

INT. MANHATTAN DIVORCE COURT - DAY

Marisa sits next to her ATTORNEY who studies documents.

Alec sits next to Haley, stares off into space, a wistful grin on his face.

HALEY

You sure you want to go through  
with this?

ALEC

I don't know.

HALEY

(under his breath)  
You don't know?

BAILIFF

All rise.

Everyone stands.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)

Please turn off all cell phones and  
electronic devices. Court is now in  
session, the Honorable Donald  
Quackenbush presiding.

The JUDGE strides in.

Guess who? It's DQ again.

ALEC

(to Haley)  
I don't believe this!

JUDGE/DRAG QUEEN

Be seated. I'm sitting in for Judge  
Morris who has been detained.

HALEY

(to Alec)  
What?

ALEC

I swear I know this guy.

HALEY

You know the judge?

ALEC

This guy shows up everywhere.

Haley gives Alec a nervous look. Hands papers to the BAILIFF who hands them to the Judge/Drag Queen. Marisa's Attorney stands.

MARISA'S ATTORNEY

Plaintiff requests a delay, your honor. We've barely just received these documents in discovery.

JUDGE/DRAG QUEEN

You are aware that hiding assets is a felony.

(to Marisa)

You know anything about this, madam?

MARISA'S ATTORNEY

Your honor, my client denies all knowledge of any alleged bank account in the Cayman Islands.

The Judge/Drag Queen studies the documents. Alec leans over, whispers to Haley.

ALEC

Let's just wrap up the divorce and forget the rest.

HALEY

What?

ALEC

My heart's not in it.

HALEY

I thought we were going protect your assets at all cost. What happened?

ALEC

Claire.

HALEY

Here we go again.

ALEC

I'm not going to lose her this time!

Stands. Haley tugs at his coat.

HALEY

Alec!

ALEC  
 (to Judge)  
 Your honor, I've changed my mind.  
 I'd like to drop the hidden assets  
 allegation.

JUDGE/DRAG QUEEN  
 (huge smile)  
 I see somebody's come to his  
 senses!

HALEY  
 (stands)  
 Your honor, a moment to confer with  
 my client?

A cell phone RINGS somewhere. The Bailiff scans the  
 courtroom.

JUDGE/DRAG QUEEN  
 And I certainly wouldn't want to  
 impede the cause of justice.  
 (beat)  
 Sorry.

Turns his back to the courtroom, digs in his robe for the  
 phone. The Clerk, Bailiff and Attorneys are dumbfounded.

MARISA'S ATTORNEY  
 Your honor, this is highly  
 irregular.

JUDGE/DRAG QUEEN  
 (whispering, on phone)  
 Please. Don't take me off the case.  
 I can do it. I know I can.  
 (long beat)  
 I promise.

Stuffs the phone back in his robe. Turns back to the  
 courtroom.

JUDGE/DRAG QUEEN (CONT'D)  
 (with all the severity he  
 can manage)  
 The court has no choice but to  
 examine the evidence.  
 (to Marisa)  
 I see you recently purchased a new  
 vehicle?

MARISA  
 Yes, your honor. Powder blue. Real  
 cute.

## JUDGE/DRAG QUEEN

Judge Morris ordered a freeze on major purchases until the divorce is final. The vehicle will be impounded pending resolution of this matter. The divorce petition is stayed.

Gavels.

## EXT. OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM - DAY

Marisa walks out into the street. She pumps her key chain, but no "beep" from the keyless lock system.

A TOW TRUCK DRIVER loads her powder blue Aston Martin onto a flatbed tow truck. He hands Marisa his card.

## TOW TRUCK DRIVER

Give me a call when your divorce is final.

## MARISA

There's not going to be a divorce.

## TOW TRUCK DRIVER

No?

## MARISA

(to herself)

You can't divorce a dead man.

Cracks her gum. Steps into the street, hails a cab.

## EXT. YACHT CLUB DOCK - NIGHT

Marisa slips out of darkness and walks down the ramp to Alec's yacht.

## INT. ALEC'S YACHT, BAR - NIGHT

Marisa takes a wad of gum out of her mouth, drops it in the trash can. Gets an opened wine bottle off the counter, uncorks it and pours some into a glass. Takes a sip.

Rinses out the glass and returns it to the rack.

Takes a small medicine bottle out of her purse, opens it, pours a few drops into the wine bottle, recorks it.

SAMBA struts about on his perch behind her.

