

You Must Be Kidding

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Fade In:

INT. SARAH MARTINSON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

SARAH MARTINSON, a comely twenty-something, rises as her cell chirps out a tune. She looks at the screen.

INSERT SCREEN:

"I'll meet you for lunch. Noon, if you're back in time. Have something important to discuss. Ted"

SARAH SMILES SLIGHTLY

and rises from her bed, putting the phone on the nightstand, and heads to the bathroom.

The sound of the SHOWER fills the room. The phone RINGS. Sarah comes back.

SARAH

I was just getting into the shower,
Emma. I have to catch a train in
two hours.

INT. EMMA'S OFFICE NYU - DAY - INTERCUT

EMMA MARONEY, avant garde, dresses like Madonna ran into Lady Gaga, moves around the office, fiddling with papers.

EMMA

Just wanted to let you know that
your dissertation went to the printer.

SARAH

Thanks. One less thing. Oh, I have
to meet with Ted at noon, so clear
any schedule I might have.

EMMA

I cleared your schedule when he called
me and asked me to clear your
schedule. I guess he has something
important to...

SARAH

I don't even want to think about it.

EMMA

The big one?

SARAH

I hope not. But, it's Ted. He's so... serious. You know, why is it that men constantly want to complicate things?

EMMA

Are you sure you're a girl?

SARAH

What are you talking about?

EMMA

We're the ones who want commitment. You...

SARAH

Stop! I have to get ready.

EMMA

Well, you are a hottie and a smarty. He only has one Ph.D. You have two.

SARAH

Please... almost two.

EMMA

I have a question.

SARAH

Make it quick.

EMMA

Who needs two Ph.d's at twenty-four?

SARAH

Good-bye, Emma.

She tosses the cell on the bed and heads back to the bathroom.

EXT. 30TH STREET STATION/ARCH STREET - DAY

Sarah gets out of the cab, grabs her bags, quickly pays the driver and heads toward the station.

INT. 30TH STREET STATION - DAY

Sarah heads up to the Subway sandwich shop. The Clerk, KELLY, comes to her.

KELLY

Hi, may I help you?

SARAH
Bacon, egg and cheese with avocado,
please. Large ice tea.

Kelly hands her a cup. She turns and heads to the soda fountain.

KELLY
You can get your drink right over there.

SARAH
Thanks.

KELLY
Will! Your breakfast is ready.

WILL
Thanks, Kelly.

WILSON (WILL) CAMBRIDGE III, whose face is nearly obscured by a bushy but well-tended head of hair and a beard and mustache, steps up. Kelly hands him a bag.

KELLY
So, this is your last day here?

WILL
Yup. On my way.

He takes his bag.

KELLY
Well, I hope it's all you want it to be.

WILL
Thanks, Kelly.

KELLY
Come say hello when you visit family.

WILL
Will do.

He exits as Sarah steps back to the counter.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DAY

Sarah, breakfast in hand, finds a seat. Sitting near her is Will, chomping down on his own breakfast. Sarah chomps down on her sandwich.

EXT. 30TH STREET STATION - DAY

The train pulls out.

INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DAY

Sarah holds a legal pad in front of her and feverishly scribbles equations on it.

Over her shoulder, Will scans the page, but goes back to his own reading.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA STATION/NW ENTRANCE - DAY

Trailing her bag behind her, Sarah heads out to the corner of 8th Avenue and 33rd Street. She looks at her watch.

SARAH

Right on time.

She looks across the street to an Irish pub called Tir Na Nog. She turns to see Will standing near her, looking like a deer caught in the headlights.

For a moment, their eyes connect. Sarah smiles. Will smiles.

Finally, Sarah turns and heads across the street, leaving Will with a forlorn look on his face.

WILL

Taxi.

INT. TIR NA NOG - DAY

Sarah enters and spies her boyfriend, TED KNIGHT, a tall, almost regal man, with gray temples. She heads to him, a giant smile on her face. He pulls out the chair to seat her.

SARAH

Thank you.

TED

I ordered your usual.

She seems a bit disappointed, but smiles anyway.

SARAH

Thank you.

TED

So, how did your symposium go?

SARAH

It was great. Professor Hawking was there. Kip Throne. My faculty advisor on my Ph.D., Professor Kaku was there. Made me kind of nervous. Professor David Deutsch from Cambridge was...

Ted seems to stare off into space.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You're not really interested in my symposium, are you?

Ted struggles for words that do not come.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Well, you've never been abstemious with your words. So, what is it?

TED

We've been together for two years now.

A look of dejection covers her face and she begins to palpitate a bit.

TED (CONT'D)

This is never easy. I've talked to you about marriage several times.

SARAH

And I told you I wasn't quite ready. I needed time, Ted.

TED

Perhaps it's our ages. I'm near fifty. You're not even twenty-five yet. I want to have a family. Children. I've waited all my life for what I thought was the perfect girl. But she wasn't...

Tears appear in Sarah's eyes.

TED (CONT'D)

...wasn't ready.

SARAH

Can we wait just take a little longer?

TED

I've been working my ass off for thirty years.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

I've built a great company. And I'm finally able to feel like a success.

SARAH

Is it someone else?

TED

Not yet. But the door is open. And I know you won't be ready for a long time. If you said yes now, you wouldn't be happy. You'd feel trapped. I know you know this. You're smarter than anyone I know.

Ted stands.

TED (CONT'D)

I'd like to have a life to enjoy before I'm too old to enjoy it. You're still chasing your dreams.

He moves off, but stops next to her. He leans down.

TED (CONT'D)

I do love you. I always will. But you don't love us.

He kisses her on the head and walks away. Sarah does her best to control her tears. But the flow comes.

EXT. 8TH AVENUE - DAY

Sarah marches north. Finally, she hits...

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - DAY

Sarah stops in the middle and just looks up.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah enters and tosses her purse on the desk and her bags across the room. She flops down in her chair as Emma enters.

EMMA

Well, that's a cheery face. How was lunch?

SARAH

Don't ask.

Emma looks at her ring finger.

EMMA

So, I guess there was no proposal?

SARAH

Two years. Two fucking years. I just finished my orals on my second Ph.D. and he wants me to get married tomorrow.

EMMA

Elope?

SARAH

Euphemistically speaking. "I'd like to have a life to enjoy before I'm too old to enjoy it." Fucking bullshit.

EMMA

That's what he said?

SARAH

I think he got his hot little smarty and wants a new one. "I do love you. I always will. But you don't love us."

EMMA

Wow. Pompous.

SARAH

You know what? Who needs men? I don't do you?

EMMA

Not especially.

SARAH

I have my work. I have my friends. Plus, in my research, the heart is like a giant lock. If the key doesn't fit, no amount of jamming it in there is going to change a thing.

EMMA

You sure we're talking about the heart?

SARAH

She thinks she's so funny. Follow, slave.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY

A cab pulls over to the side of the street. Will gets out, pays the driver and takes his suitcase and briefcase. He looks again at the building and enters.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - DAY

The small apartment is furnished modestly. Will enters slowly and leaves his suitcase near the door. He opens the window and lets the sounds of the city fill the room.

Slowly, he turns and heads back to his suitcase, leaving his briefcase on the coffee table.

INT. IN THE BEDROOM - DAY

Will places seven suits, exactly the same, in the closet. After stowing his other garments, he turns and faces the near-empty apartment.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

Will wanders through the park, a briefcase in his hand and a computer bag over his shoulder. For a moment, he watches some acrobatic, hip hop entertainers thrill the ad hoc audience with their antics.

As he moves away, he buys a popsicle and walks out of the park to the southeast corner.

EXT. CORNER OF UNIVERSITY PLACE AND 4TH STREET - DAY

Will heads for the Ancient Studies Building.

INT. ANCIENT STUDIES BUILDING/FOYER - DAY

Tentatively, Will enters.

INT. ANTHROPOLOGY DEPARTMENT - DAY

Will enters and finds the secretary, OONA KELLY, who speaks with an Irish accent, sitting at her desk.

WILL

Hi, I'm...

OONA

Professor Cambridge?

WILL

Will's fine.

OONA

All right. Will. I'm Oona Kelly. You may call me Oona. Your office is right in there.

WILL

Oh. Okay. Irish?

OONA
How'd you guess?

WILL
Lucky.

She opens the door for him and they enter an austere room.

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - DAY

There is a window, a desk with a computer, bookshelves.

OONA
Not much. But home sweet home.

WILL
It's fine. An office is not a mind.

OONA
Good way to look at it. I have some work to do, so I'll let you get settled. Professor Sjöberg left some papers for you.

WILL
Thank you. I worked with her on a dig. She's awesome.

OONA
And Professor George Roberts will stop by to greet you sometime today or tomorrow.

WILL
Thank you.

Oona withdraws and closes the door. After a moment, Will places his briefcase and computer bag on the desk. He takes some books out of his briefcase and places them on one of the books shelves.

Then he takes his laptop out and places it on his desk. After surveying the office, he sits down, rubbing his hands on the armrest.

WILL (CONT'D)
Home sweet home.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah and her assistants, All graduate students, Emma, CASEY RICHARDS, a bespectacled mousy blond who is somewhat insecure, ATHENA PAPAKONSTANTINOY, a Greek goddess and ISABELLE SONI, stare intently at the chalk board.

SARAH
You're not serious, are you?

EMMA
Doesn't work for me.

CASEY
I've seen stranger things.

ISABELLE
In what world?

ATHENA
What's wrong with it? Doesn't fit
the equation?

EMMA
Doesn't fit anything.

SARAH
I'm just your graduate advisor but...

CASEY
But?

SARAH
You're not serious about this?

ATHENA
It works. Seriously.

ISABELLE
I don't get it.

EMMA
You haven't gotten your Ph.D yet.
Once you get it...

ATHENA
I know. It's a bitch changing your
diplomas after.

CASEY
Athena Papakonstantinou-Sabounjian?

On the chalk board papakonstantinou-sabounjian e board is
Athena's name: Athena-Sabounjian.

SARAH
Papakonstantinou is hard enough, but
you want to tag an Armenian name
onto that?

ATHENA
It's my parents.

EMMA

You're the one who has to tote that handle around all the time?

CASEY

You can't even get that on a driver's licence.

EMMA

Or a marriage certificate.

SARAH

Who wants to get married anyway?

