

PICTURE ME AND YOU  
by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

A MAN IN A BUCKET HAT AND SUNGLASSES runs frantically along the beach. He clutches a digital camera in one hand.

He leaps over sunbathers, dodges past beach umbrellas. Weaves through a volleyball game in progress.

He's pursued by an angry shirtless guy in a swimsuit. Who happens to be DAVID BECKHAM. Yes, that David Beckham.

Bucket Hat Guy cuts up toward the boardwalk and zips through the crowd. A BELLY DANCER, a GUY PLAYING GUITAR, a PALM READER, a SKATEBOARDER, another PALM READER.

Bucket Hat Guy turns up a side street.

When Beckham turns the same corner, he almost trips over BILL MARTIN (30-ish) sprawled out on the sidewalk.

Beckham looks around, but Bucket Hat Guy is nowhere in sight.

BECKHAM

You see a bloke with a camera run by?

BILL

See him? That jerk ran me down.

Beckham's pissed, but he helps Bill up.

BILL

Hey, aren't you David Beckham?

Beckham smiles sheepishly.

BILL

Sorry, but can I get an autograph?

BECKHAM

No problem.  
(a moment, then)  
I don't have a ...

BILL

Oh, right. Maybe I've got a pen.

As Bill checks his pockets, something falls on the ground.

A wadded up BUCKET HAT. The same Bucket Hat.

Bill and Beckham look at the hat. Then at each other.

WHOOSH!! Bill's off, with Beckham hot on his tail.

EXT. BILL'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Bill darts toward his garage hoop, and attempts a flashy, but not particularly pretty, spinning jump shot.

The ball bounces on the rim a couple of times, then falls in.

BILL  
Smackdown, baby!

DAVE (28), retrieves the ball. Dave's spent more time in the gym than contemplating Kierkegaard. Not stupid ... uncluttered.

MARIA (30), Dave's wife, consoles Dave with a kiss. She's the brains in this marriage. And she loves him like crazy.

MARIA  
Billy, only you would call it a  
smackdown when he spots you ten points.

They head toward the door of the house.

They go into

INT. BILL'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

JENNIFER (28) enters from the kitchen with a tray of tropical drinks, complete with little umbrellas. She's gorgeous on the outside. On the inside, she's a little scary.

JENNIFER  
Who won your little game?

BILL  
With the points he spotted me, I did.

JENNIFER  
Well, a hollow victory is better  
than no victory at all.

Bill goes to hug her.

JENNIFER  
Sweaty.

She offers her cheek, which he carefully kisses.

MARIA  
(re: the drinks)  
Mai Tais?

Jennifer passes out the drinks.

JENNIFER

I'm getting into the Hawaii spirit  
for our trip next week.

(a moment, then)

Bill, you wanted to make a toast?

BILL

Oh, right. Dave, Maria, I'm glad  
you're here with us to celebrate  
two years since Jennifer and I had  
our first date.

Jennifer has been all but mouthing the words to his speech.

DAVE

Has it only been two years?

Bill raises his glass.

BILL

To Jennifer, who changed my life.

Jennifer raises her glass.

JENNIFER

And to Bill. Whose life I changed.

Maria's the only one that laughs. Bill and Jennifer see no  
irony in Jennifer's toast. Dave ... Dave doesn't do irony.

JENNIFER

And now, for my anniversary present.

She goes to a picture on the wall with a cloth hung over it.

JENNIFER

You know that photo you took of  
Beckham a couple of weeks ago?

She removes the cloth. Behind it is a framed cover of a  
tabloid rag, *GoGoGossip*, featuring a picture of David Beckham  
picking his swimsuit out of his butt. The caption: GOAL!!

BILL

It made the cover?

JENNIFER

Daddy made sure of it. He said he  
wouldn't sell it to them unless  
they guaranteed it'd be on the  
cover.

BILL  
And you framed it. You think of  
everything. How did I ever survive  
before you came along?

JENNIFER  
I often wonder.

MARIA  
What was there before?

Jennifer casually points at a frame face down on the counter.

Maria picks it up. It's a photo of an old couple in a museum,  
facing a picture. The man holds a white cane, and smiles as  
he leans in toward the woman, who is speaking.

MARIA  
This is my favorite of yours.

BILL  
Yeah, I haven't had time to do that  
stuff for a while now.

MARIA  
About two years, maybe?

BILL  
Yeah, about that.

Maria can't help but glance at Jennifer.

MARIA  
Look, I think it's great that  
you're making money off this  
paparazzi stuff.

JENNIFER  
A lot of money.

Maria holds up the photo he took down.

MARIA  
But these photos, Bill, these are  
who you are. You can't just hide  
them away somewhere.

JENNIFER  
Correction. That's who he was.  
(indicates the framed cover)  
This is who he is now.

Jennifer and Bill smile. Maria doesn't.

Dave plays with the umbrella from his Mai Tai.

Hawaiian music comes up and into

EXT. HAWAII HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Hawaiian music continues from outdoor speakers in front of The Oahu Paradise, a luxury beachside resort hotel.

A taxi bearing Bill, Jennifer, Dave and Maria pulls up.

A bellman, JAKE (20s), opens the door for them.

JAKE

Welcome to the Oahu Paradise.

As they get out of the taxi and stretch their legs, Jake puts the luggage on his cart.

Bill notices several bellmen unload cases, lighting equipment, and other gear from a van pulled up behind them.

BILL

(to Jake)

What's going on there?

JAKE

Swimsuit calendar. They're shooting on the beach tomorrow.

DAVE

Swimsuit calendar?

JAKE

Ariella is one of the models.

JENNIFER

(gives Bill a look)

Ariella?

BILL

Don't look at me. You booked the hotel.

Dave and Maria sense something's up.

MARIA

Did I miss something?

Bill and Jennifer share a look.

BILL  
I made the mistake of telling  
Jennifer that I might have fantasized  
about Ariella once or twice.

DAVE  
Really?

JENNIFER  
Let's get checked in.

Another taxi pulls up as the group moves into the

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

They reach the registration desk.

FRONT DESK CLERK  
(to Bill)  
Can I help you, sir?

JENNIFER  
Konnersman and Davis. Two rooms,  
first floor beachside.

The FRONT DESK CLERK looks for their reservation.

Just then, the lobby doors open and three absolutely BEAUTIFUL  
WOMEN breeze in.

In the middle, ARIELLA (25). No last name necessary.  
She ... is ... perfect.

The other two models, GWEN (21) and FIONA (22) are also  
perfect. Ariella, though, is somehow ... perfecter.

For a moment, the world stops. Mouths hang open as these  
visions float through the lobby.

No standing at the front desk for these three. An ASSISTANT  
meets them and hands them each a room key while they walk, so  
they don't even have to break stride.

As they reach the bank of elevators, one opens.

Several people waiting for an elevator part, and let the  
models enter. No one manages the courage to join them.

The door closes.

Like the rest of the people in the lobby, Bill, Dave and Maria  
are in a bit of a trance.

MARIA  
Wow.

DAVE  
Yeah.

Jennifer approaches the guys.

JENNIFER  
All checked in.

BILL  
Great.

They move through the lobby, Jake pushing their luggage.

DAVE  
Maybe I should have a fantasy  
woman.

MARIA  
Sure.

DAVE  
Who should I fantasize about?

MARIA  
Rosie O'Donnell.

DAVE  
Oh. Wait, isn't she --

MARIA  
(interrupts)  
Yes. Yes, she is.

They continue on.

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

Bill, Jennifer, Dave and Maria walk on the beach near the hotel.

The girls are in swimsuits and wraps, the guys in shorts and shirts. Dave wears a baseball cap.

Bill carries a camera. He snaps some random shots.

DAVE  
Man, I love sleeping in hotels.  
Makes me feel like I'm on vacation.

BILL  
You are on vacation.



DAVE

Exactly.

A couple of YOUNG SURFER DUDES run past them toward a spot down the beach, where some temporary cabanas are set up, and photo crew members mill about. A small crowd has gathered.

Bill ignores the commotion as they set their beach stuff down.

JENNIFER

Bill?

BILL

Yeah?

She nods toward the photo shoot.

BILL

Come on, we're on vacation.

JENNIFER

If you get a picture of her picking her nose, it'll pay for the trip.

BILL

Honey --

JENNIFER

What's Daddy always say?

BILL

(sighs, then)  
Get the shot.

JENNIFER

That's right. Get. The. Shot.

Bill grabs his camera and starts down the beach. Dave follows.

MARIA

(to Dave)

Where do you think you're going?

DAVE

I was just going to ...

Maria's look tells him his assumption is incorrect.

Bill looks and sees the crew members wearing baseball caps.

BILL

(to Dave)

Can I borrow your hat?

Dave relinquishes his hat, and Bill takes off down the beach.

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

As Bill approaches the shoot, he sees Ariella go into a temporary cabana, accompanied by a PRODUCTION ASSISTANT, with a two-way radio on his belt.

Bill looks around, and approaches the side of the cabana.

He unties a tie that holds one of the canvas sides to the support poles. He pulls the flap aside so he can see in.

INSIDE THE CABANA

Crowded, with lights, makeup tables, racks of swimsuits.

The P.A. helps Ariella into another swimsuit.

INTERCUT INSIDE/OUTSIDE CABANA AS NEEDED

Bill takes pictures through the gap in the flaps.

He pauses for a moment when Ariella removes her bikini top.

Bill takes a moment to consider whether taking nude pix of her without her knowledge is crossing the line. The moment passes. He gets the shots.

The P.A. struggles to refasten the snap on her bikini top.

A voice comes from an intercom on the dressing table.

INTERCOM VOICE (V.O.)

Come on, we've got ten more setups.

P.A.

We're having trouble with the snap.

A breeze comes by and blows open the flap Bill untied.

Bill dives out of the way to avoid being seen.

Ariella notices the errant flap. Covers herself.

ARIELLA

Can you get that?

Equipment blocks his way, so the P.A. goes outside.

OUTSIDE THE CABANA (END INTERCUT)

The P.A. approaches the loosened flap, looks for the tie.

Around the corner, Bill tries to walk away nonchalantly.

The P.A. spots him, sees he's dressed like a P.A.

P.A.

Hey! You got a zip-tie or something?

Bill hides the camera in his pocket.

BILL

Uh ... no.

P.A.

Hold this, I'll be right back.

Bill holds the flap, the P.A. hurries toward the shoot, reaching for the two-way radio on his belt.

Bill takes the tie he removed earlier and ties down the flap.

He goes to the front of the cabana, reaching for his camera.

But then Ariella sticks her head out.

ARIELLA

Can you give me a hand in here?

BILL

Me? Are you ... ? 'Cause I'm ...

ARIELLA

Let's go. They're waiting.

She goes back into the cabana.

Bill, unsure what else to do, follows.

INT. CABANA - DAY

Bill follows her over to the mirror.

She struggles with the snap on the back of her swimsuit.

ARIELLA

Finally got the damn thing on, and now they want a different suit. Can you unhook that?

He hesitates, but unhooks the catch.

ARIELLA

Thanks.

She strips off the top and hands it to him. She's completely unfazed at being naked in front of him.

Bill, however, is fazed. Very fazed.

ARIELLA

Can you get that one for me?

Ariella points to a suit on the rack, then checks her makeup.

Bill grabs the suit. When he turns, she tosses him the bottom of the suit she had on.

He averts his eyes, and holds out the suit to her.

She looks at him kind of weird as she takes the suit.

ARIELLA

You must be new. Most of the  
P.A.'s either can't take their eyes  
off my tits ...

She steps into the bikini bottom.

ARIELLA

Or they're gay and don't even notice.

Then it hits her. She eyes him suspiciously. Checks his belt.

ARIELLA

Where's your walkie?

She grabs a towel and throws it around her, then

Picks up a chair and holds it toward Bill, lion-tamer style.

ARIELLA

How did you get in here?

BILL

You --

ARIELLA

Get out!!

BILL

But, I --

She screams.

Bill dodges a thrown chair as he escapes.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Jennifer, Dave and Maria sunbathe.

Bill approaches.

JENNIFER  
Did you get the shot?

BILL  
I'll have to develop them and see.

He puts the camera down with his other things.

JENNIFER  
Develop? That's your digital. Let  
me see.

DAVE  
Yeah, give it up.

Bill doesn't notice Dave pick up his camera and turn it on.

BILL  
I didn't really get anything.

DAVE  
Wow. Those are some titties.

