eight bad relationships.

REUBEN
(hiding his surprise)
Well, I'm sure if the right person came along, things would be different.

POLLY
(humoring him)
Yeah, I'm sure you're right.

REUBEN
Can you excuse me? I'm just gonna run to the Men's Room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Reuben bursts into this dingy bathroom, undoing his pants. He eyes the one STALL -- sees that the door's CLOSED.

He checks his digital watch -- it's in stop-watch mode, counting up to 3:00 minutes.

AT THE TABLE

Polly orders something from the WAITER.

IN THE BATHROOM

Reuben jogs in place. Checks his watch again. Looks to the stall -- from his angle, he can't tell if it's occupied.

So... he CROUCHES DOWN, peeking under the stall door. That's when he makes EYE-CONTACT with a GUY sitting on the can.

GUY
What the hell?!

REUBEN
Oh! Sorry!

He quickly rolls away.

BY THE TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

There's a new exotic dish on the table. Reuben walks up.

POLLY
The waiter said we had to try this. It's mountain goat with hot chili peppers or something.

Reuben feigns interest. The Guy exits the bathroom, glaring at Reuben as he passes by.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREETS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Reuben and Polly walk and talk.

REUBEN
So is catering your main job or, you must be in grad school for political science or something?

POLLY
No, it's pretty much just the catering. I mean, I'm trying to write this children's book, but, that's not like a job or anything.

REUBEN
A children's book. That's great. So you must really like kids?

They pass a CONSTRUCTION SIGHT with a PORTO-SAN. Reuben eyes it longingly, not really hearing Polly.

POLLY
It was more like I had a bunch of stories I wanted to write so that's what I'm doing. I'm drawing the pictures too, which is--

REUBEN
Yeah, kids are great.

They get to Polly's building.

POLLY
This is me.

REUBEN
Right.

POLLY
Do you wanna come upstairs and have sex?

Reuben stares at Polly, stunned. Then...

POLLY (CONT'D)
I'm kidding.

REUBEN
Oh.... okay.

POLLY
I mean not that it's so... whatever. Come up, I'll, make you a cup of tea. I just have to find my keys.

She DUMPS the contents of her bag on the sidewalk.

INT. POLLY'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Reuben and Polly enter Polly's tiny, messy, one-room studio. Lots of stuff in boxes. The rest scattered around the floor.

REUBEN
This is cozy. Did you just move in?

POLLY
No, I've been here about four months.

Just then, an ANIMAL scurries across the floor.

REUBEN
Ah! Rat! Rat! Rat in the house!

Polly calmly lifts up some clothes, revealing an incredibly mangy, sickly FERRET. She cradles it in her arms.

POLLY
Shhh.... it's okay. It's just Rodolfo.

REUBEN
What is it?

POLLY
He's a ferret. I bought him at a flea market in Sicily a bunch of years ago. He's old, so his eyesight's not that good anymore.

She's sets Rodolfo down -- he runs straight into a wall.

REUBEN
Very cute. Do you mind if I use your bathroom? All that water kind of--

POLLY
It's right there.

She points to a door right next to the kitchenette.

IN THE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Reuben closes the door behind him -- there's no lock, and the door is a little warped, so it doesn't shut all the way.

He pulls his pants down, sits on the seat, staring at himself in the FULL-LENGTH MIRROR on the back of the door.

IN THE LIVING AREA

Polly puts water in a kettle, sets it on the stove.

IN THE BATHROOM

A little noise escapes from Reuben's body. As he stares into the mirror, miserable, Rodolfo squirms under the door. Reuben makes another noise, a little louder this time.

IN THE LIVING AREA

As Polly washes out two mugs... she hears the sound of the SHOWER being turned on. She looks to the bathroom, curious.

IN THE BATHROOM

Steam from the shower building. Reuben yanks on a strand of toilet paper, and the tiny piece flies off -- the roll is done.

REUBEN
Oh no.

He looks around... no extra rolls. Looks back at the empty roll. Looks to Rodolfo... quickly rules out that option.

Still seated, he leans down, opens the cabinet under the sink, no paper. THE GOLD PEN falls out of Reuben's shirt pocket. He doesn't notice.

Then... he spots a towel rack. And as his eyes land on a delicate, embroidered HAND-TOWEL...

THE LIVING AREA

Polly's on her cordless phone.

POLLY
Roxanne, the guy is showering in my bathroom right now.

ROXANNE (O.S.)
That's great. He'll be clean when you guys bone.

POLLY
We're not boning... doing anything. He's someone I knew when I was ten. We're just catching up.

ROXANNE (O.S.)
What's wrong, he's funny looking?

POLLY
(thinking about it)
No, he's cute. Whatever. Have you ever had a date come into your house and take a shower?

ROXANNE (O.S.)
It is a little weird. Why don't you take a sneak-peak and make sure he's okay?

THE BATHROOM

The toilet is clogged.

Reuben stands above the bowl, pants around his ankles, watching as water starts rising towards the edge of the bowl.

REUBEN
God, I beg you, if you make this water go down, I'll sit at your feet and serve you for all of eternity. I'll adopt a Somalian kid or... work in Calcutta or...

The soiled water splashes onto the tiles... Rodolfo scurries under the door, fleeing the flood.

Reuben desperately swats through the steam, in search of a plunger. As he pulls back the shower curtain...

THE LIVING AREA

Polly can't take it anymore. She walks over to the bathroom.

POLLY
Reuben?

No answer. So, she tentatively OPENS THE BATHROOM DOOR.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Oh my god.

POLLY'S POV

Amidst the steam, Reuben stands above the toilet in his underwear, JAMMING HER $200 SWEDISH LOOFAH in and out of the toilet as water cascades onto the floor.

Reuben sees Polly, quickly lifts the LOOFAH out of the bowl -- the soiled, EMBROIDERED HAND-TOWEL now attached to the end of it. And before anyone says anything else...

INT. POLLY'S APARTMENT - DOORWAY - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON THE DRIPPING LOOFAH -- sticking out of a plastic bag.

POLLY (O.S.)
Well this was fun.

WIDER -- Reuben and Polly at the doorway, Reuben holding the loofah-bag

REUBEN
Yes.
(beat)
If I had known your grandmother embroidered that towel for you I--

POLLY
Really, it's okay.

REUBEN
Could she knit you another one or--

POLLY
She's dead.

REUBEN
I see. Okay, well, goodnight, Polly.

POLLY
Goodnight, Reuben.

Reuben waves, heads out, Polly watching him, feeling his pain.

We FADE UP THE SOUND OF A JET PLANE.

EXT. PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A Jet touches down.

EXT. PPG BUILDING - PITTSBURGH - DAY

Reuben talks to Sandy on his cell-phone headset as he exits a cab, heading towards this enormous glass and steel building.

REUBEN
She asked me to come upstairs. What was I supposed to do?

Over the phone line, we hear a "JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR" rehearsal taking place in the b.g..

SANDY (O.S.)
You tell her you're tired and you shag ass out of there.

REUBEN
I hadn't been on a first date in so long. I got confused.

SANDY (O.S.)
So what's the deal, is she the same girl she was in Seventh Grade?

REUBEN
Um, no, she's changed a little bit. But it's kind of early to tell.

SANDY (O.S.)
Hold on.
(shouting)
Can you keep it down... I know you're rehearsing, but I'm trying to have a phone conversation here!
(to Reuben)
Sorry, Reub, what were you saying?

INT. PPG BUILDING - DAY

Reuben enters the lobby, noticing a handsome, wind-burnt, middle-aged MAN by the Service Elevator.

REUBEN
I have to go, I'll call you later.
(clicking off the phone)
Mr. Van Lew?

The animated Aussie LELAND VAN LEW greets Reuben.

LELAND
Feffer?

REUBEN
Yes, hi, Reuben Feffer. I recognized you from the FORBES cover.

LELAND
You're early. Alright, get in, get in.

Leland pulls Reuben into the elevator as the doors close.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Leland and Reuben ride up.

LELAND
The way I see it, this whole insurance issue has gotten out of hand.
(MORE)

LELAND (CONT'D)
Sure, I take chances, but you can't build a successful business without taking the occasional risk.

REUBEN
Of course. What we're trying to determine here are the kinds of risks you actually take.

LELAND
I think you'll see I only take the calculated ones. Trust me, I plan on being around for many years to come.

The elevator reaches it's floor, the doors open onto...

THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING

Leland walks out, Reuben follows.

REUBEN
I certainly hope that's the case. I know we'd love to give you a policy if we can make it work.

LELAND
We'll make it work, sport.

REUBEN
So, what are we doing on the roof?

Leland removes his suit-jacket -- revealing a hi-tech BACK-PACK underneath. He hands his jacket and a WALKIE-TALKIE to Reuben.

LELAND
I'm just gonna do a bit of a BASE jump. Keep the walkie on Channel 6, alright.

Leland pulls out a pair of BINOCULARS, looks over the edge of the building.

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

LELAND
A BASE jump. It's a free-fall from an inanimate object. I always carry my chute in case I find a good launch point.

Leland starts doing some light stretching.

REUBEN
Mr. Van Lew, that's a very bad idea. I'm extremely familiar with the fatality rates of skydiving.
(MORE)

REUBEN (CONT'D)
There are literally thirty four things that could go wrong on your way down.

Reuben's phone rings. The Caller I.D. reads: Polly Prince.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
Don't do anything. Just hold on a minute.
(into phone)
Hello?

POLLY (O.S.)
Hey, it's Polly.

LELAND
I'll give you a shout when I'm through, alright.

REUBEN
No! That's not alright.
(into phone)
Polly, can I call you right back?

POLLY (O.S.)
I'm just calling to tell you I found your pen, behind the... um... toilet.

Van Lew takes a running start, heading towards the edge of the roof. Reuben futilely holds up his hands to stop him. As Van Lew flies off the roof...

REUBEN
Holy shit!

POLLY (O.S.)
It's okay, it's not broken or anything.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

A group of EXECUTIVES sit around a large conference table.

EXECUTIVE #1
Relax, Marty, we don't need to look for a new CEO. Leland's meeting with the insurance guy right now.

LELAND (O.S.)
Aaaahhhh!!!

OUTSIDE THE LARGE WINDOW

Leland ROCKETS by. The execs all stare out the window, processing this.

EXECUTIVE #1
Goddamnit.

BACK ON THE ROOF

Reuben watches Leland free-fall, still on the line with Polly.

POLLY (O.S.)
Give me your address, I'll put it in the mail.

Leland's CHUTE opens, but it gets caught in scaffolding and he SLAMS against the side of the building.

REUBEN
No! Oh my god!