SAMBA

KRAWKK!

MARISA

Come down here and give momma a  
kiss.

Holds up the small bottle.

MARISA (CONT'D)

Got something for you. Yum, yum.

She reaches for him, but he flaps up and perches on a  
chandelier.

MARISA (CONT'D)

Mangy old bird!

SAMBA

Mangy old bird! KRAWKK!

Marisa puts the small bottle back in her purse and slips out.

INT. ALEC'S YACHT, BELOW DECK - NIGHT

A flashlight pierces the darkness, moves slowly over the open  
engine compartment.

OUTSIDE NEAR THE DOCK

A car pulls in to a parking space. The flashlight clicks off.

EXT. GANGWAY - NIGHT

Alec makes his way toward the yacht. He stops, examines the  
bottom of his shoe.

A BIG SLAB OF GUM

on the sole. He gets out a handkerchief, picks it off and  
throws it into a nearby trash can.

INT. ALEC'S YACHT, BAR - NIGHT

Alec enters. Samba screeches a greeting from the chandelier.

SAMBA

Mangy old bird! KRAWKK!

ALEC  
What are you doing up there?

The bird flutters down and perches on his shoulder. Alec walks to the bar.

ALEC (CONT'D)  
How about a snort, kiddo?

Pours himself a glass of wine from the bottle Marisa doctored.

ALEC (CONT'D)  
One sip.

Samba flutters over, sniffs at the wine glass.

SAMBA  
Krawwwk!

The bird raises its beak as though to drink.

Instead, it flaps its wings and knocks the glass out of Alec's hand.

SAMBA (CONT'D)  
KRAWWWWWK!

ALEC  
Now look what you did. Bad boy!

He mops up the wine with a towel. Samba attacks the towel, flapping and scratching.

ALEC (CONT'D)  
Samba!

He moves the bird to its perch where it struts back and forth, very agitated. Alec smells the towel, then the wine bottle.

ALEC (CONT'D)  
Turned! Must be a bad cork.

Pours the rest of the bottle down the sink.

ALEC (CONT'D)  
(to Samba)  
You've got a good sniffer, buddy.

His cell phone rings. He picks up.

ALEC (CONT'D)  
 (on phone)  
 This is Alec.

INTERCUT:

EXT. CARNEGIE HALL STAGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Claire sits on a marble bench near the curb. Her spotlighted poster glows in a kiosk over her shoulder.

CLAIRE  
 (on her cell phone)  
 Where are you?

ALEC  
 On board.

CLAIRE  
 You're cutting out.

ALEC  
 Hold on.

EXT. YACHT CLUB DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Alec steps out on deck.

ALEC  
 (on phone)  
 Better?

CLAIRE  
 (on phone)  
 Much. You coming to the concert  
 Friday?

ALEC  
 Wouldn't miss it. Can we do lunch  
 tomorrow?

CLAIRE  
 Somewhere close by. I have a  
 matinee.

ALEC  
 How about the little deli on the  
 corner?

CLAIRE  
 Eleven?

ALEC  
Can't wait.

CLAIRE  
See you then.

ALEC  
Love you, Itz.

CLAIRE  
What'd you say?

ALEC  
You mind me calling you that?

CLAIRE  
The other part.

ALEC  
The "Love you" part?

A long silence.

ALEC (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me?

CLAIRE  
I can hear you fine.

ALEC  
See you tomorrow then.

CLAIRE  
Goodnight, Alec.

They click off. Alec checks his cell phone. Pulls out the battery.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
(to her poster)  
Hope you know what you're doing,  
girl.

EXT. YACHT CLUB DOCK - CONTINUOUS

IN THE DISTANCE

at the far end of the dock, the Paparazzo lifts his camera, cranks open a long telescopic lens. No flash. Just the shutter clicking furtively in the darkness.

EXT. CARNEGIE HALL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Irene pulls up in the SUV. Claire gets in.

INT./EXT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Claire takes a pill from her prescription bottle, downs it without water.

IRENE

You want some water with that?

CLAIRE

How about a nice stiff martini. He called me "Itz."

IRENE

Maybe he's regressing.

CLAIRE

He also told me he loves me.

They cruise along in silence for a moment.

They pass a sidewalk bistro outside Rockefeller Center. In the distance, Claire's poster dominates the courtyard.

IRENE

My God, you're taking over the world!

CLAIRE

When I was waiting for you, I was looking at my poster.

IRENE

I thought you hated it.