EMMA

Not I.

SARAH

Me neither.

CASEY

You'd think he'd Anglicize his first name at least. Atam?

ATHENA

It's Adam in Armenian.

CASEY

At least he has his Ph.D already.

EMMA

No hyphens.

SARAH

No extra letters.

ATHENA

Okay. Okay.

She jumps up and erases her maiden name.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Satisfied, bitches?

SARAH

Works for me.

EMMA

Me too.

CASEY

I'm in the mood for comedy. Let's get out of here.

The four of them can't get out the door fast enough.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

Sarah, Emma, Athena and Casey head down toward MacDougal Street as Will heads down on the opposite side of the street.

EXT. MACDOUGAL STREET - NIGHT

Sarah, Emma, Athena and Case head into the COMEDY CELLAR, while Will heads into OFF THE WAGON.

INT. OFF THE WAGON - NIGHT

A waitress, MILAGROS, seats PROFESSOR GEORGE ROBERTS, a man who looks like he jumped out of Central Casting for a college professor, and Will, who seems a bit nervous.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS

Beer okay?

WILL

Sure. Fine. Whatever you... yeah sure.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS

Two Sam Adams, Milagros?

MILAGROS

Who's the newbee?

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS

This is Professor Wilson Cambridge.

WILL

Will's fine.

MILAGROS

Okay, Will. I'm Milagros. Nice to meet you.

WILL

Nice to meet you.

MILAGROS

Be back with your beers.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS

I love this place. I come here for lunch a couple times a week. You're welcome to join me.

WILL

Okay.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS
And I'd suggest you try the BBQ
Chicken Quesadilla. It's Chicken
smothered in BBQ sauce sandwiched
between fl cheddar cheese. It's to
die for.

WILL
Okay. Sure. If you like it.

Milagros returns with their beers.

MILAGROS
Ready to order?

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS
Indeed we are.

MILAGROS
BBQ Chicken Quesadilla?

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS
Am I getting too predictable?

MILAGROS
Yes, Professor. I'll put the order
in.

Roberts lifts his glass.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS
To your tenure as a professor here
at NYU.

WILL
Thank you, sir.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS
No sirs here. You'll call me George.
First names with colleagues.

WILL
Okay, George.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS
So, what do you plan to do this year?
Any digs?

WILL
I won a grant to do research in the
Holy Land. Nazareth. Professor
Tabor is leading...

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS
I know Jim well. Good man.

WILL

I think so too. It's an honor to work with him. And I'll take some of the best students with me. I did my undergrad and graduate work in Evolutionary Biology at Harvard. I worked with Dr. Anthony Glascock at Drexel for my Ph.D. He wants to prove once and for all that Nazareth didn't exist in the First Century.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS

Tony's a good man too. You've done well in your academic career. And I know your CV. I'm impressed.

WILL

Thank you, sir. George.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS

Sir George. I like that.

Will laughs a little.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS (CONT'D)

So, do you have a girlfriend? Wife?

WILL

I'm not really good with that kind of thing, George. I pretty much stick to the dead. Well, their bones.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS

There's a lot of eye candy at NYU. Take advantage of it.

Milagros returns with their food.

MILAGROS

There you go, guys.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS

Looks awesome. Thanks, Milagros.

MILAGROS

You're welcome, Professor.

WILL

It does look good.

MILAGROS

You know, Will, you have a nice smile. Nice eyes. Perhaps if you lost the face fuzz and the mop?

WILL

Really?

She nods and smiles.

MILAGROS

Anything else, guys?

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS

That's all for now. Thanks.

MILAGROS

Enjoy.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS

I think she likes you.

WILL

Really?

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS

Too bad she has a boyfriend.

WILL

Story of my life.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS

So, do you know anyone here?

WILL

My sister lives here. She's a lawyer. Dripping in money. We're supposed to meet at the comedy club next door.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS

Well that's amazing, Will. Great. Always good to have some family around.

WILL

We were really close as kids. She's my big sister. Shorter. But, you know.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS

That's great. How's your supper?

WILL

Really good. I don't cook, so I'll put this on my list.

PROF. GEORGE ROBERTS

You can't go wrong in the Village.

INT. COMEDY CELLAR - NIGHT

As the Sarah, Emma, Athena and Case filter into the front of the club near the stage, DAN NATURMAN takes the stage to a great round of applause.

DAN

Thank you! Thank you very much!
It's great to be here! So, I'm not
married. Never been married. People
ask me, Dan why have you never been
married. I'll tell you why. Cause
I have to be sold on stuff. And
people aren't selling marriage as an
institution.

Emma already rolls in laughter.

EMMA

I love this guy. He cracks me up.

DAN

I talk to married people all the
time. I asked them how you like
being married. You know what I'm
not hearing? Enthusiasm.

The audience erupts in laughter.

ON DOORWAY

Will slips in and stands at the back. He sports a smile and a little bit of a laugh at Dan's joke.

SARAH raises her glass.

SARAH

I'll drink to that.

DAN points to Sarah.

DAN

That's right. At best, at best,
they're like, so far so good.

WILL scans the crowd. He sees a blond sitting at a table with a Naval Officer. The girl turns and smiles broadly. It's his sister, ROSE CAMBRIDGE. She leaps to here feet and runs to him.

ROSE

You were supposed to call me when
you got into town.

WILL
Didn't have time. Professor Roberts
wanted to meet me right away.

ROSE
You look scruffy.

WILL
Was on a dig. Didn't feel like
shaving.

ROSE
You look like a street person.

WILL
With two Ph.D's.

ROSE
You love telling me that.

WILL
My one claim to fame. So, why here?

ROSE
My new boyfriend, Gordon Reeves...

WILL
Gordon Reeves?

ROSE
Gordon Reeves. He's a Navy SEAL.

WILL
Oh, impressive. He's not the one on
stage.

ROSE
No, shithead. He's at the table
where I was sitting, and he's looking
back at us.

GORDON REEVES, model good looks, in his Dress White Navy
uniform, waves.

ROSE (CONT'D)
He's friends with the guy on stage.
So, we came here. Why don't we stop
being rude and I'll introduce you?

Will motions for her to lead the way.

They navigate the tables till they get to Rose's table. As
they reach the table, Gordon rises to his full 6'8" height,
dwarfing Rose and Will. Will reaches up to shake his hand.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Will, this is Gordon Reeves. Gordon, this is my brother, Professor William Cambridge.

GORDON

Good to meet you, Professor.

WILL

Same. Will's fine.

They sit as Gordon motions for the WAITRESS to come.

GORDON

Another white wine. Two more beers. You like beer, Will?

WILL

Sure. Beer's fine.

Gordon nods as the waitress leaves.

WILL (CONT'D)

So, you're a Navy SEAL?

GORDON

Yes, sir.

WILL

You must be an officer.

GORDON

Lieutenant Commander. Giving away my secrets?

ROSE

Nope. He's kind of a smarty.

GORDON

Must be good with the girls.

WILL

I'm good with rank insignia. I'm not that good with girls. I have trouble getting nerds at Comic Con. I'm better with girls at archeological digs. With the dead ones.

Gordon busts out laughing.

GORDON

Good sense of humor.

WILL

How do they fit you in the mini-sub?

Gordon laughs even harder.

The drinks come and the waitress sets them down.

GORDON

Well, I'll tell you something, Will.
It's a pleasure. Rose has been going
on non-stop about her brother the
professor.

WILL

I'm not very impressive. What you
do, now, shit, that's amazing. I
don't know how you go into combat
like that. I'm very impressed by
what you do.

GORDON

Thank you, Will. Good to hear. My
father was in Viet Nam. Not too
many people were impressed back then.

WILL

Well, I appreciate what you do. And
you must get all the pretty girls
too.

GORDON

I get lucky once in a while.

ROSE

Shut up. We were set up on a blind
date. I didn't want to go, but my
friend told me he was a SEAL. Thought
it be fun. And I always feel safe
next to him.

WILL

He could stand in front of you and
they'd never see you.

DAN heads down from the stage through the audience. Emma
stops him.

EMMA

Can I get your autograph?

DAN

Sure. Sure. Glad you could come.

EMMA

I saw you on Letterman the other
night. I was rolling.

DAN
You shouldn't do drugs.

EMMA
Not that kind of rolling.

DAN
Here you go. Enjoy the night.

Emma jumps up and kisses him on the cheek.

DAN (CONT'D)
Careful. I don't know if you got
your shots yet.

Emma breaks out in a somewhat self-conscious laugh as Sarah
and the others roll their eyes.

Dan heads for Rose, Will and Gordon. Rose leaps up and hugs
him.

ROSE
Hey, Danny.

DAN
I appreciate the welcome, Rose, but
I'd like to be able to breathe.

ROSE
Oh, shut up.

DAN
Who the hell's the walking solar
eclipse and the street person?

ROSE
Asshole. Dan, this is my boyfriend,
Lieutenant Commander Gordon Reeves.
He's a Navy SEAL.

They shake hands and Dan winces.

GORDON
Good to meet you, Dan. You're very
funny.

DAN
How the hell they fit you in the
mini-sub?

WILL
That's what I said.

DAN
Observant for a street person.

ROSE
He's a professor.

DAN
What's he profess? Poverty?

ROSE
Archeology. This is Professor Will
Cambridge.

DAN
You have the same last name.

ROSE
He's my brother.

DAN
Glad to meet you, Professor Bones.

WILL
Pleasure to meet you too.

Sarah and her friends saunter bye and Sarah looks at Will.

DAN
Well, Rose, I'd love to stay and
chat, but I'm headed to Jew Central.

ROSE
Excuse me?

DAN
The Catskills.

He gives her a hug. Shakes Gordon's hand.

DAN (CONT'D)
Commander.

GORDON
Good to meet you.

He shakes Will's hands.

DAN
Glad you washed your hands, Doctor
Bones.

Dan takes off.

GORDON
Has a ring to it. Doctor Bones.

WILL
I think I'll stick to Doctor
Cambridge.

GORDON
I was kidding.

WILL
Oh.

EXT. MACDOUGAL STREET - NIGHT

Sarah and the girls stagger down the street.

SARAH
Too much alcohol in too little time.

EMMA
True. Maybe we should find another
bar.

SARAH
Classes in the morning.

EMMA
You're not teaching tomorrow.