POLLY (O.S.)
Is it really valuable or something?

REUBEN
What? Oh, no, it's not... let's make a time and I'll come pick it up tomorrow, okay?

Leland's chute RIPS, and he free-falls into a TREE.

POLLY
I'm not sure about tomorrow. I'll just give you a call when I'm free, okay? Bye, Reuben.

She clicks off. Meanwhile, Van Lew rips through branches, crashing to the pavement, tangled in his broken chute.

ON THE ROOF - Reuben stands there, completely at a loss. Finally, over the walkie...

LELAND (O.S.)
I'm okay, Feffer! Come on down, let's have a chat.

INT. POLLY'S DOORWAY - DAY

Polly opens the door, Reuben standing on the other side.

POLLY
Hey, Reuben.

REUBEN
Hi. Here, I got you something.

He hands her a small BAG, from which she pulls out...

POLLY
A loofah.

REUBEN
The salesman said it has a very ergonomic design so--

POLLY
That's very sweet of you.

She hands him the pen.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Here you go.

REUBEN
I really appreciate it. Hey, so, can I take you to lunch, as a thank you.

POLLY
Lunch? Right now?

REUBEN
I don't know if you've eaten but--

POLLY
No, I haven't. It's just...

REUBEN
What?

Polly thinks for a long beat...

POLLY
Can I pick the place?

Before Reuben responds, we CUT TO:

AN INDIAN MAN PLAYING A SITAR

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Reuben and Polly sit, several Indian dishes between them. The SITARIST strums away in the b.g. Reuben looks a little queasy.

POLLY
What's wrong, you don't like Indian food?

REUBEN
No, I do. I'm just pacing myself.
(noticing something)
Oh no.

AT THE DOOR

Reuben's parents, Vivian and Arnold enter the restaurant. They look over, see Reuben and Polly.

VIVIAN
Oh my god, I don't believe this!

REUBEN
What are you doing down here?

VIVIAN
We're having an early supper. I want your father to try new cuisines.

REUBEN
But it's only 3 o'clock.

VIVIAN
We're on a flexible schedule. It's a crime to beat the dinner crowds?
(noticing Polly)
Who's this young woman?

REUBEN
This is Polly Prince. These are my parents, Vivian and Arnold Feffer.

They exchange 'hello's.'

VIVIAN
I can't believe you're eating Indian. You hate spicy food.

Polly looks surprised. Reuben shakes his head, 'I don't.' Vivian motions to the waiter.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Well, I'm gonna ask this nice Native American man to get us a bigger table.

REUBEN
They're from India mom. You're allowed to call them Indian.

VIVIAN
(to the waiter, broken English)
Hi, need big table please. Four people. Many thanks.

THE RESTAURANT - LATER

The four of them sit at a table surrounded by several heavy Indian dishes. Arnold looks exhausted. Reuben looks queasy.

VIVIAN
Now, how do you kids know each other?

REUBEN
We went to middle school together. We were both delegates in the Model U.N.

VIVIAN
Do you still work in government, honey?

POLLY
Um... no I'm a waitress.

VIVIAN
Ay-yay-yay. What a horrible way to make a living.

REUBEN
She's also writing a children's book.

VIVIAN
Very nice. Rew, you'll never believe who I ran into yesterday.

REUBEN
Who's that?

VIVIAN
Rita Kramer And boy did she give me a mouthful.

REUBEN
Yeah, good. More Vindaloo, Dad?

Arn waves him off.

VIVIAN
Apparently Lisa is doing wonderfully down in St. Barts. Selling villas: Happy.

REUBEN
Good for her.

VIVIAN
I hate to say it, but this Claude actually sounds quite wonderful.

POLLY
Who's Lisa?

VIVIAN
Lisa is Reuben's wife.

POLLY
(nodding, hiding her shock)
Oh.

VIVIAN
She left him for another man on their honeymoon.

Reuben motions to the waiter...

REUBEN
I think we're ready for a check.

EXT. THE RESTAURANT - MINUTES LATER

The four of them stand next to the Feffer's Chrysler.

VIVIAN
Well, Polly, it was nice meeting you.

POLLY
You too, Mrs. Feffer.

Vivian reaches out to give Polly a hug. Over Polly's back, Vivian makes eye-contact with Reuben, motioning to Polly.

VIVIAN
Not for you.

They break apart, Polly turns to Arnold.

POLLY
Arnold, it was a pleasure.

Polly hugs the silent Arnold. As they embrace, Vivian notices Polly's tattoo.

VIVIAN
What is that thing on your back?

POLLY
It's a tattoo of the Maori symbol of power. I got it when I was living in New Zealand.

VIVIAN
Ay, like in that dreadful movie, what was it called Arn... "The Piano Man?" I need to pay eight dollars to stare at Harry Keitel's ding-dong for three hours? No thank you.

REUBEN
Yeah, it wasn't for everyone. Okay, well, I'll talk to you guys later.

Arnold gives Reuben a little boxer's punch to the gut. Then, Viv and Arnold get into their car.

Reuben and Polly watch Arn get out of the tight spot -- slamming repeatedly into the two cars sandwiching him before pulling out.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
Polly, I'm sorry I didn't tell you I was married. It's just, we hadn't seen each other in so long, I was embarrassed--

POLLY
It's alright. I understand.

REUBEN
No, I was an idiot. I should've just told you the truth.

POLLY
Reuben, I'm really not upset. How long ago did this happen?

REUBEN
Two weeks ago.

POLLY
Two weeks?! Are you okay?

REUBEN
It was... it was a pretty big shock.

Tears begin to well up in his eyes.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
I uh... I walked in on her, on Lisa, making love, having sex, whatever, with a scuba instructor on the first day of our honeymoon. They were...
(wiping tears from his face)
...I'm sorry...

Polly hugs him. Reuben continues, barely able to speak...

REUBEN (CONT'D)
They were still wearing their flippers.

WIDER -- Polly continues holding Reuben, the SITARIST watching them through the restaurant window.

INT. INDURSKY AND SONS - DAY

By the elevators, Reuben presses the button, sees on a GRID that the elevator is on a much lower floor. He checks his watch.

Stan exits the Men's Room with a New York Post.

STAN
There he is!

Stan squeezes Reuben's shoulder, making him uncomfortable.

STAN (CONT'D)
So, what's the verdict on Van Lew?

REUBEN
I'm on my way to meet him. I don't think it's gonna work out, Stan. He's just too much of a wild-card.

STAN
Well, it was worth a shot. When you get back, I got an orthodontist on Long Island looking for some life insurance. Guy lives like a monk. Should be a no-brainer.

REUBEN
Sounds good.

As he walks away, Stan motions to his newspaper.

STAN
I'm done. You want my Post?

REUBEN
No, I'm fine.

EXT. RACQUETBALL CLUB - DAY

Reuben and Leland walk from the locker room towards a row of racquetball courts. Reuben is wearing shorts and a polo-shirt.

REUBEN
Leland, it was nice of you to buy me these clothes, but, again, I don't actually play racquetball.

LELAND
No, biggie, Feff. We'll just break a sweat, have some giggles.

He hands Reuben a pair of GOGGLES.

INT. RACQUETBALL COURT - MINUTES LATER

Reuben and Leland play racquetball -- Leland running around a confused Reuben like a maniac.

REUBEN
So, I've been running the numbers, and, I hate to say it, but things aren't looking good from our end.

LELAND
The Pittsburgh situation was a fluke. I caught a rogue piece of wind.

Reuben ducks a flying ball...

REUBEN
Jesus! It's not just the BASE jumping. It's the shark diving, the heli-skiing, the volcano luging. My research shows you have a 74% chance of dying within the next two years.

LELAND
Bollocks! You can't be a slave to numbers, Peff.

Leland dives for a ball, his jaw SLAMMING into the hardwood.

REUBEN
The bottom line is, unless you give up your hobbies, we won't be able to insure you.

Leland gets up, massaging his jaw.

LELAND
Have you ever been sky-diving?

REUBEN
No, I haven't.

As Leland speaks, a little blood forms in his mouth.

LELAND
The first few seconds are sheer terror. Absolutely horrible. But once you accept that fear, there's a sense of calm that comes over you like nothing else in the world. You're alive, Reuben. It's a beautiful thing. You expect me to just give that up?

REUBEN
I want to give you a policy, Leland. To be honest, I get a big bonus if I can make it work. But my hands are tied. You're too high-risk.
(motioning to Leland's mouth)
You've got some blood around your--

LELAND
Reuben, I came to you for a reason.

REUBEN
What do you mean?

LELAND
I asked around, did my research, everyone said you're the best in the business. That you had more imagination than your colleagues at the big firms. I was hoping in my case you'd think outside the box a little, analyze the man, not just the numbers. I guess I was wrong.

REUBEN
Are you trying to manipulate me?

LELAND
Yes, of course, but only because I want to hold on to my company.

REUBEN
I'll take another look at the figures, but I'm not promising anything.

LELAND
Tell you what, I'll be in Nantucket the end of the month for the Death Race 2000 Cross-Ocean Challenge. You'll come up and be my guest aboard the 'Roo Shooter.

REUBEN
What is that?

LELAND
My schooner. I'll take you out for a sail, it'll give you a chance to really get to know me. I promise, by the end of the weekend, you'll see what a safe bet I really am.

REUBEN
Fine. Leland, you're really bleeding quite heavily...

LELAND
Yeah, I think I swallowed a tooth.
(reaching into his mouth)
Nope! Got it. Your service.

Leland puts his TOOTH in his pocket, gets in position to play.

INT. POLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON AN ANSWERING MACHINE.

REUBEN (O.S.)
Hey, Polly, it's Reuben... Feffer. I was just calling to see if you wanted to get dinner. If you can't do it tonight, we could do it some other time.

WIDER -- Polly runs around the apartment, throwing on clothes.

REUBEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm basically free every night so... if you get a chance, give me a call. I think you have my numbers. Maybe I'll leave them just in case. Home is 212...

POLLY
Okay, okay!
(picking up the phone)
Meet me at 145 West 71st Street any time after nine.

REUBEN (O.S.)
Wait, hello, Polly?

POLLY
Oh, and wear comfortable shoes.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE STREETS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF BRIGHT WHITE TENNIS SHOES. We MOVE UP to reveal Reuben, walking down West 71st street.

INT. BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

Reuben knocks on the front door. A SLOT opens, and a PAIR OF EYES peer out at him.

PAIR OF EYES
Si?

REUBEN
Polly Prince please. It's Reuben Feffer.

PAIR OF EYES
Un momento, por favor.