CLAIRE

I do. But I talked to it. I said "I hope you know what you're doing, girl."

IRENE

And do you?

CLAIRE

If I let this guy into my life, I'll have no more excuses. I might, actually, maybe, have to be, happy.

A BEEPING SOUND. She fumbles in her purse.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Check this stupid thing.

Irene reads the indicator on the blood pressure monitor.

IRENE  
One-forty-six over ninety. A little high. But, hey, some guy just told you he loves you.

CLAIRE  
What am I going to say to him?

IRENE  
How about "I love you too"? You do love him, don't you?

Claire nods.

IRENE (CONT'D)  
So tell him.

CLAIRE  
We're doing lunch tomorrow.

IRENE  
You have a photo shoot.

CLAIRE  
Damn! Hand me my phone.

IRENE  
Call him in the morning. Right now you need your beauty sleep. You have to be radiant for the new CD cover.

CLAIRE  
I don't know if I'm up to "radiant." Would you buy "luminous, glowing" --

IRENE  
"Incandescent!" "Dazzling!"

CLAIRE  
Oh, alright -- "brilliant!"

INT. CARNEGIE DELI - DAY

Alec sits in a booth alone. Looks at his watch.

Dials his cell phone. It promptly goes dead. He shakes it. Nothing.

Goes to a pay phone in the corner, fumbles for some coins and dials.

Irene's VOICE is heard.

IRENE'S VOICE

We can't come to the phone at the moment. Please leave a message.

ALEC

(on phone)

Hi, Irene? This is Alec. Claire and I were meeting for lunch -- Carnegie Deli? Maybe she's on the way. My cell phone's acting up so I thought she might be trying to reach me. Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. CARNEGIE DELI - LATER

Alec's now on his third cup of coffee and really annoyed. Checks his watch again. The WAITER approaches.

WAITER

Still waiting for the lady?

Alec nods.

WAITER (CONT'D)

I'm sure she'll be along soon. Did you want to go ahead and order?

ALEC

I'll wait a bit longer.

WAITER

I will need the booth soon, sir.

ALEC

Tell you what, let's just forget it!

Stands angrily, knocks over a glass of water.

ALEC (CONT'D)

(catches himself)

Sorry about that.

WAITER  
I know the feeling.

As he mops up the water, Alec stuffs a twenty dollar bill in his pocket.

WAITER (CONT'D)  
Thank you, sir.

ALEC  
Can I ask you something?

WAITER  
Sure.

ALEC  
You ever been in love?

The Waiter grins.

ALEC (CONT'D)  
I mean, really in love?

WAITER  
I know what you're going through.  
But that's the price of love.

ALEC  
What price?

WAITER  
You start thinking about someone  
other than yourself.

ALEC  
It's called growing up. Thanks.

WAITER  
It'll all work out.

ALEC  
I hope so. It has to.

EXT. BRIDGEPORT HARBOR ESTATE - DAY

A greenhouse nestled in lavish gardens near a private dock overlooking the sea.

An ASSISTANT focuses a reflector on Claire who poses with her violin, surrounded by exotic plants. The PHOTOGRAPHER frames the long shafts of light pouring in from the cantilevered glass above them.

INT. ALEC'S OFFICE, RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Grace is reading a tabloid newspaper which she quickly hides as Alec comes in.

ALEC  
She didn't show.

GRACE  
They've been trying to reach you  
all morning.

Dumps his cell phone on her desk.

ALEC  
I need a new cell.

GRACE  
She had a photo shoot.  
(beat)  
Mr. Myers, you better take a look  
at this.

She hands Alec the tabloid.

A PICTURE OF CLAIRE

coming out of Dr. Wirtz's office and a glaring headline.

"HEARTBREAK IN E MINOR: Soloist Under Care of New York  
Cardiologist."

ALEC  
I have to get over there!

Heads for the door.

GRACE  
The investor's meeting!

ALEC  
Cancel it.

EXT. BRIDGEPORT HARBOR ESTATE

Claire continues her pose.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
This is a long exposure. Hold very  
still.

Opens the shutter.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)  
Breathe through your mouth.

CLAIRE  
(like a bad ventriloquist)  
Easy for you to say.

Irene hangs up her cell phone.

IRENE  
He's on his way.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Don't move!

CLAIRE  
Was he furious?

IRENE  
He saw the paper, Claire.

CLAIRE  
Oh God.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
You're moving! One thousand and  
twelve. One thousand thirteen.