Bill sees him with the camera. He reaches for it, but Maria gets it from Dave first.

BILL  
Give me that.

JENNIFER  
(accusatory)  
You got a picture of her naked?

MARIA  
Those are some titties all right.

Bill tries to get the camera from Maria, but

Jennifer gets it first. She looks at the photo on the screen.

Then hits Bill on the arm.

JENNIFER  
Why did you say you didn't get  
anything? This is worth a fortune.

BILL  
It's just, I kind of feel like I  
crossed a line, here.

JENNIFER  
This is the shot of a lifetime.

BILL  
Come on.

JENNIFER  
Ariella doesn't do nudity. Never.

DAVE  
(looking at photo)  
Well, she should.

MARIA  
She totally should.

BILL  
See? If she doesn't do nudity,  
that's all the more reason not to  
sell it.

JENNIFER  
Are you kidding? You're sending  
this to Daddy's agency the second  
we get back to the room.

Jennifer gives him such a look. Bill knows that look. He  
fears that look.

INT. BILL AND JENNIFER'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Bill at his laptop. On the screen he looks at  
An email, addressed to ted@framebyframe.com, with attachments.  
The cursor hovers over "SEND." Bill hesitates.  
O.S., Jennifer clears her throat.  
He clicks and sends the email on its way.

INT. FRAME BY FRAME PHOTO AGENCY - DAY

A bustling office. In the main room, AGENCY EMPLOYEES have  
phone headsets glued to their ears. Off this room is

INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

Modern, clean lines. Pix of angry celebs hung on the wall like fine art. Otherwise, sterile.

At the desk is TED (50). He's lean, intense. Like Jennifer, he's a little scary. The apple didn't fall far from the tree.

Ted quickly flips through digital photographs on his computer.

The PHONE RINGS, he hits the speakerphone.

TED (ON PHONE)

Yeah.

INTERCUT WITH BILL IN HIS HOTEL ROOM

Bill's changing his clothes.

BILL (ON PHONE)

Ted?

TED (ON PHONE)

Yeah.

BILL (ON PHONE)

Ted, it's me. Bill.

TED (ON PHONE)

Bill who?

BILL (ON PHONE)

Martin. Jennifer's ...

TED (ON PHONE)

I got the titty shot. Nice. Wish to hell you'd gotten some video.

BILL (ON PHONE)

I didn't have it with me. So what did you think?

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bill, Jennifer, Dave and Maria at a table looking at menus.

JENNIFER

I'm in the mood for ahi, but I also want prime rib. Honey, you get the prime rib, and I'll take some of it.

Bill, Dave and Jennifer share a look.

BILL  
That would be great, honey. Except  
I don't eat beef.

JENNIFER  
Since when?

BILL  
1998.

She eyes Bill suspiciously. He nods. She looks at Dave and Maria. They nod.

She eyes the Hawaiian shirt Bill's wearing.

JENNIFER  
I hate that shirt, by the way.

BILL  
Oh. Uh, sorry.

JENNIFER  
What did Daddy say about the picture?

BILL  
You were right. He said she's never  
done a nude shot, so the tabs are  
going nuts. He's not selling until he  
gets bids from overseas tabloids.  
Could bring a hundred grand, easy.  
Maybe a lot more.

JENNIFER  
Told you. You are the man.

BILL  
You don't think it's kinda sleazy?

JENNIFER  
Oh, please, she gets her picture  
taken for a living.  
(to Maria and Dave)  
Either of you having the prime rib?

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bill, Jennifer, Dave and Maria head toward their rooms.

MARIA  
(to Jennifer)  
You ever fantasize about a celebrity?

Bill chuckles, drawing a look from Jennifer.



JENNIFER  
William Shatner.

MARIA  
What!?

BILL  
And not the young, Star Trek  
Shatner. Oh, no. She wants the  
present-day, puffy, gooey Shatner.

JENNIFER  
He's hot.

MARIA  
He's seventy-five!

BILL  
Hey, whatever floats your starship.  
Goodnight, Dave. 'Night, Maria.

Bill and Jennifer go into their room.

Dave and Maria head down the hall toward their room. Maria  
rubs her temples.

MARIA  
William Shatner. I won't sleep  
tonight.

INT. BILL AND JENNIFER'S HOTEL ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bill watches television, still dressed from dinner in his  
slacks and Hawaiian shirt.

Jennifer comes out of the bathroom, dressed for bed.

BILL  
You don't want to go dancing? Walk  
on the beach?

He takes her in his arms.

JENNIFER  
I'm tired.

BILL  
How about this? I'll be William  
Shatner and you let me boldly go  
where a relatively small number of  
men have gone before.

He goes to kiss her, but she avoids him.

JENNIFER

Honey. No.  
 (off his disappointed look)  
 Tell you what. In the morning.

BILL

Morning sex? Really?

JENNIFER

I'll make an exception. This once.

BILL

Deal.

She moves away from him and gets into bed.

BILL

I'm gonna sit out on the patio for  
 a while.

She nods. Picks up a book from the nightstand.

He walks out onto the

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

First floor, with pathways leading toward the beach.

BILL

(to himself)  
 Morning sex. Score.

He looks down toward the beach, where he sees an open-air  
 beachside bar. A few people at a table. Another at the bar.

He looks back into the room. Jennifer's reading.

EXT. BEACHSIDE BAR - NIGHT (MINUTES LATER)

Bill meanders up to the bar. The BARTENDER approaches.

BILL

Corona, lime.

The only other person sitting at the bar is a DRUNK GUY (40s),  
 who is keenly interested in the patrons at the table.

Drunk Guy sees Bill, and decides to join him. Rather than  
 risk walking, he moves stool by stool to the one by Bill.

He gives Bill a nod. Bill nods back.

The Bartender sets down Bill's beer. Bill puts down some cash.

DRUNK GUY

It ever bother you that you'll  
never have a girl like that?

Drunk Guy looks toward the patrons at the table.

Bill looks over and sees Ariella, Gwen, Fiona, the P.A. from earlier and a couple of other CREW MEMBERS.

He quickly turns his face away. *Of all the joints ...*

BILL

It's not something I think about.

DRUNK GUY

I think about it all the time.

AT THE MODELS' TABLE

Gwen stands, followed by Fiona and the Crew Members.

ARIELLA

Come on, guys, just one more.

GWEN

Ari, we have a long flight tomorrow.

Ariella pouts, but stands.

AT THE BAR

Drunk Guy watches intently, and looks like he might cry.

EXT. PATHWAY FROM BAR TO HOTEL

Ariella and the others follow one of the paths to the hotel.

ARIELLA

Wait. I don't think I left a tip.  
Did you guys leave a tip?

FIONA

Uh, maybe.

The others shrug, maybe they did, maybe they didn't.

GWEN

Who cares? You'll never see that  
bartender again.

ARIELLA  
Go on. I'll see you tomorrow.

She heads back toward the bar, opening her purse.

EXT. BEACHSIDE BAR - NIGHT

Ariella hurries in, and drops some cash on the table.

DRUNK GUY  
That's it. I'm going in.

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

But Drunk Guy is on his way.

Ariella is headed out when Drunk Guy stumbles into her path. He smiles, swaying a bit from side to side.

DRUNK GUY  
You're pretty.

ARIELLA  
Thanks.

DRUNK GUY  
How 'bout if we ...

He reaches out, but doesn't grab her, he kind of pets her arm.

Bill sees this. Thinks a moment, then heads over.

ARIELLA  
I'm sorry, but I have to ...

BILL  
Everything okay here?

Ariella recognizes Bill, and looks daggers at him.

ARIELLA  
Great. You're double-teaming me now?

BILL  
Double ... ? I don't know this guy.

ARIELLA  
Oh, just decided to barge in again.

BILL  
I was just trying to ... Never mind.

Bill starts toward the bar, but turns back to Ariella.

BILL  
 You know what? No. If you'll recall,  
 I did not "barge in" on you today.  
 You invited me ... no, you ordered me  
 to come in and help you. I tried to  
 explain. You wouldn't listen.

Drunk Guy reaches for Ariella again.

DRUNK GUY  
 (to Ariella)  
 Would you like to --

ARIELLA  
 No!

Bill takes drunk guy's arm, leads him away.

BILL  
 Okay, pal, that's enough. You're  
 about to cross a line you don't  
 want to cross.

DRUNK GUY  
 Okay.

Bill sends Drunk Guy stumbling down a path toward the hotel.

He heads back past Ariella again toward his seat at the bar.  
 As he passes her ...

BILL  
 You're welcome.  
 (beat)  
 You know why you felt entitled to  
 order me into that tent? Because  
 women who look like you are used to  
 snapping your fingers and getting  
 whatever you want.

Ariella sputters indignantly.

BILL  
 What's wrong, catwalk got your tongue?

Bill goes back to his seat. Grabs his beer.

Ariella looks at Bill, then down the beach toward where the  
 photo shoot was. Back at Bill.

Bill downs his beer. Tosses a couple bucks on the bar.

When he turns, he nearly collides with Ariella.

BILL  
Finally come up with a snappy retort?

ARIELLA  
You're right. I'm wrong.

She motions vaguely toward where the Drunk Guy accosted her.

ARIELLA  
And thanks.  
(to bartender)  
Two more, please.

BILL  
I should be getting back.

ARIELLA  
I'm trying to apologize here.

BILL  
No need ... Okay, sure.

Ariella heads for a table. Bill follows.

ARIELLA  
You here on business, or vacation?

BILL  
Vacation, me and my ... girlfriend,  
and a couple of friends.

ARIELLA  
What do you do?

BILL  
For a living? It's boring.  
Certainly not as glamorous as your  
job.

ARIELLA  
I get my picture taken, change my  
clothes, get my picture taken. I  
change clothes for a living.

The Bartender brings the drinks.

BARTENDER  
You want me to start a tab?

BILL  
No, we're just going to have one.

INT. BILL AND JENNIFER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer looks up from her book. She looks out to the patio.

JENNIFER

Bill?

No response. She sets the book down.

Pulls a makeup case out from underneath the bed.

Retrieves her vibrator and an iPod with speakers.

Turns on the iPod. Turns off the light.

The theme from STAR TREK plays. Then another sound joins it:

Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.

EXT. BEACHSIDE BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Several empty beer bottles and drink glasses on the table.

Bill and Ariella laugh really loud. They're a little drunk.

ARIELLA

What does "kind of engaged" mean?

BILL

We've talked about getting married,  
but we never specifically "decided"  
to get married. You know?

He gazes at her. Looks away. Starts chuckling.

ARIELLA

What?

BILL

She'd be so mad if she saw us now.

ARIELLA

Come on. I'm sure she's very  
beautiful.

BILL

Oh, she is. But she knows I think  
you're kind of, you know, hot.

ARIELLA

Oops.

BILL

I might have, in passing, mentioned  
a fantasy or two.

Ariella's expression changes, she looks very serious.

BILL

Sorry, I shouldn't have said that.

ARIELLA

No. It's all right. I just ...  
you're not hitting on me, right?

BILL

No! Absolutely not. I was just  
explaining why she ... No.

She takes a drink. Thinks

ARIELLA

How did you know she was the one?

BILL

(beat)

You imagine there will be that "one  
moment" when you look at the one you'll  
marry and realize you're in love.

ARIELLA

(sighs)

I'm waiting for that moment.

BILL

But that's not how it is. After a  
while, you're together, you're  
attracted to each other, you're  
comfortable together, and you say to  
yourself, this must be what love is.

Ariella tries to hide how disappointing that story is.

ARIELLA

Okay, I'm sleepy.

He takes the check, grabs his wallet.

ARIELLA

No, this is my treat.

BILL

I insist.

He looks at the check.



BILL  
 Okay. Eighty-three fifty. So the  
 tip on that would be ...

He tries to figure it out. Even drunk, she beats him to it:

ARIELLA  
 Twelve fifty-three.

BILL  
 Really?

ARIELLA  
 Actually, twelve dollars fifty-two  
 and a half cents. I rounded up.

BILL  
 I'll take your word for it.

He puts down some cash.

They stand. She wobbles.

BILL  
 Whoa. Let me help you to your room.

ARIELLA  
 Don't be silly. I'm fine.

She stumbles.

ARIELLA  
 Okay, thanks. That's very sweet.  
 (looks at his shirt)  
 Hey, great shirt.

Bill takes her arm and guides her along.