The slot closes. A moment later, the door opens, revealing Polly, standing next to a LATIN AMERICAN MAN.

POLLY
Hey, you made it.

REUBEN
I wore comfortable shoes like you said. What are we doing?

Polly leads Reuben down a hallway. We hear the feint sound of music in the b.g.

INT. SALSA CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

A neon sign tells us it's called "THE LATIN QUARTER." A HOUSE BAND pumps out music, SWEATY COUPLES writhe on the dance floor. Reuben looks petrified as he realizes where he is.

REUBEN
(under his breath)
Oh, crap.

POLLY
This place is a total secret... it's the best underground salsa club in New York.

REUBEN
That's great. The thing is, I really don't dance.

She grabs his hand, drags him to the dance floor.

POLLY
Come on, it's easier than it looks.

REUBEN
Honestly, I'd rather just--

POLLY
Follow my lead.

Polly and Reuben start dancing, Polly trying to show Reuben the basics.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Good. Just try to step on my feet a little bit less.

As they get more into it, it becomes painfully clear that...

REUBEN FEFFER IS THE WORST DANCER YOU'VE EVER SEEN.

His lack of rhythm is shocking. He jerks stiffly, his body incredibly tense. Other DANCERS can't help but notice. Polly tries to hide her surprise.

JAVIER, Polly's handsome neighbor floats by.

JAVIER
Looking good, Polly-anna.

POLLY
Hey, Javy. This is my friend, Reuben.

Reuben's face falls at the sight of this Latin stud.

JAVIER
Mind if I have a dance with this beautiful lady?

REUBEN
I guess not.

THE CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

POLLY AND JAVIER engage in a heated, passionate, sexual Salsa dance -- sweat pouring off their bodies.

Reuben looks on, incredibly unhappy. He gets up to leave.

EXT. THE LATIN QUARTER BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER

Reuben's walking away. Polly exits the club, calls to him.

POLLY
Reuben, wait, I'm sorry. I shouldn't of made you dance if you didn't want to.

Reuben stops walking, turns to face Polly.

REUBEN
It's okay, I just didn't know we were going dirty dancing.

POLLY
Dirty dancing?

REUBEN
I saw the movie, Polly. That's exactly what you and that Spaniard were doing.

POLLY
First of all, he's Puerto Rican, and no, we weren't dirty dancing, it was just Salsa.

REUBEN
The truth is, I'm not the kind of guy who's comfortable at these type of clubs.

POLLY
Tell me, Reuben, what kind of guy are you?

REUBEN
What do you mean?

POLLY
You haven't exactly been the portrait of honesty so far. So, come clean. Tell me who you are.

Beat. Then...

REUBEN
I hate spicy food.

POLLY
I knew it.

REUBEN
I have this thing called Irritable Bowel Syndrome and spice is very bad for my stomach. What else? I know I want kids, and, I guess, to be more specific, I know how many I want.

POLLY
How many?

REUBEN
Two. Ideally, they'd be three years apart, so they could be friends, but not direct competitors, and I'd like to conceive them so their birthdays don't fall on school holidays or summer vacation, because that can be hard for them.

POLLY
(taken aback)
Okay.

REUBEN
I assess risk for a living so, I know that I have a .013 chance of getting hit by a car on my way home tonight, and a .0062 chance that I'll fall through a subway grate. So.... I try to manage that risk by avoiding danger. By having a plan. Knowing what my next move is. And, I know that doesn't exactly seem to be the way that you live your life....

POLLY
I do it a little differently.

REUBEN
Right. But, the fact is, I really like you. And, as long as it doesn't involve Moroccan food or dirty dancing, I'd like to continue seeing you. So, what do you think?

The two of them stand there, looking at each other.

EXT. POLLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Reuben and Polly are kissing passionately. She pulls away.

POLLY
You want to come upstairs and have sex?

Reuben thinks she's kidding.

REUBEN
Oh. Okay, I get it.

POLLY
No, I'm serious. Hold on...

Polly dumps the contents of her bag on the sidewalk...

INT. POLLY'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

They enter, Polly crossing to the bathroom.

POLLY
I just have to pee.

Polly shuts the door behind her. Alone, Reuben panics:

REUBEN
(quietly, to himself)
What the hell am I doing?

He lies on the bed, trying to find a casual position. He looks incredibly uncomfortable.

FROM THE BATHROOM -- he hears the shower turn on, looks confused until Polly yells out...

POLLY (O.S.)
Just kidding.

He takes out a condom, lays it on the night-table. He makes eye-contact with RODOLFO, staring at him from the floor.

REUBEN
(to Rodolfo)
What?

He quickly stuffs the condom back in his pocket. Jumps off the bed, standing up just as...

...Polly emerges in her underwear, pulling off her tee-shirt, throwing it to the floor.

Polly walks up to Reuben and they kiss, Polly helping Reuben out of his shirt. As things heat up...

BEHIND POLLY, we go CLOSE ON REUBEN'S HAND -- he raises it above Polly's butt, and... gives her a little SPANKING.

Polly quickly pulls away. The moment ruined.

POLLY
Ow! Did you just spank me?

REUBEN
Um... no, I don't think so.

POLLY
Are you sure? 'Cause it felt like you kind of swatted--

REUBEN
I didn't. I had a crick in my arm.

POLLY
Really?

REUBEN
I promise, it was a crick.

Polly looks at him skeptically. He jerks his arm back and forth, trying to convince her.

THE BED - LATER

Polly and Reuben make love, Reuben on top. We go CLOSE ON REUBEN.

REUBEN'S THOUGHTS
I don't believe this. This is a girl who's probably slept with Maori tribesman, and I'm gonna be finished in under a minute. Oh... god. Okay, distract yourself. Um... case study. Sixty three year old male... high blood pressure. What does he do for a living? He's a rodeo clown. Odds of getting impaled by a bull... I researched this once. Three percent. No! It was 2.6!

MOMENTS LATER

Polly's now on top.

REUBEN'S THOUGHTS (CONT'D)
Asian female. Thirty six. Clean bill of health. She rides a motorcycle No, too easy. A scooter? A unicycle! She rides a unicycle to work!

MOMENTS LATER

They're in a more complicated position.

REUBEN'S THOUGHTS (CONT'D)
Seventy five. Wears a pace-maker. Has a corned beef sandwich for lunch every day.

MOMENTS LATER

Reuben and Polly have rolled onto the floor.

REUBEN'S THOUGHTS (CONT'D)
Mexican acrobat. History of heart disease. Oh god, hold on... okay, what does he do, trapeze? With a net or without?

MOMENTS LATER

They're back on the bed, both about to climax.

REUBEN'S THOUGHTS (CONT'D)
Project him dying at fifty-nine. Give or take thirteen months! Offer him a ten year policy... at six thousand a year...

POLLY
Oh god!

REUBEN'S THOUGHTS
GOING UP TO EIGHTY-SEVEN HUNDRED WHEN HE REACHES FIIIIFFFTYYYY!!!!!!

Reuben and Polly both achieve orgasm. Reuben rolls off Polly, onto his back. As she catches her breath...

POLLY
Wow.

REUBEN
Yeah.

Polly gets up, goes to the bathroom. As soon as the door closes, Reuben EXULTS, doing a celebratory dance in the bed.

Again, he makes eye-contact with Rodolfo, who seems to be judging him, so he quickly calms down.

INT. COCKTAIL PARTY - DAY

Polly and Roxanne circulate, carrying trays of wine.

POLLY
I didn't sleep with him out of charity.

ROXANNE
All I'm saying is, you weren't interested until you found out his wife boned some other guy on their honeymoon.

POLLY
He's been hurt. He's vulnerable. I guess I find that attractive.

ROXANNE
It still sounds like a charity boning.

POLLY
It wasn't! It just... happened. And do you have to use the word 'bone' all the time?

ROXANNE
I use it when it is appropriate. You think it'll get serious?

POLLY
No, I'm not looking for something serious.
(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)
Besides, he's a solid, decent human being. I could never end up with someone like that.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Reuben and Sandy shoot hoops as Dustin and Vic film them.

REUBEN
I think I may end up marrying this woman.

Sandy shoots and misses.

SANDY
Old-school! You porked her once. Don't you think you're getting a little ahead of yourself?

REUBEN
The thing is, you were right, Lisa needed to sow her wild oats. But Polly's already done all of that stuff. I'm pretty sure she's ready to settle down.

SANDY
Did you spank her?

REUBEN
I tried, but she didn't like it.

SANDY
Yeah, some chicks find it offensive. Rain-dance!

EXT. VIETNAMESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Reuben waits outside, checking his watch as Polly runs up.

POLLY
Hey, sorry I'm late.

REUBEN
Is everything okay? I was getting worried.

POLLY
It's fine. I just had some key trouble.

INT. VIETNAMESE RESTAURANT - MINUTES LATER

Reuben sits in front of a steaming bowl of Vietnamese noodle soup. Polly squirts a dollop of SPICY SAUCE into the bowl.

REUBEN
Just to clarify, I was actually being honest about the spicy food thing.

POLLY
I looked up that condition you have on the internet. Apparently, in a lot of cases, it's actually caused by stress.

REUBEN
It's a diagnosed medical condition. Kelsey Grammer's wife has it.

POLLY
I don't know who Kelsey Grammer is, but according to the stuff I read, once you accept that the problem is emotional and not physical, it'll start going away.
(motions the soup bowl)
Try some...

He reluctantly swallows a large spoonful of the soup.

BY THE MENS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Reuben exits, looking pale and exhausted. Polly looks up...

POLLY
It's a start. It's not gonna happen overnight.

EXT. ETHIOPIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Reuben waits outside for Polly. She runs up.

POLLY
Hi, I'm here. Sorry, sorry.

REUBEN
Couldn't find your keys?

POLLY
(defensive)
No, they were just... in a different place than where I left them.

INT. KOREAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

New restaurant. Polly works the Korean barbecue.

POLLY
City versus suburbs? Definitely city. I don't understand why people live in the suburbs.

REUBEN
No reason, aside from having more space, a backyard, better public schooling. I mean, if you like those kind of things.

POLLY
(points to the barbecue)
See, aren't you enjoying that?

REUBEN
It's pretty good.

INT. POLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Polly plays with Rodolfo.

POLLY
Who's a good boy? Who's the best ferret in the world?

Rodolfo runs into a wall.

IN THE BATHROOM

Reuben chugs from a small bottle of Pepto Bismol.

POLLY (O.S.)
You can use my toothbrush if you want.

Reuben warily eyes Polly's ratty, old toothbrush.

INT. BRAZILIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A waiter carves meat off a metal skewer onto Reuben and Polly's plates. Polly pulls a HIGH-TECH GADGET from a gift-box.