EXT. YACHT CLUB, DOCK - DAY

Alec is on the bridge. The engine SPUTTERS, then ROARS to life. A DOCK HAND removes tie downs, barely has time to leap onto the dock before Alec pulls away.

EXT. OFF SHORE - DAY

Alec's yacht races across the sound. In the distance, Bridgeport harbor rocks into view.

A LOUD GRINDING SOUND.

The yacht falters. The engine GURGLES into silence.

Alec sprints down to the deck, goes below.

INT. BELOW DECK - DAY

Alec opens the engine compartment.

A fish with a single strawberry placed carefully in its mouth sits atop the smoking engine. He runs back upstairs.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Alec steps under the canopy and reaches for the radio handset.

ALEC  
Coast Guard, Sandy Hook. This is  
the Marianna. Come in please. Over.

Static. Alec punches the transmit key again.

ALEC (CONT'D)  
Not fair! Unfair!! I don't need any  
more obstacles right now!!  
(into headset)  
Coast Guard, Sandy Hook, come in.  
Over.

Looks to the sky.

ALEC (CONT'D)  
I'm not a big pray-er, but if  
you're up there, please give me a  
break! I screwed up once, but I  
can't lose her again.  
(beat)  
Amen.

The radio CRACKLES.

A very familiar VOICE is heard.

DQ/COAST GUARD VOICE  
Did I heard an "amen"?  
(best butch military)  
This is Coast Guard Sandy Hook on  
one-fifty-six eight-hundred. Do you  
have an emergency?

Alec may recognize the voice through the static. Or does he?

ALEC  
Aren't you supposed to say, "over"?  
This is the Coast Guard, right?

DQ/COAST GUARD VOICE  
Don't ask, don't tell, sugar. What  
can I do for you? Over!

ALEC

I'm a mile off Bridgeport. My engine died.

(frustrated)

Over!!

DQ/COAST GUARD VOICE

Don't take that tone with me, mister or I will switch this radio off faster than you can say SOS. What's the problem?

ALEC

(frantic)

There's this girl, well she was a girl when I met her, but I ran out on her and now she's a woman, an incredible wonderful talented beautiful woman and she was supposed to meet me for lunch and she tried to call me but my phone was messed up and now I find out there's something wrong and -- I have to get there. I have to!

DQ/COAST GUARD VOICE

Sir, what seems to be the problem? Over.

ALEC

There's a fish. In my engine. Over.

DQ/COAST GUARD VOICE

Say again? Over.

ALEC

Fish. In my engine.

Static for a long moment. Then a SHRIEKING laugh.

EXT. BRIDGEPORT HARBOR ESTATE - DAY

The photographer finally closes the shutter.

PHOTOGRAPHER

And we are done. Absolutely stunning my dear.

CLAIRE

Thanks so much.

The Assistant begins packing. Irene helps Claire with her make-up. Claire glances at her watch.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
He's changed his mind.

IRENE  
He'll be here.

CLAIRE  
And who could blame him?

Picks up a copy of the tabloid with her picture.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Why would you want to get involved  
with somebody like me?

IRENE  
Claire, do not do this!

The slow, sad MOAN of a fog horn from outside.

CLAIRE  
(laughing)  
You hear that?

The horn MOANS again. Claire mouths her words along with it:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
It's a sign. It's saying "NO-O-O-  
O!"

Another horn BLAST.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
"NO!"

And another.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
"NOT A CHANCE!!"

Then, far off in the distance:

ALEC (OS)  
CLAIRE!

EXT. PRIVATE DOCK, BRIDGEPORT HARBOR - DAY

Alec stands on the bow of his yacht, yelling and waving, as a Coast Guard cutter eases him toward a berth. Several MEN on the dock grab lines as Alec maneuvers the vessel alongside.

Irene and Claire run from the garden and down the dock. The cutter pulls away; the COAST GUARDSMEN wave as they head back to sea.

Alec ties off the last line, leaps onto the dock and rushes into Claire's arms. The Photographer and his Assistant come out.

CLAIRE  
I thought maybe you changed your  
mind.

ALEC  
I did. Now I know how much I love  
you.

Kisses her.

CLAIRE  
I love you too, Alec.

The Photographer gets out a Polaroid camera and snaps a shot.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The sound of Claire's performance of the Mozart Third Concerto is heard through the following:

EXT. ABOARD ALEC'S YACHT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alec and Claire are entangled together on the bed. Nothing could pull them apart.