SARAH
You are.

EMMA
Oh, shit. Can I call in sick?

SARAH
No.

Some DRUNK GUYS swagger down the street.

DRUNK GUY
Yo! You look like an after dinner
snack.

EMMA
You look like a piece of shit.

DRUNK GUY
What the fuck, bitch!

SARAH
Move along, little boys.

CASEY
We could've had them.

SARAH

You could've had herpes too. Let's go, ladies.

ATHENA

That's why she has the Ph.D's.

INT.FRONT OF THE COMEDY CELLAR - NIGHT

Rose, Gordon and Will exit onto MacDougal.

ROSE

Well, boys. I have to get to bed.

GORDON

And I have to get back to... I can't tell you.

They all laugh.

ROSE

Gordon, would you mind if my brother and I spent some time together?

GORDON

Of course not. I'll see you next week.

He kisses her, shakes Will's hand and heads off to hail a cab.

Rose hooks his arm and heads down the street.

WILL

Going tall now huh?

ROSE

Trying to counter the short genes in our family.

WILL

You going to marry him?

ROSE

I've given it thought.

WILL

Better hurry. Wasting eggs.

ROSE

Let's not talk about age. Well, big brother, what's going on in your love life?

WILL
Archeologists are not exactly girl
magnets.

She grabs his beard.

ROSE
They can't even see your face.

WILL
Been made aware of that. Aunt Sophie
thinks...

ROSE
Why do you care what she thinks?
She's a psychiatrist. She could
have been a neurosurgeon. Instead,
she's a nut cracker.

WILL
That's what I thought.

ROSE
You know, I'm going to see if I can
find a girl for you.

WILL
I've never known you to set yourself
up for failure.

ROSE
Shut up. You're a catch. You just
need to give yourself some credit.

She motions for a cab, which instantly stops. She gives him
a giant hug.

WILL
I'll try.

ROSE
We need to spend some time together
before you dash off to some far off
place to dig up dead things.

WILL
Sounds like fun.

She smiles, gets into the cab and waves as the cab drives
away.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Will enters and looks at the austere room.

INT. WILL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Will strokes his beard, then picks up a pair of scissors.

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Will breezes into his office and goes straight past Oona, who jumps up to stop him.

OONA

Sir! Sir! You can't go in there.

Will stops short and turns.

WILL

Oona, it's me.

OONA

Me who?

WILL

Professor Cambridge.

OONA

Professor... whoa. That's a... pleasant change.

WILL

Thanks. I suppose I should get to know the classes. I read where Professor Sjöberg was before she went back to Sweden.

OONA

I have a list of graduate students from which to choose.

WILL

Great. Thank you.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Students funnel into the lecture hall as Will, somewhat meekly, enters, getting knocked aside by a rather large and inconsiderate fellow, BLAKE RYAN, who escorts a cute coed, BETH OWEN, in.

BLAKE

Excuse yourself.

Will tries to collect himself. After the class assembles, he moves to the front and places his papers on the desk. He writes his name on the board.

WILL
I'm Professor Cambridge. I'll be
taking over for Professor Sjöberg.

A sick look appears on Blake's face.

BLAKE
Sorry, Professor.

WILL
Don't worry about it.

BETH
You're an idiot.

BLAKE
Shut up.

WILL
That's enough. All right. Professor
Sjöberg worked on the dig at the
modern town of Nazareth. And we're
working on a book about it. Should
be a page-turner.

The class begins to laugh. Will launches into an
uncharacteristically exuberant and dramatic lecture.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah types away on her computer as Emma staggers in, hangover
in full swing.

EMMA
You let me drink that much why?

SARAH
Prove a point.

EMMA
Which was?

SARAH
Not a good idea to drink that much
that fast the day before teaching a
nine A.M. class.

EMMA
You're a bitch.

SARAH
I know. But one good thing is that
you have the rest of the day to grade
papers.

EMMA

I hate you.

SARAH

I'm kidding. Go home.

EMMA

Thanks, Dr. Bitch.

Emma slinks out of the office as Sarah stifles a laugh.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

Will sits alone, writing on a laptop. Beth and Blake approach.

BETH

Professor?

WILL

Hi. Hello.

BLAKE

I wanted to apologize again,
Professor, for being an ass.

BETH

Blake here has an ego the size of
the Universe.

BLAKE

And yet she still dates me.

WILL

We all have our cross to bear.

BETH

I just wanted to tell you that I'm
happy you've taken over Professor
Sjöberg's classes. I've read two of
your books.

WILL

So you're the one.

BETH

Don't be silly. They're fascinating.

WILL

Thank you.

BETH

Well, can't wait to hear more about
your dig in Nazareth.

WILL
There's a lot to tell.

BETH
We have to get to another class.
We'll leave you to your work.

The two walk away.

WILL
See you next class.

Will goes back to work...

BLAKE AND BETH

Head off.

BETH
He's a lot more interesting in class.

EMMA

still suffering from her hangover, slumps by. Some of Will's papers blow away and Emma catches them, gathers them up and hands them to Will.

EMMA
There you go.

WILL
Thanks.

EMMA
You a teacher?

WILL
Professor.

EMMA
Emma. Grad student.

WILL
Doctor Cambridge. Will's fine.

EMMA
I have a hangover, Will. I'm going to go home and puke.

WILL
Enjoy.

EMMA
Nice to meet you.

WILL

Same.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma gathers up papers and then writes equations on the board.

EMMA

I'm just saying. It's been over six months since you and Ted...

Sarah rolls her eyes.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You need to start dating again. Why couldn't you commit to Ted?

SARAH

Maybe there was just something about him that...

EMMA

Good looking? Successful? Rich?

SARAH

Maybe that was it? He was too perfect. It was like he jumped out of a perfect mate book.

EMMA

What's wrong with perfect?

SARAH

I don't need perfect. I need someone who's interested in "us" more than...

EMMA

It's just that...

SARAH

And when we talked about "us" he always brought up that I spend too much time teaching! Teaching!!! I'm a teacher! He said I don't care about "us". Pompous ass. He wanted his little young girl so he could make the perfect family. I wasn't ready to be someone's plus one.

EMMA

I'm just saying. It's time to get out there and...

SARAH

I don't need a guy to "complete" me.

EMMA

I'm not talking about completing you. Just "filling" up some time.

SARAH

I have other things for that, pervert.

EMMA

I'm just saying...

SARAH

I know what you're saying.

EMMA

I bet I could find the right one for you.

SARAH

I bet you're wrong.

EMMA

Pain in the ass. Enough equations for one night. Weekly poker game awaits.

Emma drags her away from the board.

INT. POKER ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah, Emma, Athena and Casey, smoking a cigar, sit around the table. Emma rakes in the pot. She has the biggest stack. Sarah's the next biggest.

EMMA

Come to momma.

SARAH

Thief.

EMMA

Skilled. It's my superior logical mind.

SARAH

Card shark. See how your grades come out.

EMMA

Ha ha.

CASEY

My deal. Blinds.

As soon as the blinds go in, she deals out the hole cards.

EMMA

You know, boss, it's been six months since you and the toad split. When are you going to get back in the saddle?

SARAH

When you stop using stupid metaphors.

EMMA

So, never.

SARAH

Exactly.

Sarah looks at her hole cards. Two Kings. She flips her chips in.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Thirty.

CASEY

Spicy. What does the Queen have?

SARAH

Wouldn't you like to know?

CASEY

Yes.

Athena spies her cards: Queen-Jack off. She tosses in her chips.

ATHENA

Call.

CASEY

Pot is seventy-five.

Casey spies her cards. Queens.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Do I do something stupid?

ISABELLE

Wouldn't be the first time.

CASEY

Thank you. But... not feeling this.

Casey quickly mucks her cards.

Isabelle spies her cards and without a moment's notice, mucks them.

Emma spies her cards: pocket rockets. She eyes Sarah for a moment, a test of wills, plays with her chips like a card shark, then tosses in her bet.

SARAH
A hundred and twenty?

EMMA
Too rich for you?

Sarah looks at her cards again, then her stack. She ponders for a moment then quickly tosses in a call.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Ooooo, she's brave.

SARAH
Going to talk or play?

EMMA
Both. But bet's to Athena.

ATHENA
Too rich for me.

Casey buries a card and deals out the Flop: King-King-Ace.

Sarah tries to control her glee as she sees the Quad Kings she has.

EMMA
Spicy. Three hundred.

The bet nearly takes Sarah's breath away.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Got you covered three to one, boss.
Watch'cha going to do? What could
you have? Hmmmm. Pair of Kings?
Ace-King?

Make you a deal. You go all in. If
you win, you get all my chips, even
though you don't have enough to cover
me.

SARAH
And?

EMMA
If I win, I get your money, and you
go on five blind dates. I pick them.
And you can't refuse to go.

Sarah looks again at her cards, then the board.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I'll make this easier for you. All
in.

Sarah looks a bit angrily at her.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Do we have a deal?

Sarah pushes her chips into the pot.

SARAH
Deal.

EMMA
Shake.

Sarah extends her hand and takes Emma's.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Witnesses?

THE OTHERS
Witnessed.

Emma reveals her Aces. A broad smile stretches across Sarah's face as she reveals her Kings.

EMMA
Dealer?

Casey buries a card and reveals the Turn: a Deuce. Sarah smiles broadly.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Fat Lady has not yet sung.

Casey buries another card.

EXT. GREENWICH CITY STREET - NIGHT

Sarah marches out of the building with the others in tow.

SARAH
A freaking Ace on the River!!!
Seriously? It's impossible!

ATHENA
Technically speaking, it's not
impossible.

ISABELLE
The odds...

SARAH
Don't quote the odds, Isabelle!
Emma, I'm fine alone. Why must I
have a man?

EMMA
Technically speaking...

SARAH
Enough with the technical.

Sarah stops short in the street.

SARAH (CONT'D)
All right. A bet's a bet. So, do I
have to wait for the ghost of dating
past?

EMMA
No. I'll find someone. And I'll
tell you.

Sarah glares at her.

SARAH
How the hell do you do this?

EMMA
What?

SARAH
Win at poker?

EMMA
You play the science. I play the
person.

SARAH
You were quoting probabilities!

EMMA
Threw you off, didn't it?

SARAH
I hate you.