POLLY
What is it?

REUBEN
It's a key-finder. You put your keys on this chain, and when you press the remote, it beeps so you'll know where they are.

POLLY
I really appreciate it, but I'll never use this.

REUBEN
Give it a chance. I think you'll like it. Can you excuse me?

THE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We hear Reuben PUKING in the stall.

INT. REUBEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Reuben demonstrates THE RISKMASTER for Polly.

REUBEN
...it's obviously more complex than this, but, essentially, what I'm trying to do is assess his risks versus his rewards.

Polly reads the computer screen.

POLLY
This Leland guy sounds really cool. Ooh, BASE jumping. I've heard that's fun. You should move that to the REWARD side.

REUBEN
It's one of the most dangerous activities a human being can do.

POLLY
You've tried it?

REUBEN
Why do people keep asking me that? No, I've never parachuted off a building.

POLLY
So how do you know what it's like?

Reuben is stumped.

INT. POLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

While on the phone, Polly runs around, searching for her keys.

POLLY
I'm running out the door. It's Tuesday.

REUBEN (O.S.)
Oh, right. Can I join you?

POLLY
I thought you don't go to dirty dancing clubs.

REUBEN (O.S.)
I'll just watch. Maybe it'll be fun. I'll see you there.

Polly hangs up. Looks at the clock. Then, she reluctantly grabs Reuben's KEY-FINDER, presses the button. A BEEPING sound leads her to her kitchenette, then to her freezer.

She opens the freezer door, the beeping gets louder, she sees her keys sitting next to a spoon and an open PINT OF ICE CREAM.

POLLY
(to her keys, frustrated)
Who puts you there?! It's not me, so, someone else is misplacing you constantly.

She turns around, sees Rodolfo staring at her.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Yes, I am talking to my keys, Rodolfo.

INT. LATIN QUARTER NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Polly and Javier tear up the dance floor in a highly erotic dance. From the sidelines, Reuben looks on, miserable.

INT. LATIN QUARTER NIGHTCLUB - BATHROOM - NIGHT

As Javier washes his face, Reuben bursts through the door.

JAVIER
Ruby Tuesday, como estas?

Reuben gets in Javier's face.

REUBEN
Me no estas too good, Javier. I want you to stay away from Polly. Okay? Find yourself another dance partner.

JAVIER
(casual)
Why?

REUBEN
Because she and I are dating! And I'm not letting some Mr. Big Shot Salsa-dancer sweep her off her feet with his little dance routine. I've been hurt before, and I won't be hurt again. So back off! You hear me, Pancho! Back... off!

Reuben withdraws, panting. Javier's totally relaxed.

JAVIER
Reuben, I'm gay.

REUBEN
I don't care! Sorry, what did you say?

JAVIER
I'm homosexual. My partner, Hector, plays keyboards in the house band.

REUBEN
Oh.
(beat)
You think you could give me some Salsa lessons?

INT. LATIN QUARTER - DAY

Daylight spills into the club. As HECTOR plays the keyboards, Javier runs Reuben through a series of Salsa moves.

INT. POLLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Reuben flips through a loose series of papers and sketches -- Polly's children's book.

Polly closely watches Reuben who's clearly having a complex reaction to the book -- letting out the occasional gasp.

Finally, he finishes, setting the book down.

REUBEN
Huh.

POLLY
You hated it.

REUBEN
No. It's just... very graphic. This is primarily for kids or--

POLLY
Not two-year-olds but... why?

REUBEN
I just wonder if it might not be more appropriate for an older reader.
(opens book to a page)
Like this story about wife-swapping.

ON THE PAGE -- there's a graphic drawing of TWO NAKED COUPLES IN ONE BIG BED.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
Or this one here... THE BOY WITH THE NUB FOR AN ARM.

ON THE PAGE -- a DRAWING of a young boy with a MANGLED arm... and a FIRECRACKER in his other hand.

POLLY
That has a moral. It's to teach kids not to play with fireworks.

REUBEN
Don't get me wrong, it's brilliant. It's just... and I don't mean this in a bad way... what were you thinking?

POLLY
I feel like kids grow up thinking life is this big fairy tale. I thought it'd be cool to give them something that tries to show the other side of things.

REUBEN
It is probably a good idea to take away their innocence sooner rather than later.

POLLY
I don't know why I showed it to you. I knew you'd hate it.

REUBEN
I don't hate it. I think it's great. But, for adults.

She gets up, goes to the bathroom.

POLLY
It's not like I'm ever gonna finish it anyway. I don't even have a title.

Polly emerges a moment later holding an ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH.

POLLY (CONT'D)
What's this?

REUBEN
I thought I could leave a toothbrush here.

POLLY
I don't think that's a good idea.

REUBEN
Why?

POLLY
It's a big deal to leave a toothbrush in someone's apartment. What's next, clothes, furniture?

REUBEN
No, I just prefer using an electric toothbrush. It gives a deeper cleaning.

POLLY
There's nothing wrong with my toothbrush. I've had it for ten years.

REUBEN
Ten years?! You're supposed to change brushes once every six weeks. Maybe if you ever agreed to stay at my place, I could use my own, well-maintained toothbrush.

POLLY
I never said we couldn't stay at your place. We'll stay at your place next time.

REUBEN
Fine.

POLLY
Great.

REUBEN
Good.

INT. LATIN QUARTER - DAY

Javier continues drilling Reuben.

JAVIER
Let's go, Reuben! Work! One-two-three! One-two-three!

INT. REUBEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Polly reluctantly joins Reuben in his pre-bed routine.

REUBEN
Throw-pillows go in this cabinet.

POLLY
You don't sleep on these?

REUBEN
No, they're decorative.

POLLY
For who?

REUBEN
What do you mean?

POLLY
You're the only one who ever sees them. What's the point? You don't sleep on them. You put them away every night and set them up in the morning. Why?

REUBEN
I don't know. Lisa thought they looked nice.

POLLY
I see.

Polly exits the bedroom. Reuben shakes his head, as he continues stowing the throw-pillows.

REUBEN
(to himself)
They make the bed look nice. What's the big deal?

Polly returns holding a SHARP KITCHEN KNIFE, which she quickly SPEARS into a THROW PILLOW. Feathers fly out.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
What are you doing? That's Goose Down!

POLLY
I'm liberating you.

She stabs another one, hands him the knife.

POLLY (CONT'D)
Try it.

REUBEN
No, I'm not gonna--

POLLY
One stab. See how you feel.

REUBEN
That's ridiculous.
(as he stabs)
It's not like driving a knife into a pillow will suddenly...
(changing gears)
...wow, that feels really good.

She hands him a fresh-pillow. He stabs it over and over...

REUBEN (CONT'D)
You're right! What is the point of these things?! What am I, running a bed and breakfast?! What the hell does a man need decorative pillows for?!

He stabs more pillows until...

POLLY
Reuben?

REUBEN
Yes.

POLLY
You're um... now you're stabbing the mattress.

He looks down, sees that he's inadvertently tearing apart the mattress with the sharp knife.

EXT. GREAT ADVENTURE THEME PARK - DAY

Reuben and Polly are at the BUNGEE JUMP platform -- a bungee cord is tied around Reuben's ankle.

REUBEN
I'm telling you, this is a bad idea. What if the rope breaks? Or I suffer a coronary on the way down. My heart feels like it's about to explode.

POLLY
You'll be fine. I think this'll really help you get into Leland's head.

BUNGEE GUY
Here we go, chief. Counting down from five, four, three, two...

MOMENTS LATER

Reuben and Polly are being escorted down on the ELEVATOR -- various people BOO.

POLLY
(squeezing his hand)
It's okay.

ABOVE THEM -- A TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY bungees off the platform. As he whizzes by them, he screams out to Reuben...

TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY
Pussy!!!

INT. LATIN QUARTER - DAY

A sweaty, intense Reuben DIPS Javier, finishing the dance with a flourish. Javier and Hector applaud.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Reuben and Polly have a drink at the bar.

REUBEN
I'm sure he's got some huge yacht with tons of crewman. It could be a fun weekend.

POLLY
It sounds great, but, what if something came up and I needed to get off?

REUBEN
Um... I'm not really sure. It's just a couple of days so--

POLLY
Let me think about it, okay?

Polly reaches for a handful of bar nuts.

REUBEN
What are you doing?

POLLY
I'm having some nuts.

Reuben opens her hand, releasing the nuts back into the bowl.

REUBEN
You don't eat mixed nuts at a bar. Everybody knows that.

POLLY
What are you talking about?

REUBEN
These nuts have probably been sitting on this bar for weeks, maybe months on end.

POLLY
So what?

REUBEN
So what? Let's say, conservatively, seventeen people eat these nuts in a given night. If they've been on the bar for even two weeks, you're talking about...
(does a quick calculation)
...238 people who've dipped their dirty hands into that bowl.

POLLY
Why are their hands dirty?

REUBEN
On average, only one out of every six people wash their hands after they go to the bathroom. So when you think you're innocently eating a little bar snack, the truth is, you're ingesting potentially deadly bacteria from about 39 soiled-handed strangers. People wonder why they come down with e-coli poisoning, salmonella, hepatitis, all they have to do is look at the snack bowl at their local watering hole.

Polly just looks at Reuben.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
What? I'm not being neurotic. This is a serious health issue. It's an absolute hot-zone in there.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT

Reuben and Polly walk down the street, Reuben highly agitated.

REUBEN
How could you have eaten those? I thought I made such a compelling argument.

POLLY
I like to live life on the edge.
(gives him a little kiss)
Bye. I'll see you later.

She heads into the Latin Quarter brownstone. He follows.

INT. LATIN QUARTER - MOMENTS LATER

Reuben follows Polly towards the dance floor.

POLLY
Reuben, it's okay. I don't care that you don't dance.

REUBEN
I thought I'd give it another shot.

Reuben looks over at Javier, who pumps his fist in encouragement. Javier nods to Hector, and the band kicks into a driving Salsa number.

Reuben defiantly CLAPS THREE TIMES...

POLLY
What are you doing?

He grabs Polly, twirling her around, launching into the SALSA DANCE he worked on with Javier.

Polly goes with it, extremely confused, Reuben leading her across the dance floor.

SLOW MOTION

Reuben dances his heart out -- sweating, twirling, biting his lip, clapping his hands. There's just one catch...

HE'S AS BAD AS THE FIRST TIME HE GOT OUT ON THE DANCE FLOOR.

Javier cringes. Hector drops his head.

But as Reuben presses on, it's clear that Polly is touched by his commitment. Reuben does a final, spastic leap in the air, accidentally crashing into another DANCER as he awkwardly lands.