CUT TO:

INT. YACHT BEDROOM - DAWN

Alec awakens to find Claire gone.

ALEC  
Claire!

EXT. ON DECK - DAWN

Claire looks at the Polaroid picture of herself and Alec for a long moment. Puts it in her purse as Alec comes out.

ALEC  
(alarmed)  
I thought you were gone!

Enfolds her tightly in his arms.

CLAIRE  
Where would I go?

The vast ocean rocks in the background.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I can't swim.

Takes his hand.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I'm not going anywhere, Alec.

A long beat.

ALEC  
How long?

CLAIRE  
It's progressive. They monitor and do tests and they monitor some more and then at some point, a donor becomes available. The fact is, they don't know.

ALEC  
Doesn't matter. Now is what we have. We'll make do with that.

CUT TO:

INT. CARNEGIE HALL - NIGHT

ON STAGE

Claire GLIDES through the Mozart Third.

She looks into the audience where Alec sits proudly, fourth row center.

She is inspired, her performance a soaring hymn you feel in your heart.

ALEC FEELS IT.

And his heart is very full.

CUT TO:

YOUNG ALEC

reaches into his battered violin case with the blue silk lining and tucks the instrument, just so, under his chin.

And now the

GROWN UP ALEC

stands on stage performing with Claire and again with

YOUNG CLAIRE

and sometimes

BY HIMSELF

A FINAL, THUNDEROUS CRESCENDO.

THE AUDIENCE

ROARS its approval before the final note has sounded.

THE STAGE

is awash in flowers.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

Alec RUNS. Breathless. Dodges across the busy street, narrowly missing a bus, to a FLOWER VENDOR. Buys a bouquet of roses. Two more. Six more.

Arms full and scattering a trail of petals, he makes his way through the crowd toward the stage door.

INT. CARNEGIE HALL, BACKSTAGE

Irene, the Conductor and the Producer move toward Claire as she finishes her bows. The curtain closes, muffling the SCREAMS and APPLAUSE.

IN CLAIRE'S HANDBAG

the blood pressure monitor BEEPS. Irene rips open the bag.

Claire turns, smiling.

Irene sprints toward her, the SCREAM of the monitor reverberating with each footstep --

CLAIRE

Did I nail the sucker or what?

She collapses to her knees.

EXT. CARNEGIE HALL - NIGHT

The doors crash open. CONCERTGOERS surge into the street.

A WOMAN SCREAMS.

IT BEGINS AS A WHISPER

then gathers volume as it spreads through the crowd:

WOMAN ON CELL PHONE

She passed out!

MAN WITH CELLPHONE TV

It's on the TV!

In the distance, a siren SHRIEKS.

Alec struggles against the crowd, holding a bouquet of roses above his head, as a man holds a child above drowning waters.

ANOTHER MAN

They're taking her to the hospital!

WOMAN ON CELL PHONE

Is she dead? Did she die?

Alec sprints through a gate and down a long tunnel to the parking garage.

A TOW TRUCK

swings into view. Alec's car is hooked up to the back.

MARISA'S AT THE WHEEL!

Alec steps onto the driveway.

ALEC

Marisa!

Marisa swerves. Alec leaps back.

A FLASH OF LIGHT

through the open space left by Marisa's sudden turn --

THE PAPARAZZO

swings out on his motorcycle, heads straight for Alec. At the last possible second, he fishtails into the curb.

Alec falls backward.

A single rose sails toward heaven.

Alec's chin strikes the concrete stairwell--

His head snaps back with a CRACK.

INT. 'SOUND STAGE' (THE PRESENT?)

Alec sprawls face down on the stage. Sprinkled with rose petals. One arm twisted behind his back at a grisly angle.

DQ (OVER)

Seems our enchanting little tale of  
unrequited love and posthumous  
redemption just sank into a plot  
hole the size of Montana.

Alec sits up. DQ steps from behind the camera.

DQ (CONT'D)

Closing monologue. And playback!

Syrupy film MUSIC drones through the sound stage.

ALEC

(to himself)

What did you think you were up to,  
Alec? You actually believed that  
you and Claire would get back  
together?

(MORE)

ALEC (CONT'D)  
(aloud)  
Could you kill the music?

DQ  
And that would be a cut!

The MUSIC stops. The camera GRINDS to a halt. The lights go out. A long beat.

ALEC  
I guess that's it, then.

DQ  
Out of budget. Out of time.