Emma locks her arm in Sarah's.

EMMA
Nah. I'm your favorite pain in the
ass.

They all walk on laughing.

SARAH
They better be human.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

Emma rocks out to her iPod as she walks through the Park.
She sees Will sitting on a bench, reading.

EMMA
Will? Professor?

WILL
Hi. Emma, right?

EMMA
Yeah. Getting acclimated yet?

WILL
Working on it. It's a pretty crowded
city.

EMMA
Feels that way. Meet anybody yet?

WILL
Just students. My secretary.

EMMA
Who is she?

WILL
Oona Kelly?

EMMA
Nice girl. I know her. I have to
go, but if you want to do lunch
sometime, you know where to find me.

Emma grabs a hot dog from a hot dog stand. As she gets her
dog, a nice-looking man, JACOB MEYER, comes up to the hot
dog stand.

JACOB
One, please. Just mustard.

He transacts and takes the dog. He goes for a big bite, and
notices that Emma watches him.

JACOB (CONT'D)
May I help you?

EMMA
As a matter of fact, you might. Are
you seeing anyone? Married?

JACOB

No, and no. Why do you ask?

Emma smiles sardonically.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah feverishly writes on the board, massive equations.

EMMA

What's up, boss? What are you working on... Poker?

SARAH

I'm trying to figure this out.

EMMA

I told you. It's not all science. It's psychology.

SARAH

You had three Aces at the Flop. I had four Kings. Only one card could have made you win.

EMMA

That's the luck part.

SARAH

I'm confused.

EMMA

It's okay. Just accept it. Anyway, I have something to tell you.

EXT. MACDOUGAL STREET - NIGHT

Sarah walks with Emma.

SARAH

So, what's he like?

EMMA

Educated.

SARAH

Everyone we work with is educated.

EMMA

Don't you want to be surprised sometimes?

SARAH

I love to be surprised.
(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

My work is a surprise every day.
Trying to figure out what you'll
wear, and how embarrassing it'll be,
is too.

EMMA

What's wrong with my wardrobe?

SARAH

What's not wrong with it? It was
bad when Madonna did it.

EMMA

She did it?

SARAH

Are you sure you're in MENSA?

Emma points to the Cafe.

EMMA

Here we are.

The stop in front of a typical GREENWICH VILLAGE CAFE.

Jacob walks up.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Jacob! This is Dr. Sarah Martinson.
Sarah, Jacob Meyer. My work is done.
Enjoy.

Emma bounces off. Jacob and Sarah seem at a loss for words
for a moment.

JACOB

Nice to meet you.

SARAH

Same.

JACOB

Shall we?

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE CAFE - NIGHT

The Maitre d', VICTOR NAPOLITANO, escorts them to the table.

SARAH

Thank you, Victor.

VICTOR

My pleasure, Dr. Martinson.

SARAH
This is my new friend, Jacob Meyer.
Jacob, Victor Napolitano.

JACOB
Pleasure to meet you, Victor.

Victor seats them and places their menus in front of them.

VICTOR
Pleasure's all mine, Mr. Meyer. If
I may suggest, we have a wonderful
California wine from the Santa Barbara
Region. It's a Daniel Gehrs Limited
Pino Noir.

JACOB
I've heard of that. Want to try it,
Sarah?

SARAH
Why not?

JACOB
The sommelier will be over shortly.
She's new.

Victor withdraws as they open their menus.

JACOB (CONT'D)
You must come here often.

SARAH
Ever since I started teaching at
NYU, I've just loved this place.
Some of my associates and I come
here at least once a week. Not much
of a cook, so...

The sommelier, LARA, comes up with the Pino Noir.

LARA
I'm Lara, I'm your sommelier.

She holds up the bottle.

LARA (CONT'D)
May I?

Jacob nods and she pours some wine for Jacob to taste.

JACOB
That's very nice. Would you like to
try, Sarah?

SARAH
Sure. Oh, that is nice.

LARA
Very well.

She pours two glasses and leaves the bottle just as the waiter, CHARLES, a bit gay, approaches.

CHARLES
Good evening. Sarah knows me but, my name is Charles. I hear your name is Jacob Meyer?

JACOB
Yes. Nice to meet you, Charles.

CHARLES
Nice to meet you. Our special...

SARAH
I'll have it. Everything is great here, Jacob. You can't go wrong. I like to be surprised. If you want to hear it, I'll cover my ears.

CHARLES
I don't know why I even try. She does the same thing all the time.

JACOB
Adventure's fun. Let's go for it.

Charles gathers up the menus and withdraws.

JACOB (CONT'D)
So, Emma Said you're a professor of physics?

SARAH
Astrophysics. That's me.

JACOB
You look so young.

SARAH
I'm twenty-eight.

JACOB
Kind of young for a Ph.D.

SARAH
I was home schooled. Got accepted to MIT at fifteen.

JACOB
You're kidding. Smarty, huh?

SARAH
That's what they say. Did my
undergrad and then my masters there.
But, Einstein worked at Princeton.
So I did my doctoral work there.

Then I got a chance to work with
Micheo Kaku at CUNY, so I did my
second doctorate under his tutorage.

JACOB
Second doctorate?

SARAH
It was an honor to study with him.

JACOB
I'll bet. I feel so inadequate now.

SARAH
Don't be.

JACOB
So...

SARAH
So now, I teach. And I work on the
Grand Unified Theory, Super Strings,
M-Theory in my spare time.

JACOB
Spare time. Sounds interesting.

SARAH
Try explaining what you do to people
who don't understand physics.

JACOB
I'd be in that group.

SARAH
What about you? Emma Said she wanted
to surprise me.

JACOB
I think I'm on the other side of the
educational world. I just finished
my doctorate in theology at the
New York Theological Seminary right
here in Manhattan.

SARAH
You're a priest?

JACOB
That's me.

SARAH
Don't you have to wear a collar?

JACOB
I'm not on official business.

SARAH
I see. Um... that's interesting.

JACOB
I hope that doesn't make you
uncomfortable.

SARAH
I'm not sure. Aren't you celibate?

JACOB
Episcopal. Not Catholic. What
religion are you?

SARAH
I was Catholic. Or rather, my parents
were.

JACOB
I see. So you think of Episcopal
as Catholic light?

SARAH
Not exactly. It's not that. I
started watching science shows on
cable when I was like three or four.
And began to devour science books
when I was about five or six. By
the time I reached my teens, I told
my parents that I didn't want to go
to church anymore.

JACOB
I bet that went over big.

SARAH
It wasn't the most popular thing I
could have said.

JACOB
I bet.

SARAH

They were devout. I went to Sunday School up till then, but I was never confirmed.

Is it uncomfortable for you... Me being an atheist?

JACOB

Not at all. We all struggle with faith. I do all the time.

SARAH

I don't have faith. I don't struggle at all.

JACOB

You have faith that the sun will rise in the morning.

SARAH

Jacob, please. I expect that to happen because it has every day since I was born. It's not faith. It might be that the sun stops shining, but I'm sure we'd know it pretty quickly. You think that argument works?

JACOB

Has before.

Studies him.

SARAH

You actually believe the Bible?

JACOB

Parts of it, I believe, are not historical. Most of the Pentateuch, in fact.

SARAH

The first five books of the Bible are fiction.

JACOB

Yes... I believe most of it is based on earlier myths. That they were just didactic tools, used to teach morality.

SARAH

My parents believe it's what literally happened.

JACOB

Everyone's entitled to their belief.

SARAH

Do you believe in the New Testament?

JACOB

I struggled with that one. I do believe there was a man named Yeshua Ben Yosef who lived in Judea in the First Century. I do believe he ticked off the Romans and was crucified. Do I believe he was resurrected? Not sure. Don't tell my bishop about that.

SARAH

Your secret's safe with me.

JACOB

So, you believe there absolutely is no God in Heaven?

SARAH

Not at all. No gods, devils, no Heaven or Hell. I read the Bible...

JACOB

Only once?

SARAH

I have an eidetic memory. I remember everything I read, hear taste, touch. I could write the Bible here right now, word for word from memory. No mistakes.

JACOB

That's impressive. Wish I could do that. Had to use index cards to get through school.

SARAH

Sometimes it's a curse. I mean, let's face it, when you can recall conversations word for word, what guy's going to want to be with you?

JACOB

I can see how that would be a problem. But how does being a scientist make religion not make sense? I've studied science and...

SARAH

...when you study science, and then you read the religious texts, when you match them up, they don't conflate. I don't mean to demean what you believe, but I can't buy it. I'm sorry.

I'm making you feel uncomfortable.

JACOB

Not at all. You're a beautiful and intelligent young woman, and I'm enjoying your company.

SARAH

And with that canard, you'll definitely have something to confess tomorrow.

JACOB

So, you believe you know everything?

SARAH

Of course not. Not knowing is the bread and butter of science. Not knowing something is what inspires us to get up and attack the problems every day. It gives us something to do.

He studies her.

JACOB

I was being truthful... about what I said about you. Us. Do I see a great romance in our combined futures? Doubtful. Unless you changed your way of thinking, or I changed mine. But I don't see why we couldn't be friends.

Charles returns with their plates.

CHARLES

Do you want me to tell you what it is, or just figure it out for yourselves?

JACOB

I'll take it on faith that it's good.

Sarah flashes a sardonic glare.

SARAH
Thank you, Charles.

CHARLES
Enjoy.

They dig in.

SARAH
I think it's chicken.

JACOB
Rather good, too.

SARAH
You really believe in all that god
stuff?

He nearly chokes on her choice of words.

JACOB
Yes, I do. I do believe in God stuff.
And I believe, one day, He'll open
your heart.

SARAH
He'll have to work on my brain first.
You know, Emma Knows both of us.
What was she thinking?

JACOB
Perhaps that we're both nice
intelligent people and that we might
get along.

SARAH
You are nice. But I think friends
is about as far as we can go. Don't
you think?

JACOB
Probably. Perhaps we should just
enjoy the evening and not talk about
religion or science.

SARAH
Good idea. How about politics?

Jacob breaks out in laughter and Sarah follows as they
continue their supper.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah enters to find Emma Grading papers.

SARAH
Seriously? That's your concept of
the ideal date?

EMMA
What was wrong with him? He's good
looking. Above-average intelligence.
Seems nice.