END SLOW MOTION

He gets up, panting, sweat-drenched, proud. Polly, Javier and Hector all applaud.

POLLY
Wow. Reuben. That was a whole... where'd you learn all those moves?

REUBEN
(catching his breath)
Javier... Javier and Hector helped me design a routine.

Polly looks to Javier and Hector who shrug 'We tried.'

REUBEN (CONT'D)
If we practiced some more, maybe we could enter a competition or something.

POLLY
Definitely. Or, just do it for fun, too.

She smiles warmly at Reuben.

EXT. LATIN QUARTER - MINUTES LATER

Reuben and Polly exit.

REUBEN
Do you want to come over, or, I could go to your place. You know, whatever's--

POLLY
I may just go home tonight, okay? I have some stuff to do in the morning... but I'll talk to you this week. G'night.

She gives him a peck on the lips, starts walking away.

REUBEN
(calling out to her)
You could be airlifted.

POLLY
What?

REUBEN
If you needed to get off the boat. You could probably be airlifted.

POLLY
I'll think about it.

And she takes off.

INT. REUBEN'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Reuben unlocks his front door, doing a little salsa shimmy.

IN THE APARTMENT

Almost everything is in boxes, ready to be moved. Reuben enters, looks up, and...

REUBEN
Ah!

...he jumps back like he's seen a ghost, because...

LISA IS SLEEPING ON THE COUCH, LOOKING TAN AND HEALTHY. Her suitcases sit in the foyer. Her eyes slowly open.

LISA
Hi, Reuben.

Reuben stares at her, speechless. After a long beat...

LISA (CONT'D)
I'm back.

REUBEN'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Reuben paces, agitated, confused.

REUBEN
I don't understand. I thought you were so in love with Claude.

LISA
I was, or, I thought I was. But things changed. I miss you, Reuben. I want to get on with our lives.

REUBEN
What do you expect me to do? Forgive you and act like nothing happened. Things have changed in my life too.

LISA
Are you seeing someone?

Beat.

REUBEN
Yes, I am.

LISA
Who is it? Someone I know? Is it one of my bridesmaids?

REUBEN
You don't know her. Her name is Polly Prince. We went to Middle School together.

LISA
(looks around)
Oh my god. Are you moving in with her? Is that why everything is packed up?

REUBEN
I'm moving into the house! Remember? The one you loved so much on the internet. The one I bought for the two of us to live in.

LISA
I'm sorry, Reuben. I made the worst mistake of my life. But, we had a great life. I don't think we should just throw that away.

Reuben takes Lisa's bags to the front door.

REUBEN
You should go stay with your parents, okay. I have to be out of here after the weekend, anyway.

LISA
I love you, Reuben. I know you're angry with me, but deep down, I'm pretty sure you love me too.

He closes the door behind her.

INT. REUBEN'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Reuben gets on the elevator with various OFFICE WORKERS.

STAN (O.S.)
Hold it! Hold it!

Stan Indursky runs onto the elevator.

STAN (CONT'D)
You miss this thing, you may as well pitch a tent in the lobby, right?

The Office Workers politely nod, smile.

STAN (CONT'D)
How we coming on Herb Lazare, DDS?

REUBEN
I actually haven't gotten into it yet. I'm still working on the Van Lew case.

STAN
Van Lew? I thought we passed on him two weeks ago? You better not be bonus-hunting on me, Reuben.

Reuben is embarrassed. He talks quietly.

REUBEN
The man's career is on the line here. I just want to be sure about my decision.

STAN
I'm in Barbados with my mistress next week. I want this Van Lew thing settled by the time I get back.

REUBEN
Fine.

They continue riding up in silence.

INT. REUBEN'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Van Lew's RISKMASTER profile is on Reuben's computer. Reuben paces as he talks on his telephone headset.

REUBEN
Polly, it's two days in, Nantucket. I don't see what the big deal is? You moved to Sri Lanka for a year because you liked the way the name sounded.

INT. UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - SAME

Polly's working a party. She speaks to Reuben on a phone in the kitchen. Roxanne is nearby.

POLLY
I just don't want it to be like we're taking this whole weekend trip together.

SPLIT SCREEN REUBEN AND POLLY

REUBEN
But we would be taking a weekend trip together.

A SECRETARY quietly brings in a beautiful vase of flowers with an attached envelope. Reuben opens the card.

POLLY
It's more like, you're going away for business, and I'd be there too.

Reuben pulls out a note from Lisa. It reads: **"I miss you. L."** With the letter, Reuben pulls out a PHOTO of a younger Lisa and himself in Paris, France, looking very happy.

REUBEN
It's forty eight hours in Massachusetts! Why are you making it into such a big deal?!

POLLY
You're the one making it into a big deal!

REUBEN
I am?

POLLY
Yes. It's just a little trip.

REUBEN
Alright, I'm sorry.

POLLY
It's okay.

REUBEN
Wait, so, are you coming or not?

POLLY
Yes, I already told you. I'll see you Friday.

They both hang up.

IN THE KITCHEN -- Roxanne stares at Polly.

POLLY (CONT'D)
What?

ROXANNE
You are a freak.

POLLY
I'm a freak? You give hand-jobs to wine bottles.

ROXANNE
That's a humorous way for me to deal with my sexual frustration. I don't have a boyfriend, like you.

POLLY
He's not my boyfriend. He's a person I've hung out with a couple of times who happens to be a man. That's it.

INT. REUBEN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Reuben rubs his temples, stressed. He sees the flowers from Lisa, the photo. He looks at his computer screen, with Leland's RISKMASTER profile. An idea seems to be forming.

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The place is a time-warp from the 80s. Several "Crocodile Tears" posters and framed stills from the movie line the walls. A set of BAGPIPES is encased in lucite.

Reuben types into his LAPTOP while Sandy paces.

SANDY
I can't believe she came back. What is so good about you?

He looks at the computer screen.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Polly's not gonna live in the suburbs, Reub. That goes in the risk column.

REUBEN
She has a history of moving to new places. She might be open to living in Montclair.

ON THE SCREEN -- Reuben is doing a RISKMASTER profile of Polly.

SANDY
What's next?

REUBEN
Career prospects.

SANDY
Risky. She's writing a children's book where kids get maimed.

REUBEN
See, I think her lack of a career is a positive because she might have more time to spend with the children.

SANDY
You're skewing the numbers, Reuben. Why are we even doing this?!

REUBEN
Because I'm confused. My goddamn wife shows up at my doorstep, wanting to get back together and I want to make sure I'm doing the right thing here. Now come on, let's work on Lisa.

SANDY
Lisa has one gigantic reward which is that she's gonna spend the rest of her life making up for what she did to you.

REUBEN
What do you mean?

SANDY
If you play the guilt card, you could literally receive oral sex every single day for the next sixty years.

REUBEN
I'm not putting that in.

SANDY
By the way dude, is your health okay? You look kinda thin.

REUBEN
(casually, as he types)
I'm fine. Polly's been making me eat ethnic food, so I've just been throwing up a lot.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN, it reads: **Lisa Kramer. Risk: Unfaithful? (Had sex with scuba instructor on honeymoon)**

SANDY'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Reuben reads a computer PRINTOUT.

SANDY
What does it say?

REUBEN
Polly.

SANDY
Polly?

REUBEN
Polly's the safer choice. She's less risky than Lisa.

Sandy grabs the printout from Reuben.

SANDY
You turned all of her risks into rewards.

REUBEN
It's a complex process which you don't quite understand. I'm gonna ask Polly to move in with me this weekend.

SANDY
You're an idiot. She's never gonna go for it.

REUBEN
You're wrong, Sandy. Thanks for the help, I'll talk to you next week.

Reuben grabs the printout from Sandy, puts it in his briefcase. Heads out of the apartment.

SANDY
Thursday night, Reub.

REUBEN
What's that?

SANDY
J.C. Superstar premiere. Six o'clock.

At the door, Reuben turns around.

REUBEN
You don't know her, Sandy. I'm telling you, Polly is much more together than you think.

EXT. POLLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

A CALL-CAR idles.

INT. POLLY'S APARTMENT - SAME

REUBEN
How could you lose Rodolfo?

Polly and Javier search everywhere for the blind ferret.

POLLY
I don't know. I just fed him a couple of hours ago.

REUBEN
Polly, we'll miss our flight if we don't get out of here.

POLLY
He's a blind house ferret. He won't survive out on the streets.

JAVIER
Polly, go, I'll find him.

POLLY
You will?

JAVIER
He's probably out in the hall or something. I'll track him down.

It's a tough decision for Polly. Then...

POLLY
Okay. Thanks, Javy.

REUBEN
Where are your bags?

She points to a small plastic DRUGSTORE BAG stuffed with a toiletries kit, sandals, a few clothes.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
That's it?

As we FADE UP the sound of a PROP PLANE LANDING...

EXT. NANTUCKET AIRPORT - LATER THAT DAY

A twenty-seater touches down on the island of Nantucket.

EXT. VAN LEW'S SAILBOAT (THE 'ROO SHOOTER) - DAY

The AMERICA'S CUP-STYLE racing boat heads out to sea. Van Lew runs around, adjusting winches and sails.

REUBEN
Leland, where's the rest of the crew?

LELAND
I gave 'em the day off. I thought it'd give us more of a chance to talk. Wind's kickin' up nicely, huh.

POLLY
It feels amazing. The boat is beautiful Leland.

LELAND
Thanks, darling. I've been building her over the last few years.

POLLY
You built it yourself? Wow.

Reuben looks uncomfortable with Polly's interest in Van Lew.

REUBEN
So, Leland, we should probably go over some of these insurance issues.

LELAND
Bloody hell, Reuben, we'll talk turkey at dinner. Now sit back, relax and enjoy the ride.

EXT. VAN LEW'S SAILBOAT - A LITTLE LATER

Storm clouds building. Wind picking up. Leland is showing Polly how to sail the boat.

LELAND
It's simple, really. You just have to have a feel for the wind. There ya go, you're a natural.

REUBEN
Are those storm clouds up ahead?

LELAND
Nah, we may get a light dusting. Nothing to write home about.

Leland innocently puts his hand over Polly's.

LELAND (CONT'D)
Ease up a little, let it glide through your fingers.

Reuben tries to interrupt the Leland/Polly moment.

REUBEN
Leland, can I give it a try?

LELAND
Sure thing. You done much sailing, Feff?

REUBEN
Uh... yeah, I've skippered a boat or two in my time.

Leland hands the line to Reuben, he and Polly sit. They talk as Reuben tries to control the sail behind them.