EXT. HOTEL POOL AREA - NIGHT

Bill helps Ariella negotiate some patio furniture.

ARIELLA  
 You are such a ... pool!

BILL  
 I'm a what?

ARIELLA  
 Pool!

She breaks away from him and heads for the pool.

She gets up on the diving board, and makes it almost to the end before Bill stops her.

BILL  
Not a good idea.

ARIELLA  
No?

BILL  
No.

ARIELLA  
(sighs)  
Jennifer's very lucky.

He chuckles.

ARIELLA  
I mean it, even though I'm a little tipsy. A lot tipsy. I'm topsy.  
(a beat, then)  
I better go.

She takes a step, forgetting she's still on the diving board.

She reaches for Bill, just as he grabs for her.

And in they both go.

They surface, Bill still has a hold of her.

Ariella laughs uncontrollably.

ARIELLA  
We fell in the pool!!

Bill helps her to the shallow end, and up the pool steps.

ARIELLA  
We fell in the pool!

Bill tries to avoid noticing that the water has made her dress cling to every inch of her. He fails.

BILL  
What's your room number?

ARIELLA  
(she points)  
That way.

He half-carries her in that direction.

INT. HOTEL PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Ariella, giggling, directs Bill to her door.

ARIELLA

Thank you. Really. Thank you.  
I'm so embarrassment...ed.

BILL

Don't be. We all get a little ...  
Well, goodnight.

She smiles, puts her key in the door. And falls over.

Bill picks her up, and carries her inside.

INT. ARIELLA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bill sets her down on the bed, but his hands get stuck under her, and he falls on the bed with her. Awkward.

Their faces are inches away from each other. Eyes meet.

ARIELLA

You saved me. My knight in shining  
armor.

She moves her lips closer to his.

He almost goes with it ...

Then he snaps out of it. Quickly gets off the bed.

He smiles. *Let's just pretend that didn't happen.*

BILL

Well, I ...

He starts out.

ARIELLA

Hey. You're all wet.

BILL

We fell in the pool.

They start laughing. Still pretty drunk.

ARIELLA

I mean, won't your girlfriend  
wonder why your clothes are wet?

Yes she would.

ARIELLA  
I know. The heat lamp.

BILL  
The what?

ARIELLA  
In the bathroom. Dry your clothes.

BILL  
You mean the heat lamp?

ARIELLA  
Isn't that what I said?

BILL  
I don't think so. But that's a  
really good idea.

It's not, but Bill's still not sober enough to know it.

Ariella grabs a robe. Pretty. Frilly. Pink.

ARIELLA  
Put this on while they dry. It'll  
be fabulous.

Bill's not sure about that, but takes the robe into the

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bill looks in the mirror, and has a conversation with himself.

BILL  
Did Ariella just try to kiss you?  
(he nods to himself)  
And did you really just stop her?  
(nods)  
Are you an idiot?  
(a moment)  
Yes. Yes you are.

He takes his clothes off and hangs them on the towel rods.  
Turns on the heat lamp.

Puts on the robe. Checks his reflection in the mirror.  
Disturbing, but funny.

INT. ARIELLA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bill opens the bathroom door.

BILL

Ready?

No response, but out he comes. He does his best impression of a runway model. Hips sway almost to the point of dislocation. Turn, strut, turn. Pose.

He looks to Ariella for her response.

Her reaction? A snore. She's asleep.

Somehow, the fact that nobody saw what he just did makes it even more embarrassing.

He sits down in a chair to wait for his clothes to dry.

INT. ARIELLA'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Bill wakes up suddenly.

He panics. He looks at Ariella asleep on the bed.

Then at the clock on the nightstand. 4:12!!!

BILL

NOOOO!

Ariella wakes up. She looks at Bill, takes a moment to orient herself, then shoots a look at the clock.

ARIELLA

Uh-oh.

Bill leaps out of the chair and runs toward the bathroom. Ariella follows him.

INTERCUT INSIDE/OUTSIDE BATHROOM

Bill runs into the bathroom, slams the door. He frantically puts on his clothes.

Ariella waits outside the door.

ARIELLA

Thanks for being such a gentleman about the whole "me trying to kiss you" thing ... a lot of guys would have tried to take advantage of the situation.

BILL

No problem.

She waits a moment, then Bill throws open the door. His clothes are in disarray, but they're on.

BILL  
Thanks for ... bye.

INT. HOTEL PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Bill dashes out of the room. Ariella watches him go.

INT. BILL AND JENNIFER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bill sneaks in through the patio door.

He checks to see that Jennifer's asleep. She is.

He quickly undresses, and slips into bed.

EXT. HAWAII BEACH - MORNING

Vacationers sunbathe. Children build sand castles. Men with no interest in sports watch a women's volleyball game.

INT. BILL AND JENNIFER'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Bill wakes up. Smiles. Turns to Jennifer's side of the bed.

But she's not there.

BILL  
Jennifer?  
(No answer)  
Damn.

He looks over at the phone. Picks it up, starts to dial, but hears the hotel door open.

Jennifer enters as he sets the phone back down.

BILL  
You're back.

JENNIFER  
You were asleep, so I got a mani-pedi.

She displays her nails.

JENNIFER  
What do you want to do today?

BILL  
Well, it's morning.

JENNIFER  
(sighs)  
I just had my nails done.

Bill looks at her. *A deal's a deal.*

JENNIFER  
Fine. Let's get it over with.

She lies spread eagle on the bed. She positions her freshly manicured nails well out of harm's way.

He hesitates. Not the romantic encounter Bill hoped for.

She looks up at him.

JENNIFER  
Are we gonna do this or not?

Unromantic, maybe, but pass up morning sex? I don't think so.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Bill passes by the front desk.

FRONT DESK CLERK  
Oh, Mr. Martin. You have a message.

The Front Desk Clerk retrieves a note, hands it to Bill.

Bill reads the note, smiles. It reads: *Left this morning. If you and Jennifer are ever in New York, look me up. Thanks again. Ariella.*

MONTAGE: BILL/JENNIFER/MARIA/DAVE IN HAWAII

-- Bill, Jennifer, Maria and Dave lie on the beach.

-- Bill watches the sunset, Jennifer reads *Brides Magazine*.

-- Bill, Dave and Maria paraglide. Jennifer watches.

-- The four dance at the Beachside Bar at night.

INT. HOTEL GIFT SHOP/NEWSSTAND - DAY

Bill browses through the magazine rack. *GoGoGossip, Star, The Rag* (another gossip tabloid).

He scans *Motor Trend*, *Road & Track*, and *Playboy*, of course.

Then his eyes shoot back to the cover of *The Rag*.

BILL

Oh, CRAP.

On the cover of *THE RAG*: Ariella, draped on a guy outside her room. You can't see his face clearly, but it's Bill. Same shirt he wore that night.

The headline: ARIELLA'S NEW MYSTERY MAN!!!

In the corner, it blares: MORE PIX INSIDE!!

He flips through the pages, and is horrified when he finds a picture of him carrying Ariella into her room. His face isn't completely clear, but there's no doubt it's him.

Next to it, a picture of Bill hurrying out of Ariella's room with her closing the door behind him. The caption: 4:00 A.M.!

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Bill, carrying the magazine, opens his hotel room door.

Standing there, arms folded, is Jennifer.

Bill drops the magazine outside the door and continues into

INT. BILL AND JENNIFER'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

BILL

Hey, honey.

She holds up a copy of *The Rag*.

BILL

Oh. Funny thing about that.

Jennifer waits to hear it.

EXT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Dave comes out of his room and heads for Bill and Jennifer's.

Then he notices the copy of *The Rag* on the floor.



INT. BILL AND JENNIFER'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BILL  
I didn't sleep with Ariella.

JENNIFER  
You're on a first name basis with her?

BILL  
She only has the one name, so ...

Bill thought there would be humor in that. He was wrong.

Jennifer grabs her suitcase, which is already packed, and stomps out of the room. In the

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Jennifer heads down the hall. Bill follows.

BILL  
Come on, Jen.

JENNIFER  
It's over, Bill. Over. Done.

Jennifer storms off.

Bill hurries back toward his room, but stops when he sees Dave on the floor next to Bill's room, looking through *The Rag*.

DAVE  
Hey, the guy in these pictures  
looks kinda like you.

Bill hurries into his room.

EXT. HAWAII HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

Bill comes out carrying his luggage. Maria and Dave follow.

Bill hurries toward a taxi.

BILL  
Oh, my God, Ted's going to kill me.  
No, first he'll fire me, then he'll  
kill me.

Maria stops him. Forces him to put down his luggage.

MARIA

Bill, you know I only want what's best for you. If it's Jennifer, fine. But if it's not, it's not.

BILL

Do you remember what I was like before Jennifer came along?

MARIA

Yeah, I do.

DAVE

I liked that guy.

BILL

That guy couldn't pay his bills. That guy was always late with his rent. That guy had to pick up odd jobs to keep himself in spaghetti. After I met Jennifer, and she got me the job at her dad's agency, even you said you were glad to see me more focused.

MARIA

I hoped you would get more focused on your art photography.

BILL

Starving artist is cool at twenty-three. Now? Not so much. I like having a house. I like being able to vacation in Hawaii.

MARIA

Wait. Is this about getting Jennifer back, or keeping your job?

BILL

It's the same thing!

MARIA

Billy, that's just sad.

DAVE

Not cool, dude.

BILL

I can't go back to being that guy. You want to help me? Help me figure out how to convince Jennifer I didn't sleep with Ariella.

DAVE  
Maybe if Ariella told her.

BILL  
Sure. But how? I don't even know  
where Ariella is now.

DAVE  
New York. It's Fashion Week.  
(off their stares)  
What? I watch the news.

Bill hurries toward a taxi. Maria and Dave follow him.

MARIA  
There are eight million people in New  
York. How are you going to find her?

BILL  
I'll look for pretty people.

Bill jumps into a cab, and it pulls out.

Maria and Dave watch him, then head back toward the hotel.

MARIA  
Man, he's a mess. I can't believe  
getting Jennifer back is worth it.

DAVE  
Well, besides the job, she is  
pretty hot.

MARIA  
So was Lucrezia Borgia.

DAVE  
(a moment, then)  
You know I have no idea who that  
is, right?

MARIA  
Yeah, but you get the idea.

Neither of them notice Bill's luggage left on the sidewalk.

INT. FRAME BY FRAME PHOTO AGENCY - DAY

Ted, at his computer, crops a photo to focus on a particularly  
round female bikini-clad ass.

He sits back to survey his work. Perfect.

The PHONE RINGS, he hits the speaker button.

TED

Yeah.

INT. CAB (MOVING) - DAY

Bill on his cell.

BILL (ON PHONE)

Ted, it's Bill.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

TED (ON PHONE)

Bill who?

BILL (ON PHONE)

Bill Martin.

TED (ON PHONE)

You got more titty shots for me?

BILL (ON PHONE)

You haven't spoken to Jennifer recently, have you?

TED (ON PHONE)

No. Why?

Ted looks at more pictures on his computer.

BILL (ON PHONE)

No reason. Look, about the Ariella photo.

TED (ON PHONE)

I can't believe the numbers I'm getting. U.S. probably won't go over fifty grand, because they'll have to blur out the boobs.

BILL (ON PHONE)

They'll buy the topless shot, and not show them?

TED (ON PHONE)

But Europe's going crazy. Four bidders in the U.K. Brits love pictures of boobies. Not so high on actual boobies, but pictures ... Italy, France, Spain.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
But it won't run for a while, right?

TED (ON PHONE)  
A week, probably.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
Good. You don't know what fashion show she's doing tonight, do you?

TED  
I know what anybody who is anybody is doing every minute of every day.

BILL  
(he waits)  
So? Which show is she doing?

TED (ON PHONE)  
That's my boy. Go for some of the other models, though. We got all the Ariella we need.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
I'll work on that. So, where is she?

EXT. HAWAII AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Bill's cab pulls up by the skycap station. He leaps out.

A sky cap calls out to him.

SKYCAP  
Check your luggage here, sir?

BILL  
Sure.

He turns to the cab. Then realizes he forgot his luggage.

Checks his watch. Runs into the terminal.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT (ESTABLISHING) - NIGHT

A plane lands.

EXT. AIRPORT TAXI STAND - NIGHT

He's reached the head of the line. A taxi pulls up.