SARAH
He's an Episcopal Priest. Have you
met me yet?

EMMA
Episcopal Priest?

Sarah nods vehemently.

SARAH
Just one detail you might have found
out.

EMMA
He wasn't in uniform.

SARAH
They don't do that all the time.
Maybe you're just not cut out to be
a matchmaker.

EMMA
I have four more tries.

SARAH
You're not going to hold me to that.

EMMA
Damn straight, I am. A bet's a bet.
You never let me out.

SARAH
I almost never win.

EMMA
That's not my problem. You're the
child prodigy. You figure it out.
I got a class to teach.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

Will sits alone, eating a hot dog and... reading. Beth comes
up.

BETH
Professor?

WILL
Hi, Beth. Where's Blake?

BETH
Pink slipped him yesterday. He's pretty, but too pretty. Knows he's too pretty. It violates Nature's Laws to have the boy be too pretty for the girl. Never work.

WILL
Guess so. I'm not very good with the living. The dead don't judge.

BETH
Not having a good time in the girl department?

WILL
Never been.

BETH
Well, if you were a bit younger...

WILL
I don't date students.

BETH
Seems like you don't date anybody. You're not gay, are you?

WILL
No.

BETH
I mean, it's totally okay if...

WILL
I'm just a social leper. Totally straight.

Will's cell rings. He retrieves it and Rose's picture appears.

BETH
She's a hottie.

WILL
She's my sister. That only works in Ancient Rome and the royal family of Hawaii.

BETH
Creepy.

WILL
Hi, sis... No, I haven't eaten lunch
yet.

He tosses the dog aside.

WILL (CONT'D)
Sure.

He hangs up.

WILL (CONT'D)
It's like talking to my mother.

BETH
She just loves you, I'm sure. See
you in class.

INT. OFF THE WAGON - DAY

Rose sits at a table.

ROSE
Hello, dear brother.

She leaps up to hug Will when he enters.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Love the hair change. Good choice.
The street person look was getting
old.

They sit.

WILL
Easier in the morning? Where's
Captain America?

ROSE
Couldn't tell you. He can't either.
I've never been here. How'd you
hear about it?

WILL
Department head loves it.

Milagros comes up.

MILAGROS
Welcome to Off the Wagon. I'm...

WILL
Hello, Milagros.

MILAGROS

Do I know you?

WILL

It's Professor Cambridge. Will.

MILAGROS

Oh my god. Look at you. Much better look.

WILL

This is my sister, Rose. This is Milagros. She suggested I get a hair cut and a shave.

ROSE

Pleasure to meet you. I've been trying to get him to do that for years.

MILAGROS

Well, no one listens to their... big or little...

ROSE

Big sister.

MILAGROS

Big sister. Well, in celebration of the new style, first round's on me.

WILL

Thanks. Guinness.

ROSE

Maciado.

MILAGROS

Coming right up.

WILL

Has the match maker service begun.

ROSE

Will, I just want to see you...

WILL

You just want to be Aunt Rose.

ROSE

What's wrong with that?

WILL

When do I get to be Uncle Will?

ROSE

I'm working on it. Just need to get the President to stop calling Gordo away.

Milagros brings the drinks.

MILAGROS

There you go. Need more time to decide?

WILL

Please.

ROSE

Anyway, I didn't come to match make. Gordon got transferred back to San Diego. He asked me to come with him.

WILL

You're going?

She nods, tenuously.

ROSE

I think he's the one. And, if I'm not wrong, you might be Uncle Will pretty soon.

WILL

Pregnant?

ROSE

Really late. I didn't tell him yet. Kind of sucks that you just got here and I'm leaving.

WILL

What about your work?

ROSE

I have a friend out there who wants me to work for her. Why don't you ask that waitress out?

WILL

I would, but she's taken.

ROSE

Story of your life.

Will picks up his beer.

WILL
Well, to your new life.

ROSE
And to Uncle Will.

His phone rings. He looks at it.

WILL
Interesting.

ROSE
What is it?

WILL
Text from this grad student.

ROSE
Yours?

WILL
Physics. She wants me to call her.

ROSE
Think she's interested?

WILL
Beats the bones out of me.

ROSE
Well, I have to get out of here.
Packing tonight.

They rise and embrace.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Love you, Will.

WILL
Love you too, sis.

EXT. MACDOUGAL STREET - DAY

Rose gets into a cab and takes off as Will dials his phone.

WILL
This is Professor Cambridge. Will.

EXT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY

Emma Stands in front of the museum as her phone rings.

EMMA
Hi, Will. It's Emma. We met in
Washington Square Park.

WILL (V.O.)
I know. What's up?

INT. WILL'S OFFICE/INTERCUT

EMMA
Well, I have a friend who's kinda cute. No promises but maybe you two could meet for drinks or something.

WILL
Can she handle a nerdy professor?

EMMA
You're not nerdy. But she's kind of a nerd herself.

WILL
Do you know her well?

EMMA
Well, kind of. We just started working together. But she's really hot.

WILL
I don't know if hot is good for me.

EMMA
Give it a shot.

WILL
Well ...

EMMA
Got a lot of names in your little black book?

WILL
Oh... okay.

END INTERCUT

Emma Taps her phone and smiles.

EMMA
I'm so good.

And after a moment she enters the museum.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY

Emma Wanders from gallery to gallery. She stops in front of the Salvador Dalí gallery. A young, beautiful girl, SAMANTHA "SAM" MARTIN, steps up.

SAM
Salvador Dalí.

EMMA
That's an odd name for a girl.

SAM
Oh no. The artist.

EMMA
My bad.

SAM
First time here?

EMMA
Was just killing time. This was on
my bucket list. So, this guy was on
Acid?

SAM
Not the chemical kind. Salvador
Domingo Felipe Jacinto Dalí I
Domènech.

EMMA
Heavy handle.

SAM
Guess that's why he truncated it.
He was born in Nineteen-Oh Four. I
was always fascinated by his work.
I'm Sam. Samantha. Sam Martin.
I'm an associate curator here.

EMMA
Emma Maroney. Graduate student.
Physics.

SAM
Sounds fun.

EMMA
So, what's with this guy?

SAM
The Persistence of Memory. He painted
in 1931. The theme is time. The
melting watches. The decay, indicated
by the ants. And right there, that's
his face.

EMMA
Gruesome.

SAM

True. The mountains, those are the cliffs near his home in Catalonia.

EMMA

Looks interesting. What does your learned eye make of it?

SAM

A lot of people try to read things into his work. And you could write papers on it, but with his work, I just try to enjoy it.

EMMA

You're a very interesting person.

EXT. MACDOUGAL STREET - NIGHT

Will comes up to the exterior of Off the Wagon. Casey slips up behind him.

CASEY

Are you Professor Cambridge?

WILL

Casey?

CASEY

Yes. Casey.

INT. OFF THE WAGON - NIGHT

Will and Casey sit together, silently. Their meals sit in front of them.

CASEY

So, you're an archeologist?

WILL

Yes. You're...

CASEY

Well just finished my masters in physics. Now... onto the Ph.D.

WILL

Great. Hope you get an A.

CASEY

Thanks. Professor... Will. I don't know what Emma Was thinking. I'm not really into guys.

WILL
Oh, well. That's odd.

CASEY
Yeah. Yeah. I mean, you're really nice.

WILL
Thank you.

INT. EMMA'S OFFICE NYU - DAY

Casey grades papers as Emma enters with an attitude.

EMMA
You're a fucking lesbian?

CASEY
Yeah.

EMMA
How did I not know this?

CASEY
I'm private.

EMMA
Fuck.

She turns and exits.

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE CAFE - NIGHT

Sarah sits alone with a glass of wine in front of her and an open menu on the table. Victor approaches.

VICTOR
Trying again?

SARAH
Emma insists that I need a man; One she picks, of course. His name is Sam Martin. Supposed to be some art person. So, I was going to be here anyway.

A female voice, SAM, from O.C.

SAM
Are you Sarah?

Sam stands before the table.

SARAH
I'm Sarah. May I help you?

SAM
I'm Sam.

SARAH
Sam?

SAM
One and the same. I'm Emma's friend.

SARAH
Sam. Samantha. Martin?

SAM
That's me. May I join you?

SARAH
Uh, sure.

VICTOR
I think you need some wine?

SAM
Yes.

VICTOR
Lara!

Victor senses Sarah's unease and withdraws. Sarah has difficulty making eye contact, but attempts to be polite.

SAM
Is the food good here? I've been wanting to try this place for a while.

SARAH
It's the best. Just go for the special. It's always good.

SAM
I'll do that then.

SARAH
Charles?

Charles pops over. He looks quizzically at Sam.

CHARLES
Specials?

SARAH
Yes. Please.

Charles scans Sam's face.

CHARLES

You look awfully familiar.

SAM

I work at the Museum of Modern Art?

CHARLES

That must be it. I've been there.
I'll go put your order in.

SAM

So, Emma Says you work together?

SARAH

She's my graduate student. She's
working on her Ph.D. How do you
know her?

SAM

She came the museum and started asking
me questions about Salvador Dalí.
We became friendly. We've hung out
a few times. Mostly at Club Rush.

SARAH

Club Rush?

SAM

Yeah, it's a really nice hangout.
It's at 579 6TH Ave. I'm surprised
you haven't heard of it. Emma's
there a lot.

SARAH

Is that so? What kind of place is
Club Rush?

SAM

Night club for L.G.B.T.

SARAH

It's a lesbian place? Gay?

SAM

More like gender non-specific, but I
tend toward girl. You're not into
girls?

SARAH

As friends, sure!

SAM

Oh my god. I don't know what Emma
Was thinking.

SARAH

I'm beginning to wonder that too.
She knows I'm an atheist, but she
set me up with an Episcopalian priest.

SAM

You're kidding.

SARAH

No, I'm not. I mean, he's a nice
guy. Very handsome, but, how could
it work? We'd be arguing about the
origins of the Universe every day.
I'm an astrophysicist. Particle
Physicist. Physicist basically.
And if there were kids, I don't want
them indoctrinated in a religious
way.

SAM

And you also don't want to date girls.

SARAH

Exactly! No offense.

She waves her hand dismissively as Charles brings their
supper.

CHARLES

Do you go to Club Rush?

SAM

Yes, I do. I thought I recognized
you. You were tending bar?