POLLY
What does the name of the boat mean?

LELAND
It comes from my father. The bloody bastard was a Grade A prick. Told me I'd never amount to anything.

The line slips out of Reuben's hand. He grabs it, pulling hard, the boat heels to one side. Leland and Polly are oblivious.

LELAND (CONT'D)
So, I christened this little beauty the 'Roo Shooter to remind me that if I'd listened to my old-man, I'd still be in rural Queensland shearing rams for three bucks a day and shooting kangaroos for sport.

In the background, Reuben is perched precariously, trying to steady the heeling boat. A wave crashes over him, and he disappears off the side. Leland and Polly continue talking.

LELAND (CONT'D)
I suppose part of the reason I want to hold on to my company is so my old man won't get the last laugh. It's why I need that insurance so bad, right, Feffer?

Leland turns around... no Reuben.

LELAND (CONT'D)
Oh, crap.

POLLY
Oh my god! Where'd he go?!

Leland jumps up, grabs a pair of BINOCULARS, scans the horizon.

BINOCULARS POV

A hundred yards back, Reuben struggles against the choppy sea.

LELAND
He's bobbing around like a buoy!
(calling out)
Hold on, Feff! I'm coming for you!

A WAVE breaks on top of Reuben as Leland dives into the water.

INT. REUBEN/POLLY'S CABIN - MINUTES LATER

Polly and a drenched, shivering Reuben enter the small cabin.

POLLY
You sure you're okay?

REUBEN
(teeth chattering)
I'm good. I think I'll take a quick shower.

He stumbles into the bathroom.

ABOVE DECK

The wind is picking up. The seas are getting rougher. Van Lew looks out with glee at the darkening sky.

LELAND
Oh yeah, we're gonna have ourselves a tussle.

IN THE CABIN BATHROOM

Reuben is in the shower, rehearsing a speech.

REUBEN
I know we haven't been seeing each other for that long, but, I think it's time to get more committed and, I want you to move into my house with me.

IN THE CABIN

The boat hits a wave, tilts to one side. Reuben's LEATHER SATCHEL falls off a dresser, PAPERS spilling out of it. Polly goes to pick them up. Something catches her eye on one of the papers.

CLOSE ON THE PIECE OF PAPER -- it's the PRINTOUT from THE RISKMASTER comparing Lisa and Polly.

IN THE BATHROOM

Reuben exits the shower, continuing his speech.

REUBEN
It's only twelve miles from Manhattan, and, I think if you gave it a chance, you'd really like it out there. You could have space to work on your... incredibly sick, twisted children's book. I'll probably leave that part out.

He looks at Polly's TOILETRIES CASE. It seems to be moving.

ABOVE DECK

Van Lew runs around like a madman, exhilarated as he battles huge waves, heavy wind, sheets of rain.

LELAND
Bring it on, you mother! You can do better than that!

IN THE CABIN

Reuben exits the bathroom, holding something.

REUBEN
You're not gonna believe what I found in your toiletry kit.

He holds up RODOLFO. Polly smiles, a little reserved, and Reuben notices the piece of paper in her hand.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
What's that?

POLLY
It's just a piece of paper comparing my risks and rewards to your wife's.
(pointing)
Your briefcase fell off the table.

The boat continues to toss and turn.

REUBEN
Polly, I can explain--

POLLY
Do you have any idea how offensive this is?
(reading the printout)
I have no career prospects, I'm flaky, I like ethnic food...

REUBEN
Look, what happened was, Lisa came back and--

POLLY
Lisa... your wife, Lisa, came back?

REUBEN
Yes, and I--

POLLY
Was this something you were planning on telling me at some point?

REUBEN
Of course. It's not like anything happened with us. I just felt a little freaked out, so, I wanted to make sure I was making the right decision.

POLLY
What decision?

REUBEN
About whether things could work out with us, for the long-term.

The boat hits a wave, Reuben and Polly brace themselves.

POLLY
For the long-term? What are you talking about? We're been on some dates and slept together a few times. That's all.

REUBEN
That's not all. I love you, Polly.

This statement surprises both of them. After a moment...

POLLY
No, you don't.

REUBEN
Yes, I do.

POLLY
You barely know me, Reuben. This is just a fling. What did you think, we were going to get married?

REUBEN
I don't know, maybe. I was going to ask you to move in with me first but--

POLLY
You want me to move in to your apartment?

REUBEN
Actually, I own a house... in Montclair, New Jersey.

POLLY
You expect me to move to the suburbs? Are you insane?

REUBEN
Why is that such a crazy idea? People make plans. They buy houses. Get married. Have kids.

POLLY
That's you, Reuben. I don't live my life that way.

REUBEN
Is you're lack of a plan so different than my plan?

A lamp falls off a table, shattering.

POLLY
Don't try to turn this on me. I'm not on any kind of plan.

REUBEN
Yes you are! You're on the non-plan-plan!

POLLY
I am not on the non-plan-plan!

REUBEN
You are too! I've never met anybody so afraid of committing to anything. You were a Senior Delegate at the Model U.N.?! What the hell happened to you?!

Reuben SLAMS into a dresser.

POLLY
I've been living my life. I've gotten into shitty relationships, and moved around a lot and been happy and sad and lonely and.... that's what I've done. Which is more than I can say for some freak who's afraid he'll get the Ebola virus from a bowl of mixed nuts!

REUBEN
Those nuts have pee on them! That's just common sense.

POLLY
Trust me, it goes way beyond common sense.

REUBEN
You don't understand where I came from. My mom made me afraid of everything when I was a kid.

POLLY
Yeah, well big deal. My dad had a second fucking family.

REUBEN
What?

POLLY
On Long Island. He had a wife, kids, a golden retriever. We found out about them in Seventh Grade.

REUBEN
So that's why you left school?

POLLY
He decided he liked them more than my mom and me. I think you guys shared similar feelings about the suburbs.

REUBEN
Polly, I'm sorry. I obviously didn't know that.

Polly points to the printout.

POLLY
You know, I'm glad I saw that. Because I can make this very easy for you. I'm not interested in getting married, and moving to the suburbs and having 2.3 kids by the time I'm thirty five. And that is clearly what you want for yourself, so, I think you should get back together with Lisa. Move into your house, and get on with your life. I'm sure you guys will be very happy together.

The boat hits another wave -- they go FLYING across the room.

ABOVE DECK

Van Lew desperately mans the rudder as The 'Roo Shooter heads straight towards a JAGGED, ROCKY outcropping by the shoreline.

LELAND
(quietly)
Oh dear lord.

WIDER -- we watch, from a distance, as the 'Roo Shooter SMASHES into the rocks.

EXT. ABOARD A DINGY - MINUTES LATER

A devastated Van Lew rows Reuben and Polly to safety. Polly cradles Rodolfo who looks like a wet dishrag with eyes.

No one needs to say anything -- their sad faces tell us how they feel. In the b.g., the 'Roo Shooter sinks.

EXT. REUBEN'S HOUSE - MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

Reuben pulls into his driveway. Gets out, wheeling his suitcase up to the front door.

A SERIES OF CUTS

The house looks empty and lonely, filled with moving boxes.

-In the bedroom, there's still a slit where he stabbed the mattress. Reuben makes the bed, returning to his old routine.

-Lying in bed, Reuben types into his laptop. Leland's RISKMASTER PROFILE is on the screen. He presses the RETURN KEY, and the words: **"Leland Van Lew - Uninsurable"** appear.

-In the living room. He hooks up the TV and VCR.

-Sitting on the floor, he fast-forwards through his wedding video. Sees Lisa and him exchanging their vows. Running out for their first dance. Reuben making his toast.

-Reuben holds his cell-phone, contemplating making a call.

-Moments later, he's on the phone, pacing.

REUBEN
Hi, Mrs. Kramer, it's Reuben... I've been good, thank you... is Lisa there?
(after a moment)
Hey... so, I've been thinking... maybe we should get together, talk about stuff... yes, I'm in the house right now... it's great...

NEW ANGLE -- OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, LOOKING IN.

The Security Car pulls up.

IN THE CAR -- the Officer from earlier drives, a TRAINEE riding shotgun. They watch Reuben through the CURTAINLESS windows.

SECURITY OFFICER
Reuben Feffer. Caught his wife boinking some guy on his honeymoon.

SECURITY TRAINEE
That sucks dick.

SECURITY OFFICER
Copy that. It's a lot of house for one guy.

They nod, pull away as we go to...

EXT. AVENUE D PLAYHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Reuben waits outside amongst several other THEATERGOERS. Vivian and Arnold walk up.

VIVIAN
Oh my god, Arn, look who's here.

REUBEN
Sandy invited you guys?

VIVIAN
Of course. We wouldn't miss it for the world.

Vivian feels Reuben's ribs.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Are you alright? You feel thin.

REUBEN
I'm fine. Go in and get seats, I'm waiting for someone.

VIVIAN
Ay-ya-yay, not that girl with the horrible tattoo?

REUBEN
No, mom. We're not seeing each other anymore.

Vivian and Arnold head into the theater.

JAVIER (O.S.)
Ruby Tuesday.

Reuben turns around, sees Javier approaching.

REUBEN
Hey. What are you doing here?

JAVIER
What else? Hector's playing keyboard in the band. I didn't figure you for a fan of musical theater.

REUBEN
I'm friends with one of the actors, Sandy Lyle.

JAVIER
(negative reaction)
Right, Hec's told me about that guy.

They nod. It seems a little tense between them.

REUBEN
So... have you talked to Polly?

JAVIER
Saw her on Tuesday. She was upset, Reub. What the hell happened on that boat?

REUBEN
I don't know. I did something stupid. I have to call her.

JAVIER
It's too late, bro. She's leaving town.

REUBEN
What?

JAVIER
For good. She's taking off like now.

REUBEN
Where's she going?

JAVIER
No idea. She's on a 6:30 train to somewhere she wouldn't tell me.

REUBEN
I can't believe she's just leaving.

JAVIER
I guess that's her thing. When she gets too comfortable in one place, she takes off.
(beat)
I'm sorry it didn't work out with you two.

REUBEN
We're pretty different people. I think it just wasn't meant to be.

JAVIER
Polly's a wild-card, man. You gotta be a certain kind of guy to ride with that.

Lisa crosses the street, walking up to Reuben and Javier.

LISA
Hey, sorry I'm late.

She kisses Reuben on the cheek. He tries to be upbeat.

REUBEN
Javy, this is Lisa. My uh... my wife.

Javier is clearly surprised by this news.

LISA
How do you two know each other?

JAVIER
I'm his salsa teacher.

Now Lisa looks surprised.