EXT. BRYANT PARK ATELIER - NIGHT

Bill, along with dozens of other people, photographers among them, mill about on the steps outside the Atelier. Each time someone comes out the doors, people turn to see who it is.

After a few others exit, Ariella comes out.

Photographers take shots. People call out her name. She smiles but keeps moving and doesn't make eye contact.

People crowd around her. She moves through them.

BILL

Ariella!!

She doesn't respond, his voice lost among the many calling out. He can't make his way through the crowd.

BILL

Ariella, it's me! Bill!

(no response)

We fell in the pool!

At first it seems like these words got lost in the commotion. Then Ariella turns and looks his way.

ARIELLA

Bill?

The people kind of turn to see who she's looking at, giving Bill a chance to squeeze through.

ARIELLA

I didn't expect to see you so soon.

BILL

Me either.

The crowd yells things like "Who's he, Ariella?" She doesn't seem to notice. Bill's kind of distracted.

ARIELLA

Did you bring Jennifer?

BILL

No, that's the thing.

ARIELLA

There's a thing?

BILL

A big thing.

PAPARAZZI

Is that your boyfriend, Ariella?

The crowd gets louder. And starts to close in a little.

ARIELLA

Come on.

Ariella grabs his hand and they make a run for it.

EXT. NEW YORK SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Bill and Ariella reach the sidewalk and look for a cab.

MALE VOICE/EDUARDO (O.S.)

Ari!

They turn to EDUARDO (27), a model, and he looks it. He has a slight Spanish accent. He's occasionally overdramatic, a product of his Latin roots.

He holds open the door of a cab. Motions for them to come.

Ariella, still holding Bill's hand, hurries over.

ARIELLA

You're a lifesaver.

EDUARDO

We're going to Webster Hall.

ARIELLA

Perfect.

Eduardo gets in the cab first.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Ariella gets in next, where in addition to Eduardo she finds RICHARD (35), good-looking too, but in a white-collar way.

ARIELLA

Hey, Richard.

RICHARD

Hey.

Bill gets in. It's crowded. Eduardo sits on Richard's lap.

BILL

Is there enough room?

EDUARDO  
It's cozy. We like cozy.

ARIELLA  
Okay, introductions.  
(indicates Eduardo)  
Eduardo.  
(indicates Richard)  
Richard, Eduardo's boyfriend.  
(indicates Bill)  
Bill.

RICHARD  
Hawaii Bill?

EDUARDO  
Knight-in-shining-armor Bill?

Ariella nods. Bill's surprised to learn she mentioned him.

EDUARDO  
Our hero.  
(to cab driver)  
Onward, driver. Webster Hall.

The driver pulls out.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE WEBSTER HALL - NIGHT

Bill gets out first, sees a long line snaking down the block.  
Ariella, Eduardo and Richard get out of the cab.

BILL  
Crowded.

EDUARDO  
Always.

Bill starts down the block toward the end of the line.  
The others start toward the entrance, then notice Bill.

ARIELLA  
Bill? Where you going?

He points toward the end of the line.

Ariella, Eduardo and Richard share a look. *Isn't that cute?*

They motion Bill to join them. He does, but can't help looking at the line as he passes.



As they approach the door, the DOORMAN makes a path for them.

INT. WEBSTER HALL - NIGHT

Bill and Ariella, with drinks, yell to be heard over the din. Eduardo and Richard people-watch nearby.

The crowd around them wears clothing that screams "Look at me!" with attitudes that ask, "What're you looking at, freak?"

Ariella looks at the cover of *GoGoGossip* with their picture.

ARIELLA

I don't even pay attention to these things anymore. I'm so sorry it caused all this trouble for you.

BILL

I was hoping you'd call Jennifer. She thinks we, you know, did it.

A huge feather protruding from a passing woman's headdress smacks Bill in the face. At least it looks like a woman.

ARIELLA

How about if I come out to L.A. and tell her in person?

BILL

You'd do that?

ARIELLA

You helping me is what got you into this mess in the first place.

BILL

That would be great. She'd have to believe me then.

ARIELLA

I've got shows for the next few days. You could stay here in New York. We'll fly back together.

BILL

I can't really afford a New York hotel, especially since things are, let's say, a little dicey with my boss.

ARIELLA

You can stay at my place.

BILL  
I don't think Jennifer'd be too  
crazy about that idea.

ARIELLA  
You'd have your own room. I promise  
not to seduce you.

BILL  
I don't want to put you to any  
trouble.

ARIELLA  
No trouble at all.

INT. WEBSTER HALL (NEAR COAT CHECK) - LATER

Ariella, Eduardo and Richard retrieve their coats. They look  
over at Bill, who stands in a corner talking on his cell phone.

EDUARDO  
You never told us Hawaii Bill was  
also adorable hottie Bill.

ARIELLA  
I didn't?

They go over to Bill.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
So the clothes, and the camera.  
Yeah, it's film, but it's the only  
one I have at the house. You got  
the address, right? Thanks, Maria.

Bill hangs up as the others join him.

BILL  
All set. My friends are going to send  
me some clothes and stuff. You're  
sure you have room at your place?

Eduardo and Richard share a look.

EXT. WEBSTER HALL - NIGHT

Bill, Ariella, Eduardo and Richard head out of the club and  
keep an eye out for a cab.

BILL  
How did you get into modeling?

She shakes her head. *Not really that interesting.*

BILL

Come on.

ARIELLA

I finished high school a year early, and my parents brought me to New York to celebrate me getting into M.I.T.

BILL

M.I.T.? No shit? You must be really smart, huh?

ARIELLA

Pretty smart. Not that I get a chance to use it much. Anyway, while we were here, a guy asked me if I wanted to be a model.

BILL

Oh, man, that old line.

ARIELLA

That's what I thought. But he was with a big modeling agency. A week later I was in Europe, six months later, the cover of Vogue.

BILL

So you've been, like, a supermodel your entire adult life. You've never known anything else.

ARIELLA

I guess.

BILL

And college?

ARIELLA

Thought I'd model for a few months. Which became a year, then two. Then eight. That's my one regret, that I never went back to school.

BILL

You can never give up on your dreams.

ARIELLA

I haven't given it up. Just delayed it a while.

BILL  
What were you going to do?

ARIELLA  
Teach.

BILL  
Really? From modeling to teaching.

ARIELLA  
I figured what I made doing the modeling thing would make it easier to live on a teacher's salary.

BILL  
That's really ... smart.  
(to Eduardo)  
Why did you become a model?

EDUARDO  
I'm shallow and self-centered.

Bill laughs.

RICHARD  
No, really. He is.

A cab approaches. They flag it down.

INT. ARIELLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Big. Huge. One of those fancy old Upper East Side numbers. Grand stairway in the entry gallery to the second floor.

Bill follows Ariella through the front door.

BILL  
Wow.  
(mimics an echo)  
Cozy. Cozy. Cozy. Cozy.

ARIELLA  
I know. I hate it.

BILL  
How could you hate this?

ARIELLA  
Too big. My business manager had me buy it as an investment.

Ariella starts up the stairs. Bill follows.

At the top, she opens a door.

ARIELLA  
You can take this room.

They go into the

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sumptuous.

BILL  
Again ... Wow.

ARIELLA  
See you in the morning.

BILL  
Okay. Thanks. For everything.

ARIELLA  
No problem.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Ariella goes to her bedroom door. She looks back at the guest bedroom for a moment, then goes into her room.

INT. ARIELLA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Bill comes out of the guest bedroom. Looks down the hall toward Ariella's bedroom. Listens.

He walks down the stairs to the

ENTRY GALLERY

BILL  
Ariella?

He sees a note with his name on the hall table. Picks it up.

It reads: *Had to run. Make yourself at home. -- Ari*

Bill pulls out his cellphone. Dials. Checks his watch.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
Ted, I forgot about the time difference. Give me a call when you get in. I need to know when that photo's coming out.

He shuts the phone. Looks around. *Now what?*

INT. MARIA AND DAVE'S HOUSE - DAY

Maria hurries through the living room, sets a package on the hall table and gets a jacket out of the closet.

The doorbell rings. She answers it.

It's Jennifer. She carries a book.

MARIA

Hi.

JENNIFER

I came to return this book I borrowed.

Jennifer steps inside. Hands Maria the book.

MARIA

Thanks, I don't remember ... this isn't mine.

JENNIFER

Oh. Maybe it's Dave's.

MARIA

Proust? I don't think so.

She opens the front cover.

MARIA

Jennifer, this is your book.

JENNIFER

No it isn't.

Maria shows her the inside front cover, with a label reading: "This book belongs to Jennifer Konnersman."

Maria gives the book back to her.

MARIA

If you want to know where Bill is, you could just ask.

JENNIFER

That's not why I'm here.

MARIA

Believe it or not, he went to New York to ask Ariella to tell you they didn't sleep together.

JENNIFER

Oh, for God's sake, I know he didn't sleep with her.

MARIA

Then why did you break up with him?

JENNIFER

If you don't keep them in line, next thing you know they're trying to make all kinds of decisions on their own. You know what I mean?

MARIA

(a moment, then)

Come to think of it, that is my book. Thanks for returning it.

Maria snatches the book from Jennifer's hand. She goes to a bookcase, and finds just the right spot for her new book.

While she does this, Jennifer sees the package on the table, addressed to Bill, and the New York address.

Maria hurries back and picks up the package, hiding the label from Jennifer. What she doesn't hide is how rude she thinks it is for Jennifer to be snooping.

MARIA

Gotta run. Lovely seeing you again.

Maria steps out the door. She pointedly waits for Jennifer, who also steps out onto the

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Maria shuts the door firmly. Then walks to her car without a word. Gets in and drives off.

Jennifer takes out a pen and paper and writes.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Bill eats a hot dog and people-watches perched on a rock outcropping at The Pond.

He takes out his cell. Scrolls down to "Jennifer." Calls.

Pushes "Loudspeaker." Jennifer's voicemail picks up.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

This is Jennifer. Please leave a message. Unless this is Bill again, in which case, die a slow painful death.

Bill sighs. Shuts the phone.

INT. MARIA AND DAVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave's on the couch with his laptop, surfing. Maria's next to him, reading Proust.

DAVE

Honey, check it out.

He shows her the computer screen:

A gossip blog, with a picture of Bill and Ariella taken the night before, with her pulling him by the hand in Bryant Park.

DAVE

It's Ariella with that same guy that looks like Bill.

MARIA

That is Bill.

DAVE

Oh.

He looks back at the screen for a closer look.

INT. ARIELLA'S APARTMENT (STUDY) - NIGHT

Comfortable, homey, warm.

Bill peruses the bookshelves. Lots of smart-people books.

Looks at the photos. Family. Friends. People having fun.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A sterile, organized home office. Stark, cold accessories.

Jennifer stares at her computer screen, in shock.

On the screen: The photo of Ariella with Bill in Bryant Park.



INT. ARIELLA'S GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Bill unpacks a package that sits on the bed.

Ariella passes by the bedroom.

ARIELLA  
You got your stuff. Good.

BILL  
Yeah, it'll hold me for a few days.

ARIELLA  
Sorry about yesterday. It's one thing after another for a few days. What did you do all day?

BILL  
Just walked around the city.

She sees his camera on the bed.

ARIELLA  
Camera?

BILL  
It's a hobby. Figured since you're going to be busy, I'll get some pictures.

ARIELLA  
I've got fittings, and a show later, so I'll be late. Will you be up?

BILL  
Absolutely.

She goes. Bill checks out his camera.

MONTAGE: BILL GOES AROUND MANHATTAN TAKING PICTURES

-- Lincoln Center: Bill takes pictures as a DANCER in workout clothes raises her leg over her head while a LARGE OLD WOMAN looks on in disgust and envy.

-- Columbus Circle: A MIME talks on his cell phone.

-- Outside FAO Schwartz: A CHILD gazes in the window, as if seeing the face of God.

-- Times square: A pigeon tries to carry off a huge pretzel. Then, almost as if he feels eyes on him, Bill turns to a huge billboard of Ariella.

-- Camera Store: Bill buys materials for developing pictures - pans, chemicals, etc.

INT. ARIELLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ariella comes in through the front door, looks around.

ARIELLA  
Bill?

BILL (O.S.)  
Ariella?

Bill's voice comes from a door off the entry gallery.

ARIELLA  
Sorry, I didn't realize you were in the bathroom.

BILL (O.S.)  
Hope you don't mind. I kind of turned it into a darkroom.

ARIELLA  
Can I see?