CHARLES

Guy has to make a living. Well,
ladies, enjoy your supper. Sarah,
inquiring minds...

SARAH

No, I'm not. Not that there's
anything wrong with it.

The three break into laughter.

SAM

Well, we might as well enjoy the
night as friends.

SARAH

Of course. She said you're an
associate curator?

SAM

That's me. It's a tough business.
Not too many positions open. Got my
doctorate in Rome.

SARAH

I love Rome. Such a beautiful place.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's awesome living there if you're
an art nut.

SARAH

I spent a summer there. Physics
study mostly, but I had a friend at
the Vatican. A scientist priest.
Father George Coyne. Smart guy. He
took me around the place. Spent
hours talking about art and science.

SAM

Perfect synergy for you.

SARAH

It was amazing.

SAM

Are you ever curious?

SARAH

About...

Sam smiles and points at herself.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Well, I think every girl has her
curiosity, but...

SAM

Don't knock it.

SARAH

Well, Doctor Sam, don't you ever
want a guy?

SAM

I've had plenty of guys. They're
easy to get. But, I can't share
makeup and clothes with a guy.

SARAH

Ever been to The Village?

They both bust out laughing.

SAM

I don't know. Maybe one day I'll meet the man of my dreams. Maybe the woman of my dreams at the same time.

SARAH

How Bohemian. Well, I'm not going to say I'm not glad we met.

SAM

We can, at least, be friends.

SARAH

Exactly.

Sarah raises her wine glass, and Sam does the same.

SARAH (CONT'D)

To friends.

SAM

To friends. So, you're not going to hammer Emma Too hard are you?

SARAH

Of course not. She means well.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah blazes into the office.

SARAH

Emma!!!

Sarah throws her bag on her desk, as Emma Comes out of the storage closet. Casey, Athena and Isabelle jump as Sarah enters.

EMMA

Yeah, boss?

SARAH

What the fuck were you thinking?

EMMA

What do you mean?

SARAH

Sam! Samantha!

EMMA

I thought you'd like her.

SARAH
I'm not Gay!!!

EMMA
I thought you were bi.

SARAH
What made you think that?

EMMA
I've seen you checking out girls.

SARAH
I check out their clothes and their shoes! Not them! Man, your gaydar's fucked! Jesus Christ! You get an F!

EMMA
Still have three more chances.

SARAH
You want to try for an F Minus?

EMMA
Sorry.

Sarah storms out of the office. Emma Takes a big breath and looks to the other girls.

EMMA (CONT'D)
That went well.

CASEY
You're an idiot.

INT. CUNY LECTURE HALL - DAY

Sarah sits in the front row of the lecture hall as DR. MICHEO KAKU.

MICHEO
And that's all for this week. See you all next week, same time, same...

ALL
...Station.

Micheo laughs with them all as they rise and leave the lecture hall. Except Sarah, who sits, staring off into space.

MICHEO
Sarah?

SARAH
Hmmm?

MICHEO
Earth to Sarah.

SARAH
I'm sorry. I'm...

MICHEO
Distracted?

SARAH
Yeah.

INT. DELI - DAY

The WAITRESS sets their lunch down on the table.

MICHEO
You start.

SARAH
Ted.

MICHEO
Your ex?

SARAH
Yeah. Haven't dated since.

MICHEO
We all need a break sometime.

SARAH
Tell that to your wife.

MICHEO
I travel. Gives her a break.

SARAH
My grad student, Emma Maroney, seems to think I need to have a guy. Or a girl.

Micheo coughs as he drinks.

MICHEO
Well, you were a bit less distracted when you were with Ted. Happier.

SARAH
Maybe, but...

MICHEO

So, what's the problem?

SARAH

We were playing poker and I bet her and she won, and I have to go on five blind dates of her choosing.

MICHEO

That sounds like fun.

SARAH

Not exactly. She set me up with an Episcopal priest and a lesbian. Or bi. Gender non-specific. Anyway, do I look gay to you?

MICHEO

Not really the right person to ask about that. But, you look normal for a girl who's barely out of puberty and has two Ph.D's to her credit.

Sarah looks a bit nonplussed.

MICHEO (CONT'D)

You look like a regular, very pretty girl. With two Ph.D's.

SARAH

Jerk.

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Will sits at his computer, typing away. Oona steps in and knocks on the door.

OONA

How's the book coming?

WILL

I'm sure it'll be a best seller.

OONA

Sarcasm noted.

WILL

Not exactly the kind of book people rush out to buy, unless you're on TV documentaries.

OONA

I'll buy one.

WILL

I'll sign it for you. It's almost quitting time. Why don't you pack up early?

OONA

That's what I meant to talk to you about. My boyfriend and I had tickets to this hip hop show tonight. But he got called into work.

WILL

Should have told him to become a college professor instead of a police detective. Hours and pay are better.

OONA

Well, I still have an extra ticket, and he said to just give it away. So, if you want it, it's yours.

WILL

I'm not really into...

OONA

Come on, Will. You need some craic in your life.

WILL

Craic?

OONA

It means fun in Irish.

WILL

Well...

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Blaring HIP HOP music deafens ear as Sarah, Emma And Sam, Casey, Isabelle and Athena dance their way inside.

SARAH

All right.

EMMA

All right, what, boss?

SARAH

You made points. How'd you score these tickets?

EMMA

Just leave it at I came through.

SARAH

Fair enough.

On the stage, GRAND MASTER G seduces the mostly female audience with his Hip Hop mastery.

Emma Spies a large, handsome black man, REINGOLD (GOLD) METZER WILLIAMS, dripping in gold jewelry, standing near the bar. Emma Extricates herself from Sam.

EMMA

I'll be back.

SAM

Don't go too far.

AT THE BAR

Emma Slinks up to the bar as Gold motions for the Bar tender to pour two drinks.

EMMA

Hey, Gold. Wazzaup?

GOLD

Making money, as usual.

EMMA

Of course, you are. And thank you.
You saved my Ph.D.

GOLD

No problem, little lady.

He hands her a glass and raises his own.

GOLD (CONT'D)

To your little scheming. Your teacher looks fine.

EMMA

Oh, she's fine.

GOLD

Go enjoy the show.

Emma Slinks away to join the others at the stage as they dance to Grand Master G's beats.

WILL ENTERS the club and looks like a total fish out of water. Girls pass by him like he's invisible.

SARAH LOOKS back at him and smiles.

WILL SMILES back.

Emma Sprints up to Will. She whispers in his ear.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE CAFE - NIGHT

Emma Nearly drags Sarah down the street toward the Cafe.

SARAH
I thought we were done with this.

EMMA
Who said that? We still have three
to go.

SARAH
Bitch.

EMMA
Lesbian.

SARAH
Me, lesbian? What's with you and
Sam?

EMMA
She's cute. Sexy. I'm single.
She's single.

SARAH
She's into girls.

EMMA
So am I. After I get my doctorate,
I'll look for a hot rich guy who's
bohemian who doesn't mind that I'm
homoflexible and that I like to take
a tumble with a cute little hott...

SARAH
Please, I don't need that image in
my mind right now.

Emma bursts into laughter.

SARAH (CONT'D)
So, who is this guy? Where's he
from?

EMMA
Germany, originally. He came here
when he was little. His father was
a sergeant in the Air Force.

SARAH
Name?

EMMA

Well, his name is Reingold Metzger Williams.

SARAH

Seriously? Reingold?

EMMA

He goes by Gold. Cause he makes gold. Gold records. He's an "artist's" manager.

SARAH

So, he's rich?

EMMA

Probably. Has enough gold dripping off his fingers to make me believe he is. Anyway, I told Charles to save your table.

SARAH

Thank you.

EMMA

And Gold knows what you look like.

SARAH

How?

EMMA

Saw you last night.

SARAH

At the club?

She nods and smiles sardonically.

INT. TIR NA NOG - NIGHT

Will enters and looks around. A waitress comes to him.

WAITRESS, TIR NA NOG

May I help you, sir?

WILL

I'm supposed to meet a young lady named Beth tonight.

WAITRESS, TIR NA NOG

There's a Beth waiting at the bar.

She points to Beth Owen, who sits at the bar with a drink in front of her. She smiles and heads over to him.

BETH

Hi, Professor. What are you doing here?

WILL

Unless I'm mistaken, meeting you?

A look of shock like she just swallowed a mouse comes over her face.

BETH

William... oh my.

WILL

Yeah.

BETH

What was Emma Thinking?

WILL

I'm not quite sure what she thinks.

BETH

She must not know I'm in your class. Maybe not.

WILL

This is awkward. Usually it's my sister who sets me up on disastrous blind dates.

Several moments pass as they stand together until the waitress comes up again.

WAITRESS, TIR NA NOG

Would you like to be seated?

BETH

Nothing says we can't spend a pleasant, friendly, evening together.

WILL

True. Sure, we'd like to be seated.

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE CAFE - NIGHT

Sarah enters and heads for her table.

CHARLES

Back for more abuse?

SARAH

Never make a bet with Emma. Trust me. She's vicious.

Charles pulls the chair out.

CHARLES
I'll make a note of it. Start you
off with a glass of vino?

SARAH
Bring it.

Charles pours her a glass of wine.

CHARLES
Want a Jack chaser?

SARAH
We'll see how this date goes.

Sarah's eyes wander the cafe for a moment. Finally, GOLD
slips in, Mr. Suave, dressed to the nines.

Gold takes a moment. Enters hard and soft at the Same time.
He sees, Sarah.

GOLD
Nice.

With great finesse, he slips over to the table. He has all
the charm and sophistication he could possibly have and his
voice is as rich as Barry White's.

GOLD (CONT'D)
Sarah?

She's obviously seduced by his presence.

SARAH
You must be Gold.

GOLD
You got that right. May I sit?

SARAH
Please.

GOLD
I understand you're probably one of
the most intelligent women I've ever
met.

SARAH
Oh my god, what makes you think that?

GOLD

You have two doctorates in subjects
I wouldn't understand if you put it
at comic book level.

SARAH

It's not as hard as you think.

She tries to hide that idiotic remark.

GOLD

You're being modest.

Charles comes up with a bottle of wine.

GOLD (CONT'D)

No wine for me. Jack. Double. Down.
The young lady can have the wine.

CHARLES

Very well.