JAVIER (CONT'D)
I'm gonna head inside. You take care, alright, Reub.

Javier leaves. Lisa looks at Reuben.

LISA
Since when do you Salsa dance?

REUBEN
I took a couple of lessons. It's nothing.

INT. THE THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

The place is packed. Dustin and Vic have set up their camera at the back of the theater.

Reuben and Lisa enter. Viv looks up, waves, extremely happy to see her. They take their seats, Reuben next to his mother.

As the OVERTURE begins, Viv whispers in Reuben's ear.

VIVIAN
Rita called the minute she came back. You're doing the right thing here, Reub. This is exciting.

REUBEN
Thanks, mom.

The lights dim. Lisa takes Reuben's hand in hers. They make quick eye-contact, smile, then he turns away.

ON-STAGE, SMOKE fills the set. Sandy emerges, dressed in a tight disco/biblical outfit, singing into a headset mic.

SANDY
My mind is clear now, at last all too well/I can see where we all soon will be/If you strip away the myth from the man you will see where we all soon will be/JEEESUSSS!!!

He gets down on his hands and knees.

SANDY (CONT'D)
You've started to believe/The things they say of you/You really do believe/This talk of God is true!!!

Someone drops something off-stage. Sandy abruptly stands up.

SANDY (CONT'D)
What the cock is going on back there?!

An off-stage actor mumbles something.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Excuse me?

ACTOR (O.S.)
Wonsuk dropped his spear, it's okay.

Sandy bounds off the stage. The audience is stunned.

REUBEN
Oh, no.

The stage is empty, but we can hear Sandy and the cast.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
What are you doing? Get back on-stage.

SANDY (O.S.)
I'm putting my ass on the line out there! And you people make me look like a clown! Can you hold on to your goddamn spear, Wonsuk, or do I have to Krazy Glue it to your hand?!

WONSUK (O.S.)
Screw you, Sandy.

We hear a SCUFFLE. People smashing into things. Sandy and Wonsuk stumble onto the stage, knocking over props. Finally, the Director and several CAST MEMBERS pulls Sandy off Wonsuk.

DIRECTOR
Get out of here! You're fired!

SANDY
You can't fire me! I'm the star of the show!

WONSUK
No, you're not. This is community theater, you dick! We're all the stars!

The audience APPLAUDS. Sandy walks off the stage, down the aisle, passing the audience as he exits.

EXT. AVENUE D PLAYHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Reuben, Lisa, Arnold, Vivian, Dustin and Vic exit the theater. Sandy is angrily pacing.

REUBEN
What just happened in there?

SANDY
I'm a professional, Reuben. I don't need to put my reputation on the line for a group of freakin' amateurs.

Beat. Then, for the first time in the movie, ARNOLD SPEAKS.

ARNOLD
It's always the same story with you, huh, pal?

Everyone turns to Arnold, shocked.

SANDY
What?

ARNOLD
You did this one picture, a hundred years ago, from then on, you thought you were better than everybody else. Why don't you let go and move on with your life?

Reuben watches his dad, closely.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
It's not about what happened in the past... or what you think will happen in the future. It's about the ride for chrissakes. Trust me, there's no point in going through this crap if you're not gonna enjoy the ride.

Sandy nods, the message getting through.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
You were funny as hell playing those bagpipes though. I ever tell you that?

SANDY
I don't think I've ever heard you speak before, Mr. Feffer.

Lisa turns to Reuben.

LISA
Well, that was intense. You want to go get a bite?

Reuben looks at Lisa for a long beat. Then...

REUBEN
No, I don't think that's a good idea.

LISA
Nothing spicy, we'll just get something simple.

REUBEN
I shouldn't of asked you to come here. It's not gonna work out between us, Lisa.

LISA
What are you talking about? Why?

REUBEN
I think it ultimately comes down to the fact that, we want different things and...
(looks her in the eye, calmly)
...you fucked a scuba diving instructor on our honeymoon. What kind of cold, heartless bitch does that to someone they love? I'd have to be an idiot to take you back after that. So, you know, goodbye, I hope you have a great life.

Reuben starts walking away. Then, he turns back to Lisa.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
By the way, I destroyed all your stupid throw-pillows. Because throw-pillows suck, okay? They serve no purpose.

VIVIAN
Reub, you're making a big mistake here. Where are you going?

REUBEN
To find that girl with the horrible tattoo.

He turns, walks away.

AROUND THE CORNER

Sandy catches up to Reuben. Dustin and Vic trail behind him, recording.

SANDY
Dude, that was incredible.

REUBEN
You're the one who told me I should get back together with her.

Sandy takes Reuben's arm, stopping him.

SANDY
Reuben, listen to me closely.

REUBEN
I have to go, Sandy. Polly's getting on a train in twenty minutes.

SANDY
Whatever you do, don't ever take my advice again. Your dad totally put it in perspective for me. I was in one movie! When I was twelve. I was barely famous back then, and I'm never gonna be famous again.

Reuben motions to Dustin and Vic.

REUBEN
What about the E TRUE HOLLYWOOD STORY? I thought that's gonna put you back on the map.

Dustin and Vic look away.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
What? What did I say?

SANDY
The E Channel doesn't actually know we're making this show.

REUBEN
What do you mean?

SANDY
I hired Dustin and Vic myself. I was gonna try and sell it to the network when I'm done.

REUBEN
(laughing)
You're doing an E TRUE HOLLYWOOD STORY on yourself? That is the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

SANDY
(laughing at himself)
I know. I am such a loser.

Reuben's phone rings. He whips it out, puts on his headset.

REUBEN
This is Reuben.

INT. INDURSKY AND SONS - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Stan talks to Reuben while Leland and his fellow BOARD MEMBERS file into the room.

STAN
Reuben, Stan. We've got a situation here.

SPLIT-SCREEN REUBEN AND STAN

Stan speaks out of earshot of Leland and his board.

On Reuben's side, in the b.g., Sandy gives Dustin and Vic some money, hugs each of them, they take off.

STAN (CONT'D)
Van Lew and his entire board just walked in here unannounced. They say they're not leaving until they get an answer on the policy.

REUBEN
(checks his watch)
Stan, I'm dealing with some personal business. Is there any way they can--

STAN
No, they can't. They need to hear this from the horse's mouth and right now you're Mr. goddamn Ed. So, get your ass over here!

ON THE STREET -- Reuben hangs up his phone, looking stressed.

SANDY
What is it?

REUBEN
There's an emergency. I have to go to my office.

SANDY
What about Polly?

REUBEN
I don't know. No one knows where she's headed. If she gets inside that train station, I'll never see her again.

Beat. Sandy looks at Reuben, determined.

SANDY
That's not gonna happen.

REUBEN
What do you mean?

SANDY
Your office is right across from Grand Central. I'll wait outside, stop her before she goes in.

REUBEN
What if you miss her?

SANDY
(dramatically)
I am your wing-man, Reuben. I promise, I won't let you down. Come on.

Sandy takes off down the street.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Sandy's doubled over, wheezing, trying to catch his breath.

SANDY
I can't make it. Go on without me.

REUBEN
We've only gone two blocks. Let's go!

They resume running.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

A CLOCK outside the building reads 6:22 p.m.. We MOVE UP to reveal Reuben's office building, and as we PUSH IN to a window on a high floor...

INT. REUBEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Reuben grabs the PRINTOUT of Van Lew's RISKMASTER PROFILE -- the words: **Leland Van Lew - Uninsurable** visible on the bottom of the second page. He runs out of his office.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Reuben bursts into the room, where Stan sits with Van Lew and the LVL TECH board.

STAN
There he is!

REUBEN
Okay, I'm here. I'm here.

LELAND
(downbeat)
Hello, Reuben.

STAN
Let's cut to the chase. You wanna explain your decision to these people.

REUBEN
Right. Okay. This was... is... a very complex situation. As I assume you know, Leland engages in a number of non-job related activities. Some of them extremely... risky.

LELAND
In my own defense, I'd like to say, there were a couple of unfortunate--

STAN
Let him finish, Leland.

REUBEN
(reading the printout)
These activities include shark diving, BASE jumping, volcano-luging... yacht-racing...

Reuben's phone rings. He motions for the group to hold on, puts his headset in his ear.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
Excuse me for a moment.
(into phone)
Hello?

SANDY (O.S.)
She just pulled up in a cab with some chick. They're unloading her bags.

REUBEN
Don't let her get inside!

SANDY (O.S.)
Relax! I won't let her out of my sight.

Reuben hangs up the phone. Re-addresses the group.

REUBEN
Sorry. So, I was saying...

STAN
For chrissakes, yes or no, Reuben.

REUBEN
The bottom line is...

Tension fills the room. He stares down at the printout.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - SAME

Roxanne helps Polly with her belongings. Sandy keeps a close eye on them, until... a DORKY 30 YEAR OLD GUY yells out...

DORKY GUY
CROC TEARS!

SANDY
What's that?

DORKY GUY
You're Sandy Lyle. From "CROCODILE TEARS."

SANDY
Yeah, that's me.

DORKY GUY
Mr. Lyle, that movie changed my life. The way you were like a spaz, but you got the hot girl in the end. It was totally inspirational.

Sandy turns away from Polly and Roxanne.

SANDY
Thanks a lot, dude. I appreciate it.

INT. INDURSKY AND SONS BOARDROOM - SAME

Reuben finally folds up the printout, puts it in his pocket.

REUBEN
The bottom line is, as long as he limits his shark-diving to once a year, it's my decision that Indursky and Sons can offer Leland a a standard twenty year policy.

Everyone is in shock.

STAN
You're telling me the numbers added up here? That's what the computer came up with?

REUBEN
The numbers are complex, Stan. At the end of the day, I had to go with my gut. I'm fully confident that Leland's going to be around for many years to come.

STAN
And what if he isn't? We're out millions, and you walk away with a big fat bonus.

Beat, then...

REUBEN
You can have my house.

STAN
What?

REUBEN
Take it as collateral. I'll sign the paperwork today. If Leland dies in the next twenty years, my house is yours.

LELAND
Feff, come on, you don't have to do that.

REUBEN
He deserves the policy, Stan. Will you give it to him or not?

Beat. Stan making a decision. Then...

STAN
Alright, done deal. Mazel-mazel, Leland. Looks like you're gonna be the CEO of a publicly-traded company.

The BOARD EXULTS. Reuben heads towards the door.

REUBEN
Good luck, folks. I have to run.

And Reuben leaves the room.

STAN
Been through the ringer, that kid. Caught his wife shtupping a scuba instructor on his honeymoon.

LELAND
Always happens to the good guys.