BILL (O.S.)  
Sure. Could you turn off the light out there?

She does.

The bathroom door opens. A red glow comes from inside.

Bill sticks his head out. Motions her in.

INT. HALL BATHROOM - NIGHT

More of a powder room. Small. Lit only by a faint red bulb.

Bill has chemical pans on the sink counter. Pictures hang from strings he's tied from the mirror to the light, etc.

BILL  
You sure this is okay?

ARIELLA  
It's fine.

She looks at the pictures hanging up. Great shots.

Children play in a fire hydrant spray. A homeless man argues with a lamppost. A subway passenger gives the evil eye to his camera. A stray dog digs through garbage next to a limousine.

Each photo tells a story.

She studies the pictures for a long time.

ARIELLA  
You're an artist.

BILL  
I don't know about that.

He takes a photo out of the chemicals. Shows it to her.

ARIELLA  
These are beautiful. You should do this for a living.

BILL  
I dreamed of that once, but ...

ARIELLA  
A very wise man once said something about not giving up on your dreams.

He smiles.

BILL  
I didn't give them up.  
(beat, more to himself)  
Someone else did.

She looks back at the photos.

ARIELLA  
You know, my agent keeps telling me I need to get some edgier shots for my book. Would you mind?

BILL  
I've never done fashion shots.

ARIELLA  
That's the point. I've got plenty of that stuff.

BILL  
(a moment, then)  
Sure.

Ariella looks back at the photos. Bill watches her.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

Ariella steps out of a building with a couple of other models.

A few people mill about, including a couple of photographers. Flashbulbs go off, which Ariella and the other models ignore.

Ariella looks around. Seems disappointed.

BILL (O.S.)

Hey.

She turns to see Bill walking toward her. Her face lights up.

ARIELLA

Hi.

Without thinking about it, she gives him a hug, which takes Bill by surprise. But he goes with it.

Bill holds up his camera.

BILL

You ready for your close up?

ARIELLA

Now? I already took off my makeup.

BILL

(matter-of-factly)

You're the most beautiful woman I've ever met. You don't need makeup.

He doesn't notice that Ariella is genuinely touched by this.

ARIELLA

Okay. Why not?

BILL

Let's walk.

She puts her arm in his, and off they go.

He moves around her to walk on the street side. It's instinctive for him, but Ariella notices.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - NIGHT

MONTAGE: BILL TAKES PHOTOS OF ARIELLA

-- In front of Saks, Ariella mimics the mannequin in the window.

-- She strikes a Gene Kelly/Singing In The Rain pose hanging off a lamppost, but sticks her tongue out at Bill while he shoots.

-- She slides down a handrail in front of a brownstone. When she reaches the bottom, she loses her balance. Bill catches her; their eyes meet for a moment.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

Bill's still taking photos as Ariella walks along.

He notices her shivering.

BILL  
You cold?

She hesitates, but nods.

BILL  
I'm sorry. You should have said.  
I would have gone on forever.

Bill puts his jacket around her. Rubs her arms.

As they walk on, he leaves his arm around her.

ARIELLA  
My last show's tomorrow. When do  
you want to fly to L.A.?

BILL  
Whenever's best for you.

A bus passes by them and stops just up the street.

BILL  
Let's take that.

He runs for the bus. She follows.

ARIELLA  
I haven't taken the bus for a while.

BILL  
Come on. Live a little.

INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT

Bill follows her up the steps.

Ariella doesn't know how this works, pulls out a credit card.

BILL

I got it.

He pays the fare for both of them.

The bus isn't packed, but there aren't two seats together.

Ariella's taken by surprise when the bus starts moving.

Bill takes a photo.

ARIELLA

Need to get my sea legs.

BILL

It'll come to you.

Ariella notices a WOMAN cradling a sleeping baby nearby. She watches for a long moment, mother instinct all over her.

Ariella doesn't hear the click as Bill takes a photo.

After a moment, Ariella feels Bill's eyes on her. When she looks at him, she's not sure what he just saw in her face.

And Bill's not sure what Ariella just saw in his.

INT. ARIELLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bill follows Ariella in. She's still wearing his jacket.

ARIELLA

That was fun.

BILL

The bus?

ARIELLA

Yeah.

Bill chuckles.

ARIELLA

Are you making fun of me?

BILL

Not at all.

ARIELLA

Then what's--

BILL  
(interrupting)  
Just ... just you.

And there it is. That moment Bill had decided never really happens. And that Ariella has dreamed of her whole life.

Bill and Ariella just realized they're in love.

They let that feeling simmer for a moment. Simmer. Simmer.

And they kiss.

INT. ARIELLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bill and Ariella make love. Not too serious. Not too silly.

It's just right. Lots of eyes. Gentle caresses. Lingering kisses.

Just like in the movies.

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF NEW YORK SKYLINE - MORNING

The sun rises over the City.

INT. ARIELLA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Bill and Ariella curled up in her bed, asleep.

Bill wakes up. He sits up and watches Ariella for a moment.

She snores, pretty loud. Bill laughs.

She stirs. Sees him looking down at her.

BILL  
You okay?

ARIELLA  
I am so okay.

BILL  
Me too.

She climbs on top of him. Kisses him.

ARIELLA  
So, what's it like actually getting  
your fantasy girl?

BILL  
I gotta say, it's pretty damn good.

ARIELLA  
You want breakfast?

BILL  
That would be my second choice.

ARIELLA  
Really?  
(kisses him)  
'Cause I have to confess, I have  
kind of a weakness for morning sex.

She feels something stir beneath her.

ARIELLA  
Is that what I think it is?

He nods.

BILL  
Is it where I think it is?

She nods.

ARIELLA  
Isn't morning sex the best?

They kiss. He breaks it. Looks at her, hesitant.

BILL  
While we're confessing, I should  
tell you something about Hawaii --

She stops him with another kiss.

ARIELLA  
Later. Tell me later.

He doesn't argue. Would you?

INT. ARIELLA'S BEDROOM - MORNING (LATER)

Bill finishes getting dressed. Ariella's still working on it.

Bill starts to straighten up the bed.

ARIELLA  
Don't worry about that. The  
cleaning lady's coming today.



BILL  
So, what are you up to?

ARIELLA  
A couple of fittings. Meeting the boys for lunch.

BILL  
Mind if I tag along?

She kisses him.

ARIELLA  
I'd love it if you tagged along.

BILL  
Great. Give me just a second.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He shuts the door and takes out his cell phone.

He flips through the phone numbers.

Stops on "Jennifer." His finger lingers over "call" for a moment. Thinks. Is he ready for that? No.

He cursors down to "Ted." Presses "call."

INT. FRAME BY FRAME PHOTO AGENCY (TED'S OFFICE) - DAY

Ted looks through photos on his computer.

The phone rings. He hits the speaker.

TED (ON PHONE)  
Yeah.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

BILL (ON PHONE)  
Ted, it's Bill. Martin.

TED  
You got balls, I'll give you that.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
Let me explain.

TED (ON PHONE)  
Not only do you cheat on my little girl ...

BILL (ON PHONE)  
I promise you I --

TED (ON PHONE)  
But there's a picture to prove it,  
and to make matters worse, another  
agency got the picture!

BILL (ON PHONE)  
I swear to you I didn't ... I'll  
straighten this out when I get back  
to L.A., but right now, you've got  
to stop that picture.

TED (ON PHONE)  
What picture are we talking about?

BILL (ON PHONE)  
Of Ariella. You've got to stop it.

TED (ON PHONE)  
The nude shot? Do you know how much  
money that picture's gonna bring?  
Twenty-five percent of which is mine.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
I can't explain, but please.

Ted thinks a moment.

TED (ON PHONE)  
I can't hear you. You must be  
going through a tunnel.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
I'm not in my car, Ted.

TED (ON PHONE)  
In that case, I must be going  
through a tunnel.

Ted hangs up.

END INTERCUT - STAY WITH BILL IN GUEST ROOM

Bill realizes he's been hung up on. He redials.

Ariella opens the door to the guest bedroom.

ARIELLA  
You ready?

Bill shuts his phone.

BILL  
All set.

INT. ARIELLA'S ENTRY GALLERY - MORNING

Bill and Ariella walk down the stairs.

Ariella sees a worried look on Bill's face.

ARIELLA  
Everything okay?

BILL  
Everything's perfect.

Ariella grabs a jacket from the hall closet.

BILL  
Here, let me.

He sets his cell phone on the table, helps her with the jacket.

They walk out the door.

INT. NEW YORK LOFT - DAY

Big open space. Racks of women's clothes. Dressmaker forms with dresses in various stages of completion.

Half a dozen sewing tables, sewing machines. At each is a seamstress or tailor working on a piece of clothing.

Ariella stands in front of a mirror, being fussed over by

DAMIAN (28), the fashion designer. He's pinching, pinning, assessing the truly horrendous dress Ariella's wearing. He's very passionate, about his designs, his life, his hair.

Bill watches the action from a safe distance.

ARIELLA  
It's beautiful, Damian.

Ariella gives Bill a surreptitious look that says, "I know it's hideous, but it's a living."

Damian stands back and looks at the dress. He's not pleased.

DAMIAN  
It needs something. Maybe lace.

He starts toward a table where some trimming is laid out.

WOMAN'S VOICE/CASSANDRA (O.S.)

Damian!

They turn to see CASSANDRA (22) enter the room. She's lived a lot in those 22 years. Beautiful. And but for a pair of panties and ridiculously high heels, she's naked.

She holds up a mound of fabric that apparently is a dress.

CASSANDRA

It doesn't fit.

DAMIAN

Maybe you need to go back into Twinkie rehab, Cassy-baby.

Cassandra gives him such a look.

CASSANDRA

You bitch.

DAMIAN

Cow.

CASSANDRA

Hack!

DAMIAN

Tranny!

Damian wins. He usually does.

CASSANDRA

(all smiles)

How soon, babydoll?

DAMIAN

Two minutes, babydoll.

CASSANDRA

(re: Damian)

Hey, Ari. Isn't he fabulous?

ARIELLA

The best.

Cassandra leaves.

DAMIAN

Oh, screw it. Let's see if the boyfriend likes it.

Damian turns Ariella toward Bill, awaits his opinion.

Ariella eyes him. *Be nice.*

BILL  
 (thinks a moment)  
 I like it.

DAMIAN  
 Done.

Damian heads in the direction Cassandra left.

DAMIAN  
 We go at nine. Be there by eight.

And he's gone.

Ariella looks down at the dress. *How do I get out of this?*

She looks at the nearest Seamstress.

ARIELLA  
 A little help?

EXT. NEW YORK SIDEWALK - DAY

Bill, Eduardo and Richard come out of a diner.

BILL  
 Do you guys have celebrity crushes?

EDUARDO  
 Absolutely.

They wait outside, glance back into the diner.

RICHARD  
 In fact, we both have the same one.

BILL  
 Who's that?

EDUARDO AND RICHARD  
 William Shatner.

BILL  
 You're kidding.

They shake their heads.

BILL  
 What is it with that guy?

EDUARDO  
Now that is a man.

Bill just shakes his head.

Ariella comes out of the diner.

ARIELLA  
Thanks, guys. Ready.

A MAN CARRYING A BUCKET OF ROSES passes by. Sees Ariella.

He stops, gazes at her. Hands her a rose.

ARIELLA  
Oh, that's so sweet. Thank you.

Bill reaches into his pocket.

BILL  
Here, I'll ...

ROSES GUY  
No-no. My pleasure.

He gazes again at Ariella. Gives a little bow.

ROSES GUY  
Pretty as a picture.

He walks away, his day made.

BILL  
(to himself)  
Picture.

Bill reaches for his phone. He doesn't have it.

BILL  
Did I have my cell phone with me?

ARIELLA  
I didn't notice.

BILL  
Just a sec.

He goes into the diner. Ariella, Eduardo and Richard watch through the window as Bill goes over to an empty table.

Eduardo and Richard look from Ariella to Bill, back to Ariella.

The look on Ariella's face says she's got it bad.

EDUARDO  
Ah, young love.

ARIELLA  
Stop it.

EDUARDO  
(to Richard)  
You used to look at me that way.

RICHARD  
I still look at you that way.

EDUARDO  
And you better never stop.

Bill comes out shaking his head.

BILL  
Not there. Either I left it in a  
cab or back at your place.

Bill looks at the three.

BILL  
Did I miss something?

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

Jennifer stares at the phone, trying to make a decision.

INT. ARIELLA'S APARTMENT (ENTRY GALLERY) - DAY

Bill's cell phone, which he left on the hall table, rings.

JENNIFER'S HOUSE/ARIELLA'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

MRS. HUGHES (60), Ariella's cleaning lady, comes in, wondering  
what the noise is. She answers the phone.

MRS. HUGHES (ON PHONE)  
Miss Ariella's residence.

Jennifer's mouth drops open. She looks at the phone readout.  
Yep, Bill's number. She hangs up.

Mrs. Hughes closes the phone and starts up the stairs.

Jennifer sits stunned.

END INTERCUT - STAY WITH MRS. HUGHES IN ARIELLA'S APARTMENT

Mrs. Hughes goes down the hallway and into

INT. ARIELLA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mrs. Hughes sets the cell phone on Ariella's dresser.

MONTAGE: BILL AND ARIELLA IN NEW YORK:

-- Sheep's Meadow in Central Park: Bill and Ariella have a picnic. Frisbees fly by, followed by runners. People do exercises. Throw balls. And amid the hustle and bustle, Bill and Ariella, oblivious to it all.

-- New York Street: Bill has Ariella on his back as he runs along the sidewalk outside the park, racing a horse and buggy.

-- New York Flea Market: Ariella tries on hats. Bill watches, but he's not paying attention to the hats at all.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Bill dials a pay phone. Listens.

INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

Ted's phone rings.

He hits the speaker button.

TED

Yeah.

BILL (ON SPEAKER)

Ted, it's Bill Martin. Listen, I --

Ted hits the disconnect.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Bill's still at the phone. He slams down the receiver.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

Bill and Richard wait by the side door of a building. Down the street, people mill about by the main entrance.



Ariella and Eduardo come out the door, see Bill and Richard.

ARIELLA

Yea!

EDUARDO

Yea!

Eduardo kisses Richard.

Ariella and Bill kiss.

Eduardo and Richard start off down the street.

After they finish their kiss, Bill and Ariella follow.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

Eduardo has his arm in Richard's, as they walk along.

Bill and Ariella walk a few feet back.

They approach a restaurant.

EDUARDO

How about a nightcap?

Bill glances at Ariella. She shrugs.

BILL

Sure.

They go into

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's crowded, with several couples and foursomes waiting.

Ariella stops inside the door to check her makeup.

BILL

I'll get us a table.

Bill and Richard approach the HOST. Ariella and Eduardo wait by the door.

BILL

Table for four? Just for drinks.

HOST  
 About forty-five minutes.  
 (off Bill's disappointed look)  
 Fashion Week.

BILL  
 (to Richard)  
 We don't want to wait that long  
 just for drinks, do we?

RICHARD  
 Not a chance.

Ariella and Eduardo approach.

ARIELLA  
 What's the story?

BILL  
 There's a long wait. Let's skip it.

The Host sees Ariella.

HOST  
 No, wait, let me check again. I  
 think we have a table opening up.

Bill eyes the other people waiting.

HOST  
 Right this way.

Ariella and Eduardo follow the Host.

The people waiting for a table glare as they pass.

INT. ARIELLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bill and Ariella, spooning in bed.

ARIELLA  
 Bill?

BILL  
 Hmm?

ARIELLA  
 I've been thinking about Hawaii.

Bill's eyes widen. *Uh-oh.* (Fortunately, since they're spooning, she can't see his face.)

ARIELLA  
About something you said.

BILL  
What was that?

ARIELLA  
Do you really think I get things  
because of my looks?

BILL  
(looks at her)  
You're kidding me, right?

She isn't.

He speaks to her gently, not accusatory.

BILL  
Tell me this. When's the last time  
you waited in a line? When's the  
last time you asked for something  
and didn't get it?

He waits, not knowing whether he expects a response or not.

BILL  
Well, most of the world waits in  
lines. Most of the world wants  
things that they don't get. Most  
people don't get roses handed to them  
on the street. Look, it's not your  
fault the world values something  
you've got. But Ari, just because  
you don't have to wait in the line,  
doesn't mean the line isn't there.

Ariella kisses him.

BILL  
What was that for?

ARIELLA  
I meet two types of guys. Jerks  
who just want to sleep with a model  
who'll say or do anything to make  
it happen. And guys who are so  
afraid of me they'd never dream of  
speaking to me. Then, in a bar in  
Hawaii, along comes this guy, you,  
telling me what he thinks of me,  
doesn't care if I like it or not.

She snuggles up to him.

ARIELLA

I knew, here's a man who tells it like it is. Who lays it on the line. A man I can trust.

Her eyes drift closed.

BILL

Trust is important to you, huh?

ARIELLA

If you don't have that, what else is there?

She snuggles again. Bill feels like a jerk. *If she only knew.*

BILL

Ari, I --

He's interrupted by her snoring. He's relieved.

EXT. ARIELLA'S TERRACE - MORNING

Bill munches on some cereal.

Ariella comes out in a bathrobe, with a bowl of cereal. Sits next to him.

Bill looks out over the City.

BILL

I just want to stay here forever.

ARIELLA

That would be nice.

(beat)

What about your job? You said you were worried about it.

BILL

I don't want to think about that.

ARIELLA

Me either. Oh, I almost forgot.

She reaches into her robe pocket, pulls out Bill's cell phone.

ARIELLA

Is this yours?

BILL

Oh, man. There it is.

She hands him the phone.

                  ARIELLA  
I'm gonna get some coffee. You?

                  BILL  
I'm good.

She goes back into the apartment.

Bill flips open his phone. Sees he has a lot of missed calls.  
Jennifer. Jennifer. Jennifer. Dave/Maria.

He pauses on Jennifer, moves down to Dave/Maria, hits "call."

INT. DAVE AND MARIA'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Dark. The phone rings.

                  MARIA  
Dave. Get that.

                  DAVE  
Now?

                  MARIA  
Might be important.

Dave reaches for the phone.

                  DAVE (ON PHONE)  
Hello.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

                  BILL (ON PHONE)  
Dave?

                  DAVE (ON PHONE)  
Dude, is that you?

                  MARIA  
Is that Bill?

She turns on the light.

                  DAVE (ON PHONE)  
It's five-thirty.

                  BILL (ON PHONE)  
I forgot about the time change.

MARIA

Tell him we've been seeing lots of pictures of him and Ariella.

DAVE (ON PHONE)

Yeah, what's with all the pictures of you and Ariella?

MARIA

They look like they're a couple.

DAVE (ON PHONE)

They look like you're --

BILL (ON PHONE)

I heard her. We kind of are.

DAVE

(to Maria)

They are.

MARIA

How did that happen?

DAVE (ON PHONE)

How did that --

BILL (ON PHONE)

Yeah, I heard her. I'll fill you in when I get back to L.A.

DAVE

(to Maria)

When he gets --

MARIA

I heard him.

Maria grabs the phone.

MARIA (ON PHONE)

Please tell me you told Ariella about the picture.

BILL (ON PHONE)

I'm trying to get the agency to kill it.

MARIA (ON PHONE)

The picture isn't the problem. You not telling her about the picture is the problem.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
Not if nobody ever sees it.

MARIA (ON PHONE)  
But you still took it.

BILL  
If Ariella finds out I lied to her,  
she'll never speak to me again.

MARIA  
Not smart, Billy.

Ariella comes out to the terrace with her coffee.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
Okay, gotta go.

He hangs up.

MARIA  
He is so going to screw this up.

She hangs up the phone. Turns out the light.

END INTERCUT - ON ARIELLA'S TERRACE:

Ariella sits down and eats her breakfast. She smiles at Bill.

He manages a fairly convincing smile back.

INT. FRAME BY FRAME PHOTO AGENCY (OUTER OFFICE) - DAY

A RECEPTIONIST answers the phone.

RECEPTIONIST  
Frame by Frame.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Bill on his cell phone.

INTERCUT BILL/RECEPTIONIST

BILL  
It's Bill Martin. Is Ted there?

The Receptionist glances in Ted's office to see Ted meeting with someone. Ted looks over a portfolio. Looks like a job interview.

RECEPTIONIST  
He's in a meeting right now.

BILL  
Look, you've got to get him to not  
sell the picture of Ariella.

RECEPTIONIST  
Of Ariella? It's too late.

BILL  
Too late?

RECEPTIONIST  
Yeah. For one thing, The Rag  
already bought it.

Bill slaps his forehead in time to:

BILL  
No. No. No.  
(gets an idea)  
Wait. Their offices are in New  
York, right?

RECEPTIONIST  
Yeah.

Bill shuts his phone and hurries to the curb to hail a cab.

END INTERCUT - STAY WITH RECEPTIONIST AT FRAME BY FRAME

RECEPTIONIST  
We also ... Bill? You still there?

The Receptionist hangs up the phone.

He looks into Ted's office, to see Ted shake hands with the  
person he's meeting with.

INT. *THE RAG* OFFICES - DAY

JIM (50), *The Rag's* photo editor, walks with Bill through *The Rag's* offices. Past cubicles with people typing, etc.

JIM  
You want to pay us what we paid  
your agency so we don't publish the  
picture?

BILL  
Exactly.



JIM  
But then we'd be no better off than  
we were before.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE - DAY

Jim and Bill enter. Jim offers Bill a chair. He sits.

BILL  
How about, I give you the money back,  
and I'll get you a good shot of  
anybody else you want. No charge.

JIM  
Like who?

BILL  
Whoever. George Clooney?

JIM  
What do you think we are? People  
magazine? Nah. You know who we'd  
really like to get a juicy shot of?

BILL  
You name it.

JIM  
William Shatner.

BILL  
Of course you would.

JIM  
So?

BILL  
I'll do it.

Jim reaches for his phone.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Bill walks out of The Rag's office building.  
He takes out his cell and dials as he walks.

INT. FRAME BY FRAME PHOTO AGENCY - DAY

Ted's at his desk.

The phone rings. He hits the speaker.

TED (ON PHONE)  
Yeah.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Bill's on his cellphone.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

BILL (ON PHONE)  
Ted, it's Bill Martin. Please,  
please, don't hang up on me again.

Ted looks at the phone, decides to listen.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
Are you still there?

TED (ON PHONE)  
I'm here.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
I need your help. Can you deposit  
The Rag's check into my account  
right away? I need it to cover the  
check I wrote to The Rag to get  
them to kill the photo.

TED (ON PHONE)  
What about my commission?

BILL (ON PHONE)  
But I'm not selling the picture.

TED (ON PHONE)  
Maybe you're not. But I did.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
Come on, Ted. Never mind, keep the  
commission. Just please put my  
part in my account. I'll come up  
with the rest somehow.

TED (ON PHONE)  
Somehow? You kidding? Your share  
of the international sales will  
more than cover it.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
International?

TED (ON PHONE)  
Every Tab in Europe bought it. And  
Japan. South America.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
We've got to stop them from running  
it.

TED (ON PHONE)  
It's a little late for that. Most  
of them ran it today.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
No!

TED (ON PHONE)  
I made so much on that one shot, I  
almost regret firing you.  
(beat)  
But you're still fired.

Ted hangs up.

END INTERCUT - STAY WITH BILL ON THE STREET

Bill stands in a daze for a moment. Then takes off running.

INT. ARIELLA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bill rushes through the front door.

BILL  
Ariella!

EDUARDO (O.S.)  
We're in here.

Bill hurries into the

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eduardo and Richard sit next to Ariella.

In front of her, copies of tabloids from Italy, England,  
Brazil. All of them with her topless photo on the cover.

ARIELLA  
Have you seen these?

BILL  
Yeah. About that ...

EDUARDO  
It's all over the internet.

Ariella puts her head in her hands.

ARIELLA  
The whole world's probably seen it  
by now.

BILL  
At least it's a good picture.

ARIELLA  
What!?

BILL  
I mean, you look good in it. I don't  
think it's that bad a thing.

ARIELLA  
Fine. Grab a camera. Let's take a  
picture of you naked, put it all over  
the internet. See how you like it.

Bill realizes he's not a good judge of this.

BILL  
Okay, I get your point.

ARIELLA  
Do you? For eight years they've  
been asking me to do nude shots.  
And for eight years I've said no.

She picks up the tabloid.

ARIELLA  
This worm didn't bother to ask. He  
just took the picture and sold it.  
(she touches her breasts)  
These are mine. I get to choose  
who sees them.

BILL  
You're right. You're right.

Bill's about two inches from telling her the whole thing.

ARIELLA  
(takes a deep breath)  
I'm sorry. I don't mean to take  
this out on you.  
(looks at the tabloids)  
If I ever find out who took these.  
(MORE)

ARIELLA (cont'd)  
Probably the same jerk who took  
those pictures of you and me  
outside my hotel room.

Bill gives this some thought. Which way will he go?

BILL  
Yeah, probably the same guy.

The wrong way.

ARIELLA  
I'll sue his ass off.

RICHARD  
You should. You definitely should.

BILL  
Can you do that?

EDUARDO  
She was in a closed tent.

ARIELLA  
On a permitted shoot. It's called  
"reasonable expectation of  
privacy." Damn right I'll sue.

Bill tries to say what he knows he should, but fails.

EXT. ARIELLA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

RAMON (50s), the doorman, holds the door as Bill and Ariella  
exit the building.

Flashbulbs go off, PHOTOGRAPHERS with video and still cameras  
start shouting at them and crowd in.

PHOTOGRAPHERS  
Ariella, did you like the picture?  
Did you pose for it? Are they real?

Bill and Ariella are both taken by surprise, but Bill more so.  
They make their way through the crowd.

Ramon hurries to the curb, where a cab waits.

A photographer (PAPARAZZI 1) crowds a little too close to  
Ariella for Bill's comfort. He pushes him back.

BILL  
Hey! You! Back off!

PAPARAZZI 1

He shoved me. Anybody get that?

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Are you engaged? How long have you  
been together? Are you pregnant?

Bill and Ariella reach the cab. Ramon holds the door open.

BILL

Ramon, can't you do anything?

RAMON

Sorry, Mr. Martin, if they don't  
block the door, I can't stop them.

Ariella gets into the cab, followed by Bill.

The flashbulbs continue.

Bill stares out the window like a trapped animal as the cab  
pulls away.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Maria and Dave in line at the checkout.

Dave notices the tabloids in the magazine rack. All of them  
have Ariella and Bill on the cover.

DAVE

Whoa.

Maria picks one up showing Bill shoving the Paparazzo outside  
Ariella's building. The headline blares:

ARIELLA'S MAN GOES POSTAL! WHO IS THIS TIME BOMB?

Dave picks up another. It shows Bill and Ariella walking hand  
in hand in the park, smiling. The headline:

ARIELLA'S GUY - A DREAM OR A DUD?

Maria starts to take this one from him.

MARIA

Don't look at that crap.

DAVE

Hold on. I want to know if he's a  
dream or a dud.

He finds the page. Nods.

DAVE

Dream.

She takes the magazine from him, puts it back in the rack.

EXT. NYC SIDEWALK - DAY

Bill approaches Ariella's building, and from half a block away sees a group of PHOTOGRAPHERS waiting outside.

He also sees a woman about halfway between him and the building, also watching the entrance. It's Jennifer.

He approaches her.

BILL

Jennifer? What are you doing here?

JENNIFER

I tried calling you.

BILL

I couldn't find my cell phone.

JENNIFER

You could have ... That's not important. I just want you to know I forgive you. I know you didn't sleep with her.

BILL

I ... uh ... can we talk about this when I get back to L.A.?

She's hit like a ton of bricks.

JENNIFER

Oh my god. You did!

BILL

Not in Hawaii.

JENNIFER

You son of a bitch. After all I've done for you.

Bill sees he can't win this.

BILL

I gotta go.

He starts off. She stops him.

JENNIFER

Do you really think this is going  
anywhere?

BILL

I love her. I think she loves me.

JENNIFER

And I don't?

BILL

You love who you think I should be.

JENNIFER

How did little Miss Perfect take it  
when you told her about the picture?

Bill's look tells her Ariella doesn't know.

JENNIFER

You didn't tell her, did you?  
You'll never change.

She starts to go, but turns back and yells to the  
Photographers outside Ariella's building.

JENNIFER

Hey!

She points to Bill.

JENNIFER

He's right here, assholes!  
(to Bill)  
I hope you're very happy together.

Jennifer hurries off.

Bill steels himself, and hurries through the hoard of  
photographers, head down, and goes into Ariella's building.

INT. BODEGA - NIGHT

Bill and Ariella at the cashier in the small grocery store.  
Both of them wear sunglasses and hats to obscure their faces.

The BODEGA CLERK (a woman in her 20s) rings up the groceries.

Bill looks at the total, hands her some money.

As she makes change, the Bodega Clerk's eyes fall on the  
tabloid she's been reading, open on the counter.



It's a picture of Bill and Ariella. The caption: ARE ARIELLA AND HER MYSTERY MAN SECRETLY MARRIED?

The Bodega Clerk hands Bill the change, then looks at Ariella.

BODEGA CLERK  
(to Ariella)  
Hey, aren't you ... ?

BILL  
No. No, she isn't.

Bill and Ariella grab the groceries and hurry out.

INT. ARIELLA'S BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

Ramon opens the front door as Bill and Ariella make their way through the crowd of paparazzi outside, and follows them in.

They're dressed as they were at the bodega.

ARIELLA  
Thanks, Ramon.

He takes a padded envelope off the counter, hands it to her.

RAMON  
Miss Ariella, this came for you.

She looks at the envelope as she and Bill go to the elevator.

INT. ARIELLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bill and Ariella come through the door, into the entry gallery. He's got the groceries, she's got the envelope.

BILL  
I'll put these away.

He goes into the kitchen.

Ariella looks over the envelope. No return address.

She opens it, and pulls out a tabloid with her topless photo.

She starts to crumple it up, then notices a note attached.

It reads: *"Ever wonder who took this photo?"*

She looks in the envelope. There's a magnifying glass.

On the tabloid, the mirror in the photo is circled.

With the magnifying glass, she eyes the mirror in the photo.

It's a man with a camera pointed her way. And even behind the camera, she can tell it's Bill.

BILL (O.S.)  
Groceries all put away.

She looks up to see Bill coming in from the kitchen.

He sees her with the tabloid. The magnifying glass.

And the look on her face.

She holds up the tabloid, with her finger by the mirror.

ARIELLA  
That's you.

BILL  
Ari, I was going to tell you.

ARIELLA  
When?

BILL  
I was waiting for the right time.

ARIELLA  
There were about four hundred right times. All of them before I ...

She drops the tabloid and magnifying glass where she stands and hurries up the stairs. Bill follows.

BILL  
Ari.

She runs into

ARIELLA'S BEDROOM

And slams the door behind her.

INTERCUT ARIELLA INSIDE BEDROOM/BILL IN HALL

BILL  
Please let me in.

Her back to the door, she slides down until she's sitting on the floor, crying.

ARIELLA  
You have to leave.

BILL  
Ari.

ARIELLA  
Now!

Bill waits outside the door. He can hear her crying.

EXT. FRONT OF ARIELLA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Ramon holds the door as Bill walks out carrying his things.

EXT. NEW YORK SIDEWALK CAFE - NIGHT

Bill drinks a beer and watches people pass by. And thinks.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

As Bill approaches a HOT DOG VENDOR, he closes his cell phone, shakes his head.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE ARIELLA'S BUILDING - DAY

Bill approaches Ariella's building. Ramon's at the door.

RAMON  
I'm sorry, Mr. Martin.

BILL  
Could you call and ask if I can see her?

RAMON  
She said not to call her if you showed up again.

BILL  
Can you tell me if she's home?

Ramon is silent.

Bill pulls out his cell phone and dials.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
Ari, please. Pick up.

INT. ARIELLA'S APARTMENT ENTRY GALLERY - DAY

The answering machine on the hall table.

BILL'S VOICE ON MACHINE  
 Talk to me.  
 (a moment)  
 If you change your mind, ...

From the

LIVING ROOM

Ariella listens to the machine. Her eyes are red.

BILL'S VOICE ON MACHINE  
 ... please call me. Please.

The machine clicks off.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT (ARRIVALS) - DAY

Bill carries his things out the automatic doors.

He sees Maria and Dave waiting by a car.

Maria hugs him.

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill's at the door. Jennifer opens it.

JENNIFER  
 What do you want?

BILL  
 I just need to explain --

JENNIFER  
 If you think I'm going to talk  
 Daddy into hiring you back --

BILL  
 No, really, that's not it. I just  
 want to --

JENNIFER  
 I really can't deal with this right  
 now.

BILL  
 Come on, Jen.

JENNIFER  
 No.

She starts to close the door. But before she does ...

JENNIFER

Look, Bill, I know I'm kind of a bitch.

BILL

No you're not.

JENNIFER

Yeah, I am. But even bitches have feelings.

She closes the door.

Bill stands there a moment.

Then walks away.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Bill takes the framed Beckham *GoGoGossip* cover off the wall. Looks at it for a moment.

He sets it down, and replaces it on the wall with the photo of the old couple in the art gallery.

He looks around the room. All the tabloid covers are gone, replaced by his art photos.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Ariella lies on a rock outcropping, holding a cologne bottle.

She's surrounded by a photo crew.

A COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHER takes photos as Ariella moves through some poses.

COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Good, Ariella, good. Right here.

He motions to a HAIR STYLIST.

The Hair Stylist moves in to Ariella and fixes her hair.

While the Hair Stylist works on her, Ariella gets distracted by the sound of horse hooves on pavement.

Her eyes find and follow a horse-drawn carriage as it makes its way along a street nearby.

She smiles, the same kind of smile she had when she and Bill raced the carriage down the street.

COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHER  
That's good. Ariella, look right.

Ariella's still with the carriage.

COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHER  
Ariella, come on.

She finally notices him.

ARIELLA  
I'm sorry. What?

COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHER  
Look right.

She does, but without much conviction.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill pulls the mail out of his mailbox and enters his

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

He flips through the mail.

He stops when he sees an envelope from him to Ariella, marked "Return to Sender."

He turns it over, and isn't surprised to see it's unopened.

He tosses the letter on top of a short stack of similar envelopes. Also to Ariella, also "Return to Sender."

INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING AREA - NIGHT

A MAKEUP ARTIST works on Ariella. Other models bustle around.

Her mind's a million miles away.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Bill walks slowly along the water, carrying his film camera.

He takes a shot of a dog leaping into the surf after a ball.

INT. ARIELLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ariella's in bed with her laptop computer, but just stares at it. She seems to be giving something a lot of thought.

Finally, she puts her hands on the keyboard.

ON THE SCREEN

The M.I.T. website.

She moves the cursor to "Download Application," and clicks.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Bill, Maria and Dave get up from their respective seats. Bill picks up the drink glasses.

BILL

Thanks for hanging out with me.

Bill takes the glasses into the kitchen.

Dave looks at Bill's framed photos on the walls as

Maria grabs her jacket from the coat rack. As she puts it on, she notices the stack of letters on the hall table, with the unopened letter from Bill to Ariella on top.

She looks through the stack and sees they're all the same.

BILL (O.S., FROM KITCHEN)

Sorry I'm not better company.

DAVE

Don't worry about it.

As Bill comes back in, he sees Maria looking at the letters.

Maria looks up at him.

MARIA

No luck, huh?

BILL

I've tried calling, she doesn't pick up or return my calls. I've sent flowers, she refuses them.

A moment between Bill and Maria. She knows he's hurting.

DAVE

You know what I think is so weird?

They turn to Dave, who's still looking at Bill's photos.

DAVE

In your pictures, you're all about telling the truth. But in real life, no matter how many times it screws you up, you can't do it.

From anybody else, this might seem hurtful, but Dave just wouldn't have that in him.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Bill opens the front door, Maria kisses him on the cheek.

MARIA

Goodnight, baby.

Bill smiles a kind of melancholy smile.

Dave and Maria step outside and head toward their car.

Bill watches them for a moment, then closes the door.

DAVE

I want to change my fantasy girl.

MARIA

Depends. Who do you want?

DAVE

You.

MARIA

(smiles)

You're kind of missing the point. You've already got me.

Dave stops. Turns her to face him.

DAVE

I know, but I was thinking about it. The only reason I would ever want anyone else is if I didn't have you. And if I didn't have you, you're the only one I would want.

(a moment, then)

Is that stupid?

MARIA

Yes. It's also the sweetest thing anybody's ever said to me.



She kisses him. One of those "I'm so lucky" kisses.  
See? Dave's not so dumb after all.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Bill rinses off some dishes, but his mind's not really on it.  
He stops and picks up the phone. Dials.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
Jennifer? It's Bill. Yeah. I've  
been thinking. Want to get  
together for dinner some night?