GOLD

Let's see a menu.

CHARLES

Well...

GOLD

Menu.

Charles flashes a glare toward Sarah and reaches for two
menus.

GOLD (CONT'D)

You eat meat?

SARAH

Uh, yeah.

GOLD

Two New York strips. Rare. Don't let
the fire hit it too hard. Two baked
potatoes and corn. Thanks.

He hands the menus back to Charles, who slowly and
incredulously turns away.

OTHER SIDE OF CAFE

Charles walks past Victor.

VICTOR

What's that all about?

CHARLES
Train wreck in progress?

VICTOR
Think I should...

CHARLES
I think she'll handle it.

Charles walks back to the kitchen as Victor watches.

ON SARAH AND GOLD

SARAH
Oh, well, what about you? I hear
you're an artist manager?

GOLD
I handle some artists, yes. You saw
Grand Master G the other night.

SARAH
Yes, he's amazing.

GOLD
He is that. He is an amazing artist.

Charles comes to the table and sets a glass full of Jack
Daniels in front of Gold.

GOLD (CONT'D)
Thank you.

He takes a sip.

GOLD (CONT'D)
Nothing like Jack.

Gold's phone rings. He looks a bit embarrassed as he reaches
for it.

GOLD (CONT'D)
One of the tragedies in my business
is that we are never off the clock
and must be available to our clients
all of the time.

SARAH
Makes a sex life difficult.

GOLD
Makes it interesting.

He puts his Blue Tooth on and clicks his phone.

GOLD (CONT'D)

Grand Master G. What can I do for...

A litany of profanity-filled gibberish blasts Gold's Blue Tooth away from his ear as Sarah's phone BUZZES. She surreptitiously retrieves her own phone and looks at it under the table.

GOLD (CONT'D)

G!... G!... G! Dammit, bitch, shut the fuck up and listen to me!

The entire population of the cafe rivets their attention on Sarah's and Gold's table.

Gold turns to all in the Cafe.

GOLD (CONT'D)

I am so sorry. This is business.

ON SARAH'S PHONE

Text from Emma: Howz ur date? Cute, huh?

Sarah texts back: Very handsome, but... And you're a graduate student. Grammar.

ON SARAH AND GOLD

Gold's voice goes up three octaves and his demeanor changes to pure ghetto.

GOLD (CONT'D)

No you listen, G! I booked that gig because YOU told me you wanted to rap with... right...

Gold snaps to his feet. Sarah looks like she wants to crawl under the table.

GOLD (CONT'D)

So... So??? You signed that damn contract. I did not force your hand to pick up the pen and sign your name on that fucking contract...

The call obviously goes dead. Gold rights himself, tosses his Blue Tooth and phone on the table and sits down. His demeanor reverts to Mr. Kool.

SARAH

Well, that was interesting.

GOLD

I am really sorry about that...

SARAH

Sarah.

GOLD

Sarah. And everybody, I'm really sorry. These things happen.

Victor comes to the table.

VICTOR

Sir, I don't mean to be a rude, but if you do that again, I'll have to ask you to leave.

GOLD

Completely understandable. I'm very sorry.

SARAH

Well, seems like you have a tiger by the tail.

GOLD

Grand Master G is a handful. But, he brings in the ladies and the green. It is my job to make sure he's happy so the green keeps coming. Sometimes, that requires...

SARAH

A higher pitched voice?

GOLD

Sorry about that. It's a role I play somewhat reluctantly. My friends back at Harvard would raise an eyebrow if they saw that.

SARAH

Harvard?

GOLD

They do let brothers go there now.

SARAH

I wasn't saying that. It's your persona. It's just not what I think of when I think of Harvard.

GOLD

It's an act. It's a role I play to make the gig work. I have a Masters Degree in Business Management.

SARAH
I'm impressed.

GOLD
And I...

Charles comes up with the dinners and places them down.

GOLD (CONT'D)
Damn, don't that look good.

SARAH
Everything here's good.

Gold seems to be saying a prayer to himself and then digs in.

Gold's phone rings again. He quickly puts his Blue Tooth back in.

GOLD
This is going to mess with my digestion.

He presses his phone button.

GOLD (CONT'D)
G, I am allowed to have a personal life. If you can't respect...

GRAND MASTER G (V.O.)
Respect this, bitch.

At that moment, Grand Master G blasts into the Cafe with his girlfriend and his Bodyguard, BG, who has a lit cigar in his mouth and Terminator Sunglasses on.

GOLD
How'd the fuck did you find me, G?

Gold blasts to his feet as G holds up his phone to reveal a map on it.

GRAND MASTER G
It's called an app, bitch!. I jacked your phone!

GOLD
I told you I had plans...

GRAND MASTER G
My plans are the only plans...

Victor quickly rushes in as Sarah rises and slips out of the cafe.

VICTOR
Gentlemen, I must ask you...

GRAND MASTER G
Get the fuck away from me, bitch!

VICTOR
Charles, call the police!

GOLD
G, we need to leave now!

GRAND MASTER G
We leave when I say...

GOLD
I'm sorry, everybody. Sorry, Sarah.
I'll make it up to you.

Victor goes to the Bodyguard.

VICTOR
Sir, you can't smoke in...

BG
Fuck off!

GOLD
BG, you work for me. Watch your
mouth!

GRAND MASTER G
Don't talk to him like that! He
works for me. You work for me.

GOLD
Sorry, everybody. We're leaving
now.

Sarah seems to want to melt into the floor as she slips away.

VICTOR
Gentlemen, you Will have to...

GRAND MASTER G
Shut the fuck up!

VICTOR
Charles, call the police.

CHARLES
Yes, sir.

Even Gold seems embarrassed by G's tirade and heads for the door with an ever incensed client on his ass as...

EXT. MACDOUGAL STREET - NIGHT

Sarah walks alone down the street as the sound of the hip hop battle fills the streets.

EXT. PENN STATION - NIGHT

Will and Beth walk toward the station.

BETH

Well, Professor, that was a very pleasant evening.

WILL

It was. Too bad...

BETH

Too bad. Maybe in another life.

Will nods, defeated.

WILL

I should escort you back to your apartment. This can be a rough town.

BETH

Professor, you're too sweet. Who's going to be afraid of you? I grew up in this town. I can handle myself.

She kisses him on the cheek.

BETH (CONT'D)

See you in class.

Beth leaves.

Will stands alone among the throng of New York commuters.

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Will reads some papers as Oona enters.

OONA

So, how was your date?

Will starts to giggle.

OONA (CONT'D)

Not sure what that means.

WILL

I'd probably have bad luck on a nerd dating site.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

Will eats his lunch, as usual, while reading. Emma Slinks up.

EMMA

I did not know she was your student.

WILL

It's okay. It was a pleasant evening.
Beth's a nice girl.

Emma Plops down next to him.

EMMA

You know my problem?

WILL

You suck at match-making?

EMMA

No! I have a weakness for hard-luck stories. I don't like people to be lonely.

WILL

Okay, and how's that working for you?

EMMA

Not as well as I want. I started reading papers by Professor Nash at Princeton. Game Theory.

WILL

I've read his papers. Fascinating character.

EMMA

I just have to figure out how to make Game Theory work for match-making.

WILL

Nash already did...

EMMA

He did it for guys going into bars and hitting on girls. This is match-making.

WILL

Good luck with that. I have a class to teach.

Will gathers up his things and heads off, leaving Emma Thinking.

INT. EMMA'S OFFICE NYU - NIGHT

Emma Scribbles equations on the board as fast as her fingers and mind will go.

Sarah enters, looks at her, shakes her head and walks away.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sarah sits curtly at her desk as Emma Slinks in.

EMMA

Hi, boss.

SARAH

Nash's Equilibrium? Game Theory?
Don't you have more important things
to work on, like your thesis?

EMMA

Almost done with that.

SARAH

You ever think that match making
isn't your forte?

EMMA

Look, Boss, it's all a matter of...

SARAH

The numbers? People aren't numbers,
Emma.

EMMA

But they are.

SARAH

Didn't you tell me not to play the
numbers, play the player?

EMMA

Well, I left something out of that
equation.

SARAH

Which was? Please, elucidate me.

EMMA

I've begun to break human emotions
and intentions down to a set of
algorithms that can predict...

SARAH

Try it in Atlantic City. It doesn't work.

EMMA

Well, I still have two more tries.

SARAH

Oh, come on. Haven't we had enough of playing games?

EMMA

Nope.

SARAH

You won't find the perfect guy in two more dates.

EMMA

Wanna bet?

INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

A rather interesting-looking enigmatic man, QUINN HABORYM, hair a disheveled version of a Flock of Seagulls, but interesting, stands before a group of people. With great drama, he reads a poem. Emma Watches from a distance.

QUINN

As the night passed/And the dreams faded/Left alone without/A need to be alive.

You know I don't need/Anything that's real./Even breathing is/Something I have tried.

Screaming at me now/In the dark of night./Hold my head down under/You think it is a thrill.

When you point it at me/Do you think I fear?/ You could shoot me dead/But me you'll never kill.

I'll live on through time/In dreams and real life./You think I give a shit/That you think you have a soul.

But you miss all the craic. When you try to be someone/And you will never be anything/Because your blood's run cold.

With a flourish, Quinn ends his reading. Those gathered applaud. After signing a few books, he takes a seat across from where Emma Has sat down.

Emma Spies the sign that was next to him. On it is a book he had been signing, titled Satan.

EMMA

Satan?

QUINN

Excuse me?

EMMA

The book.

QUINN

Oh. Yes. It's for a lecture series at NYU. I'm philosophy professor. Quinn Haborym. I just transferred here from UCLA. Professor Quinn Haborym.

EMMA

Emma Maroney. Grad student.

They shake hands.

QUINN

My pleasure. What's your discipline?

EMMA

Physics.

QUINN

Who's your graduate advisor?

EMMA

Funny you should ask that. Professor...

QUINN

Sarah Martinson. I've heard of her. She did a series of lectures at UCLA a year back. Fascinating woman.

EMMA

Yes, she is. So, are you staying long at NYU?

QUINN

I go where the minds are. When I've drizzled a little of my wisdom upon them...

EMMA

Like a fart in the wind, huh?

QUINN

I wouldn't put it that way, exactly, but... So, what do you want to know, Emma the physics grad student?