The execs and Indursky nod.

INT. INDURSKY AND SONS - BY THE ELEVATOR - SAME

Reuben presses the button several times. He checks his watch. Looks at the grid showing the progress of the elevators. They're all on low floors.

He whips out his cell-phone, the headset cord is all tangled up. Then, he courageously puts the ACTUAL PHONE to his ear.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Polly and Roxanne pile Polly's stuff onto the sidewalk. Nearby, a cell-phone rings.

ON SANDY -- signing a HEADSHOT for the Dorky Guy. He pulls his phone out, and... TURNS IT OFF, continues signing.

DORKY GUY
So, you still do any acting?

SANDY
Actually, I just got fired from a show, 'cause I was being a dick. But I'm gonna beg them to let me back in.

As Sandy continues signing, Polly and Roxanne literally pass right in front of him, without him noticing.

INT. INDURSKY AND SONS - BY THE ELEVATOR - SAME

Reuben hangs up his cell-phone, frustrated.

REUBEN
Goddamnit, Sandy.

Reuben looks at the elevator grid, closely, back to his watch.

REUBEN (CONT'D)
(quietly, to himself)
Two floors every five seconds... stopping six more times... figure eight more stops on the way down... carry the two... I'm not gonna make it.

Leland and his EXECS round the corner...

LELAND
There's my knight in shining armor!

Reuben holds up his hand, he needs a moment to think. He looks at the stairs.

REUBEN
Sixty-two flights... fifteen seconds a flight... fifteen minutes. Shit.

Reuben looks over to Leland. Eyeing him closely.

LELAND
Everything alright there, Reub?

He looks at the elevator grid, then the stairs, back to Leland.

REUBEN
Can I ask you a question?

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Reuben and Leland run upstairs, Leland shedding his jacket.

LELAND
Of course I'm wearing it. What'd you think, I'd let some insurance wonk tell me how to live my life?

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - SAME

Polly stops short as she heads into Grand Central.

POLLY
Oh my god.

ROXANNE
What?

POLLY
I left something in the cab.
(spins around)
Wait!

She runs to the TAXI just as it starts pulling away.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF - SAME

Reuben and Leland burst out onto the roof, Leland now fastening his BASE JUMPING BACKPACK to Reuben's back.

Leland runs to the edge, pulling out his binoculars and looking down.

BINOCULARS POV -- Polly exits the back of the cab with Rodolfo, walks towards the entrance to the train station.

LELAND
She's down there holding some kind of marsupial! If you do a straight free-fall, you'll land right in front of her. This is gonna be great!

REUBEN
Okay, here we go.

LELAND
Remember, big jump, count of three, then a nice hard tug on the ripper.

Reuben takes deep-breaths, psyching himself up.

LELAND (CONT'D)
Reuben, I really appreciate what you did for me down there. Putting up your house and all.

REUBEN
It's okay, Leland. I don't think the suburbs are for me, anyway.

LELAND
I'm just saying, if something goes wrong on the way down, I won't ever forget what you did.

REUBEN
(suddenly panicked)
Why are you saying that?! You don't think I'm gonna make it?!

LELAND
You probably will, but it's a calculated risk. That's part of the deal.

REUBEN
What am I thinking?! I can't do this! I'm not the kind of guy who parachutes off buildings!

LELAND
Yes you are! Come on, it's like jumping off a curb!

REUBEN
I can't!

LELAND
You can!

Reuben stands there, frozen. Leland waits. Then, suddenly, Reuben sprints across the roof, SOARING over the ledge.

He free-falls towards the street, screaming, panicked. Leland watches him, extremely concerned.

LELAND (CONT'D)
Pull the ripper, Feff.

ON REUBEN -- he continues to plummet. Then, something changes on his face. Just as Leland described it, the fear lifts.

SLOW MOTION

As he continues falling, there's an incredibly peaceful look on Reuben's face. He watches the world fly by with great clarity. Finally, he calmly pulls the RIPCORD as we...

END SLOW MOTION

The parachute opens perfectly.

BY THE ENTRANCE TO GRAND CENTRAL

Polly's halfway through the door. But right before she disappears, she hears Roxanne wonder...

ROXANNE
Is that the loofah guy?

Polly looks up, sees Reuben PARACHUTING towards the ground.

Reuben floats through the air, determined, guiding himself down.

Polly shakes her head in disbelief. Then, her hand goes to her mouth.

POLLY
(horrified)
Oh my god!

ON REUBEN - WIDE -- he abruptly SMASHES into a FLAG-POLE -- hung horizontally off the building. His chute gets tangled in it, and he drops the remaining twenty feet to the street as we...

CUT TO:

A GURNEY BURSTING THROUGH TWO DOUBLE DOORS

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Reuben lies on the gurney as PARAMEDICS rush him down the hospital corridor. He looks up at...

Polly, Roxanne, Sandy and Leland, who run with him. Then, he disappears behind another set of doors.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

The four of them are spread out in the waiting room, now joined by Vivian, Arnold and Stan. Leland shakes his head, sadly.

LELAND
(to Stan)
I swear to Christ, I never saw that flag-pole coming.

Roxanne sits on a couch, absentmindedly stroking a rolled up magazine like it's a penis. Sandy watches this, intrigued, then walks over.

SANDY
You okay over here?

ROXANNE
(realizing what she's doing)
Sorry. I do this when I'm nervous.

SANDY
No, it's cool. I'm Sandy, by the way. Reuben's uh... his wing-man.

ROXANNE
Roxanne.

They shake hands, neither person letting go -- clearly feeling some kind of mutual attraction.

A DOCTOR walks out. All heads turn in his direction.

DOCTOR
He's got a few broken bones, some minor lacerations, but he's going to be fine.

Everyone breathes sighs of relief.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Polly enters the quiet, dark room, the rhythmic beeping of various machines breaking through the silence.

POLLY
Hey.

Reuben lies in bed, groggy. A cast on his arm, one leg in traction. He barely has enough energy to speak.

REUBEN
Hi, Polly.

POLLY
How do you feel?

REUBEN
Okay, you know. A little sore.

POLLY
No one's ever parachuted off a building for me before. That's pretty romantic.

REUBEN
It didn't exactly work out as planned.

POLLY
I'm here, aren't I?

REUBEN
You're not leaving town?

POLLY
No, I think I'll stay around for a little while.

She sits down on the edge of the bed.

REUBEN
Polly, I don't want you to think I was going to propose or anything.

POLLY
You weren't?

REUBEN
No. I was just seeing if you wanted to get dinner some time.

Beat. Then...

POLLY
Can I pick the place?

REUBEN
I'd really rather you didn't.

They exchange smiles...

IN THE HALLWAY

Vivian marches towards Reuben's room, throwing the door open...

VIVIAN
Oh my god! My precious little baby!

VIVIAN'S POV -- Reuben and Polly are kissing. And as the entire group files in to Reuben's hospital room, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ST. BARTS - SALINE BEACH - DAY

A MAN AND WOMAN (seen from the waist up) lie on their stomachs, soaking up some rays. We hear a familiar, French-accented voice...

CLAUDE (O.S.)
Excuse me. Hi. Hello. I see you two are new to ze island...

The MAN turns over -- it's REUBEN. POLLY turns over a moment later. They stare up at Claude, standing over them in a Sarong.

REUBEN
Hey, Claude.

CLAUDE
Oh my star and stripe! Lubahn! I can't believe it eez you!

REUBEN
How's it going?

CLAUDE
In truth, eets been-a little tough-nogies. Leeza broke my heart, Lubahn.

REUBEN
I'm sorry, Claude.

CLAUDE
Hey, zat eez life, right?

REUBEN
You have to be like the hippo.

CLAUDE
Exactly. Like ze heepo. Let me guess, you two are here on honeymoon?! Zees is your beautiful bride?

REUBEN
No-no, we're just dating.

POLLY
Come on, it's a little more serious than that.

REUBEN
I was just saying we're not married.

POLLY
No, definitely not. I mean, it's a possibility...

REUBEN
We're taking it step-by-step, Claude. Seeing where things go.

CLAUDE
I don't really understand what you are talking about, but is there any chance you are for scuba today?

REUBEN
Actually, we are for scuba.

CLAUDE
No way, José!

REUBEN
I figured it's time I tried it. But we're going out with that guy.

Reuben points to the water, where LELAND VAN LEW stands aboard a SPARKLING NEW YACHT, named "SON OF THE 'ROO SHOOTER."

CLAUDE
As long as you are for scuba, Lubahn, I am happy. Au revoir, my good friend.

Reuben stands up, gives Claude a loving hug.

REUBEN
Thanks for everything, Claude.

They break apart, Claude heading down the beach.

POLLY
You ready?

REUBEN
Let's do it.

As a final SONG fades up, Reuben and Polly walk towards the water. We HOLD ON their backs, and we now see that...

REUBEN IS NOT WEARING A BATHING SUIT.

They get to the ocean and dive in. And as they swim through the clear Caribbean water...

FADE TO BLACK:

ROLL CLOSING CREDITS

OVER BLACK, we hear:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Now back to the conclusion of THE "E" TRUE HOLLYWOOD STORY.

CUT TO: Sandy, giving an interview.

SANDY
The fact is, CROCODILE TEARS will always be a part of me, but you have to move on. I may not be one of the top box office stars in the country anymore. But I'm pursuing my first love, musical theater.

CUT TO: The Avenue D players singing the joyous final song from JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR. The camera zooms into the chorus, where it finds Sandy -- now a CHORUS MEMBER, singing his heart out.

SANDY (CONT'D)
I recently began a warm, highly sexual relationship with a wonderful woman...

ROXANNE and Sandy walk through Central Park. She buys a HOT-DOG from a vendor, strokes it suggestively. Sandy cracks up.

SANDY (CONT'D)
have great friends...

A BOOK PARTY. Reuben and Polly mingle with Sandy in front of the blown up cover of Polly's book. It's called: "THE BOY WHO ATE MIXED NUTS. A children's book for grown-ups."

Beneath the title, there's a drawing of a guy who looks like Reuben, having a TOXIC MELTDOWN after eating bar nuts.

Back to the interview. The sound of BAGPIPES fades up.

SANDY (CONT'D)
And while I may not know exactly what the future has in store, you know what, gang, that's okay. Because I'm here, I'm healthy, and...

Sandy begins to tear up...

SANDY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry... no, it's okay, you can keep rolling.
(wiping his tears)
And for the first time, in a long time, I'm enjoying the ride.

We hear the beautiful, haunting sounds of Sandy's bag-pipe rendition of "I'M ALL OUT OF LOVE" and we slowly FADE OUT.

THE END