INT. SPA - DAY

Ariella and Eduardo sit side by side, getting pedicures. Both  
have magazines on their laps.

Eduardo's pedicurist, PETRA (55), Russian, looks up at him.

PETRA  
No Mr. Richard today?

EDUARDO  
He couldn't make it.

She nods toward Ariella.

PETRA  
You not going for other team?

EDUARDO  
No. Same team.

Petra shrugs.

PETRA  
When you're ready, Petra is ready.

He gives her a wink.

Eduardo sees that Ariella's looking off into the distance.

EDUARDO  
How's that article?

She looks at the magazine.

ARIELLA  
Oh. Good. It's good.

He nods. She goes back to not reading the magazine.

EDUARDO

Ari.

ARIELLA

I don't want to talk about it.

EDUARDO

(beat, then to Petra)

Petra, let me ask you something. Say you met this man you really liked.

ARIELLA

Eduardo --

EDUARDO

(to Ariella)

Excuse me. Having a private conversation here.

(to Petra)

So, you've met this man.

PETRA

A good-looking man?

EDUARDO

It doesn't matter.

PETRA

Is my man. It matters to me.

EDUARDO

Fair enough. Good-looking.

PETRA

Okay. No, wait. Good-looking like bear or good-looking like stallion?

ARIELLA

Good-looking like weasel.

EDUARDO

Don't listen to her. Little bit bear, little bit stallion.

Petra takes a moment to get a mental picture. She likes it.

PETRA

Okay, go.

EDUARDO

So things are going along great.

PETRA  
And sex is good?

Eduardo glances at Ariella, then to Petra.

EDUARDO  
I'm told very good.

PETRA  
Good. Okay, go.

EDUARDO  
Then you find out, when you first  
met this man, he told you a lie.

PETRA  
Ah. This happens. Was big lie or  
little lie?

ARIELLA  
A big lie.

PETRA  
Big lie. Okay.

EDUARDO  
Would you forgive him?

PETRA  
Okay. Is hard.

Petra looks over at Ariella. Then to Eduardo.

PETRA  
I think, would depend on if man  
knows he did wrong, and on how much  
I love this man.

EDUARDO  
I see.

PETRA  
Yes. Yes.

Petra goes back to Eduardo's pedicure.

Eduardo goes back to reading his magazine.

Ariella continues not reading hers.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A MAITRE D' holds Jennifer's chair as Bill and Jennifer sit.

MAITRE D'  
Your waiter will be here shortly.

He leaves.

BILL  
Thanks for seeing me tonight.

JENNIFER  
I guess you've suffered enough.

BILL  
(beat)  
Look, Jen, I know I've made some mistakes, and I'm sorry. I planned tonight as, I hope, a way to make it up to you.

JENNIFER  
It's a start.

The WAITER approaches.

WAITER  
Good evening. Would you like to start off with a drink?

BILL  
Jennifer?

JENNIFER  
I'll have a Manhattan.  
(glances at Bill)  
On second thought, maybe just a white wine.

WAITER  
Very good. Our house white is excellent. And you, sir?

BILL  
Nothing for me. I'm not staying.

JENNIFER  
What?

BILL  
(to Waiter)  
Just the wine for now.

The Waiter leaves.

JENNIFER

You've got to be kidding. This is how you make it up to me? Walking out?

BILL

No, this is.

Jennifer's confused. Then she senses someone standing next to her. She looks up.

It's WILLIAM SHATNER.

Bill stands.

BILL

Mr. Shatner, this is Jennifer, the woman I told you about. Jennifer, this is William Shatner.

Jennifer is, well, stricken. She would probably stand, but her knees are a little weak right now.

JENNIFER

Mr. Shatner.

SHATNER

Call me Bill.

She holds her hand out to shake his. Naturally, Shatner kisses it. That's just how he rolls.

SHATNER

What a pleasure. Bill didn't do you justice.

(chuckles, points to Bill)

Bill.

(points to himself)

Bill. You won't even have to learn a new name.

Shatner chuckles again. He enjoys a good joke. Especially when it's his.

Jennifer giggles.

BILL

(to Jennifer)

Am I forgiven?

She's still in shock. But manages a nod.

Shatner places himself between Jennifer and Bill.

Bill slips an envelope to Shatner.

They speak confidentially, so Jennifer can't hear them.

BILL  
The pictures are inside.

SHATNER  
And?

BILL  
An affidavit that I've burned any  
copies, and giving you all rights.

SHATNER  
Excellent.

BILL  
I gotta ask, though. Why did you  
get a tattoo of the Starship  
Enterprise on your --

Shatner clears his throat. *Ix-nay on the attoo-tay.*

Bill lets it go. To some questions, you don't want answers.

Bill gives Jennifer a wave. Then hurries off.

Shatner turns back to Jennifer.

SHATNER  
Now, where were we?

Jennifer giggles again.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Bill exits dialing his cell phone.

BILL (ON PHONE)  
Jim? Bill Martin. Call me. You  
know those Shatner pictures you  
wanted? Not gonna happen.

He hangs up, looking like he feels pretty good right now.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Bill works on putting some of his art photos in frames.

Framed photos are stacked against the walls. Some are already  
wrapped for transport.

The doorbell rings.

He's annoyed by the interruption, but goes to the door and opens it.

Eduardo and Richard stand there, carrying shopping bags.

BILL  
Hey, guys. Wow.

EDUARDO  
Hey, stranger.

BILL  
I'm really ... surprised. Come in.

They do.

RICHARD  
We brought some things you left at Ariella's.

Bill takes the bags.

BILL  
From New York?

EDUARDO  
We're here doing a shoot.

BILL  
Ari's in L.A.?

RICHARD  
Yes. But we're not supposed to tell you that.

EDUARDO  
In fact, she told us to just put the stuff on the front step and leave.

Richard notices the photos.

RICHARD  
Hey, these are good.

BILL  
Yeah. I gave up the "celebrity photo" business. Went back to these.

EDUARDO  
How's it going?

BILL  
If I don't start selling some, I'll be sleeping on a friend's couch.

RICHARD  
He meant ... about Ariella.

BILL  
Oh. I made a big mistake.

EDUARDO  
You certainly did.

BILL  
And I ...

He can't bring himself to finish the sentence.

Eduardo noses through the framed photos leaned against the walls.

EDUARDO  
These are fantastic.

BILL  
Thanks.

Richard indicates some that are packed up.

RICHARD  
You putting them in storage?

BILL  
No, I have a showing coming up.

Eduardo flips through more photos. He picks one up. It's one Bill took of Ariella.

EDUARDO  
That's her.

Bill glances at the photo.

BILL  
Yeah, I took that in New York.

EDUARDO  
I don't mean that's a picture of her. I mean, that's ... her.

He shows Richard the picture. Richards nods.

BILL  
You'd think she'd like it?

EDUARDO  
I know she would.



Bill stares at the photo. Wheels turn. He has a thought.

BILL  
I've got kind of a crazy idea. I  
know it would be a lot to ask, but--

EDUARDO  
(interrupts)  
I'm in.

RICHARD  
Me to.

BILL  
Really?

EDUARDO  
What do you need us to do?

Is that a glimmer of hope in Bill's eyes? It just might be.

MONTAGE - BILL PREPARES FOR HIS ART PHOTOGRAPHY OPENING

-- Bill puts a number of carefully wrapped large framed  
photographs into the back of his car.

-- A GALLERY ASSISTANT helps him bring the wrapped frames into  
The Payton Gallery.

-- He reads labels on the packages and places them around the  
gallery.

-- The Assistant shows him a labeled package. Bill nods for  
him to take it into a smaller gallery off the main gallery.

-- Bill supervises the hanging of the photos. Of the ones we  
see, some we've seen before, some we haven't.

-- Bill surveys the gallery. He looks apprehensive.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS STREET - NIGHT

Eduardo and Richard flank Ariella as they hurry down the  
sidewalk, lined with shops.

ARIELLA  
Guys, what's the rush?

EDUARDO  
I don't want to be late.

ARIELLA  
Late for what?

Eduardo and Richard rush her past a placard that reads:  
"PHOTOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM MARTIN." She doesn't see it.

ARIELLA  
Okay, that's it. What is going --

EDUARDO  
Here we are.

They make a quick turn into

INT. THE PAYTON GALLERY (OUTER GALLERY)- NIGHT

A large gallery room. Framed photos line the walls.

Eduardo and Richard hurry Ariella past a stand with programs.

PATRONS mill about, studying the photos.

ARIELLA  
This is it?

EDUARDO  
I heard it was a good show.

ARIELLA  
Thank god we changed our flight,  
because there aren't enough  
galleries in New York.

Her eyes fall on some of the photos.

She moves in for a closer look. She may not have seen these  
exact photos before, but she's seen some like it.

Eduardo and Richard follow.

She knows something's up, but she's drawn to the photos.

ARIELLA  
Eduardo ...

Eduardo eyes the doorway to the smaller gallery.

EDUARDO  
Let's see what's in here.

They steer her that way, and stop at the entrance of the

INT. INNER GALLERY - NIGHT

Facing them from the opposite wall is a huge black and white photographic portrait of Ariella. Eyes closed, face turned toward the sun as it warms her face.

She knows that photo. She remembers the moment Bill took it.

She takes a few steps into the gallery, which has a few PATRONS admiring the photos. Eduardo and Richard follow.

As she nears the portrait, she realizes that next to it is an enlargement of her making a face at the camera as she walked along the streets of New York.

Next to it, her on the bus, watching the mother with her baby.

Next to that, a close up of her face at the same moment.

And around the room, picture after picture of moments she shared with Bill.

She turns toward the entrance of the gallery, where

Bill stands watching her.

BILL  
(re: the photos)  
What do you think?

She doesn't know what to say. A lot going on in there.

BILL  
That picture in the tabloid?  
That's of a woman I met on the  
beach that day.

He indicates one of the photos.

BILL  
But this ... this is the woman I  
fell in love with.

He moves to another photo.

BILL  
Her smile is a little crooked when  
she's not thinking about it.

Another photo, of her looking very serious.

BILL  
When she smiles, that is, which  
isn't nearly often enough.

He moves to a photo of her sleeping.

BILL  
She snores like a truck driver.

And to a photo of her looking at the camera, annoyed.

BILL  
She's a little cranky in the late  
afternoon.

Then to the photo of her warming her face in the sun.

BILL  
And when the sun hits her face in  
the morning, you'd think it's the  
whole reason the sun came up. Just  
for a chance to shine on that face.

He turns to Ariella.

BILL  
And I'm sorry I didn't tell her  
about the pictures I took on the  
beach. By the time I realized I  
should tell her the truth, I was  
afraid I would lose her if she  
found out.

He takes a few steps toward her.

BILL  
And I love her. And I'm begging  
her to forgive me. I'm begging.

Ariella stands there silently for a moment. She looks over at  
Eduardo and Richard, next to her.

EDUARDO  
Honey, if you don't go over there  
and kiss that man right now, I'm  
going to.

RICHARD  
Not if I get to him first.

Ariella doesn't move.

Eduardo shrugs and takes a step toward Bill.

He's stopped by a very firm hand on his shoulder. Not  
Richard's. Ariella's.

Ariella runs to Bill and kisses him. Now that's a kiss.

Eduardo takes Richard's hand. They may cry.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (FIVE YEARS LATER)

Bill, on the sand, in swim trunks, poses for an unseen photographer. His poses are exaggerated, silly.

He makes an exasperated sigh.

BILL  
Don't you think that's enough  
pictures for today?

He looks at Ariella, who, by the way, isn't holding a camera.

ARIELLA  
I think that's probably enough.

She looks down at her side.

ARIELLA  
What do you think, punkinhead? Is  
that enough pictures?

She kneels down to BELLA (4), the cutest kid you've ever seen, camera in hand.

ARIELLA  
Daddy's tired and Mommy has to  
study for her class.

BELLA  
(to Ariella)  
I guess that's enough, Mommy.  
We're losing the light anyway.

Ariella's mouth drops open.

Bill jumps up and chases Bella. He scoops her up in his arms.

ARIELLA  
Did Daddy teach you that?

BILL  
That's my girl.

Bill tickles Bella, much to her delight.

And the three of them go off down the beach together, hand in hand in hand.

FADE OUT.

THE END