EMMA

What's with the Satan thing?

QUINN

Fascinating story.

EMMA

I have a proposition for you. Wanna hear?

QUINN

Absolutely.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah sits behind her desk. Emma sits across from her. Casey, Athena and Isabelle scatter around the office.

SARAH

A professor?

EMMA

Yup.

ISABELLE

A philosophy professor.

CASEY

Didn't Professor Dawkins abolish philosophy?

Sarah starts laughing and the others, sans Emma, join in.

SARAH

We can only dream, Casey.

ATHENA

Why don't you just give up, Emma? You suck at this.

CASEY

You didn't even know I was gay.

EMMA

You never go out with anyone.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

And you don't give off a gay... Forget it. Sarah. A bet's a bet. I have two more. After that, you're on your own.

SARAH

Thank god.

They all flash at her.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm kidding. Fine, bitch. At least I'm getting free, some free, dinners.

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE CAFE - NIGHT

Sarah waits at the table, under Victor's watchful eye. He comes over.

VICTOR

Match Maker, Match Maker, make me a match.

SARAH

Shut up.

Victor laughs and withdraws as Sarah looks up to the door in horror.

Quinn enters, ablaze in sartorial splendor, waving a cape at a waitress who stands near the door. In shock, she takes it and walks off. He addresses her with a non-accented Bela Legosi manner. Unlike before, his hair is slicked back.

QUINN

You must be Sarah.

She slowly rises as he offers his hand. She extends his. He takes it and kisses it.

QUINN (CONT'D)

It's a pleasure to meet you. I've heard a lot about you.

SARAH

I didn't hear a whole lot about you.

Charles approaches with menus.

QUINN

You decide, Charles.

SARAH

How do you know his name?

QUINN
I know a lot of things.

CHARLES
Professor...

QUINN
She's fine with the decision. Thank
you. Send Lara, the sommelier.

Charles motions for Lara, who instantly comes to the table.

LARA
Sir?

QUINN
We'll have that eighty-two Chateau
Haut Brion Pessac-Lognan your
bartender it has hidden in his wine
cellar.

LARA
Sir?

QUINN
Just get it.

Lara withdraws nervously as people begin to slowly leave the
restaurant.

SARAH
Well...

QUINN
Just a moment.

Lara brings the wine, uncorks the bottle and starts to pour
a sample.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Fill the glass, please.

LARA
Yes, sir.

She pours two glasses and leaves the bottle. Quinn raises
his glass. Sarah tentatively raises hers.

QUINN
Ut rebus omnibus et habes. Pulchra
sis flos. Vos sanctifica hoc
conventus.

SARAH
Thank you. You speak Latin?

They drink. She looks at him quizzically.

QUINN
Je fais beaucoup de choses. Suis-je
vous impressionner?

SARAH
And French?

QUINN
Qui. Vous essayez de montrer?

SARAH
No. I too speak French and I too
speak Latin.

QUINN
You have an eidetic memory. Languages
are easy for you.

SARAH
True. Who are you, Quinn Haborym?

QUINN
I have gone by many names.

She waits.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Sarah. Beautiful name. Hebrew for
princes.

SARAH
Yes. It is.

QUINN
Do you have any questions?

She looks at the horn-like protuberances on Quinn's forehead
at the hairline.

SARAH
What are those?

QUINN
Ah. Yes. Those. A birth defect.

SARAH
Who the hell are you?

QUINN
That's something you'll have to find
out for yourself.

SARAH

Your last name. Haborym. If my
memory serves, it's a Hebrew name
for Satan.

He raises his glass again.

QUINN

Your knowledge is vast. Saluto vos.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

Emma walks through the park. Sarah catches up with her.

SARAH

You set me up with Satan?

EMMA

What?

SARAH

He thinks he's Satan. He has horns!

Emma searches for a reply.

EMMA

He seemed cool.

SARAH

Promise me one thing.

EMMA

What?

SARAH

When you get your doctorate, move.

Sarah storms off.

EMMA

You don't mean that, boss!

Emma's shoulders slump.

WILL (O.S.)

It's not wise to piss off your
graduate advisor.

She turns to see Will sitting in his usual spot. She slinks
over and sits next to him. He's grown a goatee.

EMMA

I'm just trying to help her.

WILL

You have a kind heart, and it dulls
your brain.

EMMA

You have a kind heart.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emma stares out the window, dress in a tee and panties. Sam
comes up from behind her and wraps her arms around her.

SAM

You're an idiot, you know.

EMMA

Thanks. I appreciate the compliment.

SAM

Look, I'm not going to kiss your
ass. Well, not in that way.

EMMA

You're so gross.

SAM

Didn't think so last night.

EMMA

This is not helping.

SAM

You should have cut your losses and
just given up.

Emma's face crinkles.

SAM (CONT'D)

Just like us. She'll find someone
on her own. She's hot. Intelligent.
Wealthy. Important. She'll be okay.

EMMA

I love her like a sister. When Ted
dumped her, I just...

SAM

What?

EMMA

She just seemed so lonely.

SAM

It's okay to be lonely sometimes,
Emma. Anyway, I'm glad you gave up
on the last one.

Emma's body language says otherwise.

SAM (CONT'D)

Oh no. What did you do?

EMMA

He's was just staring at me with
these puppy dog eyes...

SAM

Are you high?

EMMA

It's a bet.

SAM

It's a stupid bet. No more. Stay
out of her life. Get interested in
your own.

Emma Non-Verbally agrees and embraces Sam. Then they kiss.

SAM (CONT'D)

Come on. Bed's getting cold.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Will sits at Sarah's table, in her seat. Sarah approaches.

SARAH

Wilson?

He clumsily gets to his feet.

WILL

Yeah, I'm Wilson. Will's fine.

SARAH

I'm Sarah.

WILL

I know.

SARAH

Of course.

He looks a bit dejected.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Is there something wrong.

WILL

Emma's set me up with a number of women since I got to town, it didn't go well. And you're even prettier close up. You're so far out of my league, you're not even in the same galaxy with me.

SARAH

Somewhat self-deprecating. And if you think you're unattractive, that's not true. There could be many reasons we're not right for each other, but that's not one of them.

WILL

What could be?

SARAH

The fact that Emma set us up.

WILL

Yeah, she's not very good at this.

SARAH

That's the understatement of the year.

She notices the glasses of wine.

WILL

I got the wine they said you liked. And they said you always order the first special, so... I just ordered them.

SARAH

You just made points. So, who are you?

WILL

I'm Wilson...

SARAH

I mean, what do you do?

WILL

Oh, that, um, well, I teach. I do research?

SARAH

Subject?

WILL

I did my undergrad and graduate work at Harvard in Evolutionary Biology.

SARAH

Really?

WILL

Yeah. After I got my Ph.D. I thought that I'd love to go into the field so I got another Ph.D. in a archeology.

SARAH

That's amazing. I'm so impressed. You look so young.

WILL

I'm thirty-five. I know I look young. Sort of.

SARAH

You do. You look like you could be undergrad. Where are you teaching?

WILL

NYU. Same as you.

SARAH

That's awesome. We can do lunch together.

WILL

That'd be great. I'd love it.

SARAH

So, what got you into teaching? Evolutionary biology and archeology?

WILL

My parents were loaded. They died when I was young. My sister and I were raised by my aunt. They left a trust fund. Only way to access the trust fund early was college. I got hooked on learning. Science is so much fun. It explains so much. I figured I might as well give back a little and teach.

SARAH

I feel the same way about teaching.

WILL

I'm not really socially adept. My aunt's a psychiatrist. She said I have Asperger's Syndrome. Personally, I don't see it. The Asperger's, I mean. I just think I'm a dork.

SARAH

Don't say that. It's not true. You're very charming. However, if we were going to see each other socially, we'd have to do a bit about your style.

WILL

I don't have one.

SARAH

Sure you do. It's just not that good.

WILL

I wear the same thing every day.

SARAH

What?

WILL

Not the exact same clothes. I mean, I have seven shirts the same, seven pairs of slacks, socks, shoes. I read a biography of Albert Einstein. He had the same...

SARAH

I know that story. He didn't want to waste time on having to figure out what to wear so he wore the same thing every day. That's hilarious. And you are a guy, so you really don't have to work as hard as we do.

WILL

You don't have to work at it at all. You're beautiful.

SARAH

Thank you, Wilson.

WILL

Everybody calls me Will.

SARAH

I like Wilson.

WILL

You maxed your SAT's. And a perfect four-oh all the way through school. It's incredible.

SARAH

You know my CV?

WILL

I like to research. Plus, Emma, when you ask her a question, you get the encyclopedia.

SARAH

I know. She won't shut up. Why'd you agree to go on another date?

WILL

She said it was you. I almost peed my pants when she said your name. She worked on me for almost an hour.

SARAH

I'm glad you accepted.

WILL

Me too. Sarah, you have a beautiful mind.

Sarah blushes. She reaches out and touches his hand lightly.

SARAH

That's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me.

Charles smiles knowingly as he places their meals on the table. He can see the look in Sarah's eyes.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Thanks, Charles.

CHARLES

You're quite welcome. Enjoy.

SARAH

Thank you.

WILL

It looks awesome, Charles.

She looks hard at him.

SARAH

What's with the goatee?

WILL

Thought it made me look more manly.

SARAH

You look just fine to me. You know
Emma Has very good taste in men.

WILL

She has good friends too.

They clink glasses, drink then dig in.

SARAH

She does. Wilson, what are you doing
next Saturday?

EXT. GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH - DAY

Sarah, Casey, Emma And Isabelle exit the church in their
maids of honor dresses.

Sarah smiles and looks down at Wilson, standing next to
Sam, who is dressed impeccably. He smiles back.

Athena and her Husband, ATIM, exit the church to a shower of
rice and group cheers.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

The entire hall is full of dancing.

Sarah and Wilson dance, but Wilson's not that good. She
embraces him and kisses him.

SARAH

Don't dance.

WILL

Thank you.

SARAH

You're welcome.

WILL

Sarah. Will you marry me?

She smiles broadly.

SARAH

Yes. I Will.

They kiss as Emma dances her way up to them.

EMMA

My work is done, boss.

SARAH

Don't push it, bitch!

EMMA

That's Doctor Bitch to you.

They all break into laughter.

FADE OUT: