

SOUNDS LIKE LOVE

By
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WGAE Registered

EXT. - ESTABLISHING - A COLLEGE TOWN - DAY

FOG rolls in with the DAWN, whispering into the crevices of a quiet old brownstone neighborhood. Just before the fog engulfs a window, we glimpse a solitary someone inside, hidden behind a LARGE BOOK.

INT. - KATE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Quiet. No clocks tick. No music plays.

Modest and orderly, the room is dominated by SHELVES OF BOOKS. We skim past LITERARY CLASSICS - Shakespeare, Austin, Dickens, Emily Dickinson. 2 PORTABLE FANS WHIR, facing the BOOKSHELVES.

A page turns.

KATE O'BRIEN's eyes dart back and forth as she reads a book balanced on her chest. She is serenely curled into herself, immersed in her element. She barely breathes. Her hand, forgotten, hangs mid-air.

She is a slight woman, pretty, 30s. A bit wary.

2 CATS, BENEDICT AND BEATRICE, nestle nearby.

Suddenly Kate looks up, perturbed by a sound we can not hear. An instant later, the cats' ears swivel. They open their eyes.

EXT. - KATE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Pulling on a HEAVY SWEATER, Kate trots down the STEPS of her building and up the STEPS of the adjoining BROWNSTONE, enveloped in SCAFFOLDING.

INT. - KILEY'S BUILDING, FIRST FLOOR - DAY

Kate scoots in through a WINDOW. She surveys TABLE SAWS, WOOD, TOOLS, etc. She scowls at a sound we still can not hear.

INT. - KILEY'S BUILDING, BASEMENT - DAY

Kate creeps down the RICKETY STAIRS of a CREEPY OLD BASEMENT. Large EARTH-MOVING TOOLS and JACKHAMMERS are propped against a HALF-EXCAVATED WALL.

By now, we hear what has been irritating Kate - AN AIR COMPRESSOR valve is leaking. She gingerly gropes her way over and shuts it off.

INT. - KATE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kate is transfixed as she reads. She momentarily close her eyes from emotional intensity. But alerted to a sound we can not hear, her eyes fly open. The cats perk up. She turns off the fans, listens. She and the cats exchange looks.

SAME. LATER.

Kate's face quivers - A JACKHAMMER PUMMELS.

KATE
Arghhh!

The book falls on her face. The cats ooze under the couch. She holds her nose in pain.

SAME. A FEW MINUTES LATER

Kate puts on her big sweater, reluctantly looks at the book, now open on the coffee table. To the cats -

KATE
I'll be back.

EXT. - KATE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A TABLE SAW SCREAMS. The JACKHAMMER PUMMELS, HAMMERS POUND. ROCK MUSIC WAILS. 8:00 AM, the unseen work crew next door revs up.

The gray sigh of March - FOG and DRIZZLE. Kate pops her BIG BLACK UMBRELLA, trots down the stairs as RICHARD III, a large IRISH WOLFHOUND, leads PROFESSOR BICKEL, an elderly woman wearing a WALKMAN, up the stairs. Richard jumps on Kate's shoulders.

PROF. BICKEL
Richard the Third!

KATE
Something is wrong, Prof.
Bickel.

PROF. BICKEL
Down Dickie down!

KATE
The building is making a
funny noise. It's groaning.

Richard makes strange guttural noises and sniffs Kate's
crotch.

PROF. BICKEL
No, he's *growling*. He likes
you! OH! Katie!

Kate's nose is bleeding down her face.

KATE
Oh!

Prof. Bickel finds a TISSUE and Kate tilts her head back.

An accident with 18th Century
literature...the building is
groaning, Prof. Bickel.

MRS. BICKEL
Well dear, it's old. I groan
too.

KATE
I don't think it's normal.

Prof. Bickel cuddles Richard.

PROF. BICKEL
Yes he's adorable. Wonderful
day, dear!

Prof. Bickel whisks herself and Richard inside, leaving Kate and her tissue on the steps.

EXT. - SMALL COLLEGE TOWN - DAY

We look down upon the big black umbrella making its way along the STREET.

INT. - THE COFFEE POT - DAY

A cheery COFFEE SHOP. The morning rush.
A NEWSPAPER lies on a TABLE, the headline: HACKY SAC CONVENTION SET FOR WEEKEND. KARL, 30s, sits fervently watching people as if they are a strange new species. His perceptive eyes peer out from a swirl of unruly hair. He's inclined towards T-shirts promoting obscure jazz bands and emits a cheerful optimism.

MICHAEL POGGI, a large affable waiter, approaches.

MICHAEL
Coffee?

KARL
No. Coffee please.

Michael pours. Kate enters. Karl is riveted to her.

MAC POGGI, as large and sweet as his son Michael, butters TOAST behind the COUNTER. When he sees Kate, he gives her a big kiss.

MAC
Katie!

Maeve Poggi, a hearty woman manning the REGISTER, comes round and gives Kate a big kiss.

MAEVE
(To Kate)
...I'll get your tea, dear.

KATE
(listening)

Better get the phone first,
it's about - and the bagels
are stuck again, Mr. Poggi.

They don't hear her as they scurry about. Karl pulls out a
little notebook and scribbles without taking his eyes off
her.

Phone. Phone.

MAEVE
What did you say, dear?

The PHONE rings.

MAEVE
What's burnin? Mac - the
bagels!

She answers the phone as she hands a BIG PLATE OF PANCAKES
to Mac and points in the direction of Karl's table.

Five.
(Into the phone)
Coffee Pot.

Karl is absorbed in Kate as Mac comes up behind him.

MAC
Hot off the griddle!

Karl jumps, hitting the plate. Pancakes fly. Kate turns -
their eyes meet. She's intrigued/wary.

MAEVE
Table 5, Mac - the pancakes
were for 5!

MAC
Why didn't you say so!

Karl has to deal with the SYRUP running down his clothes.
Maeve hands Kate a STEAMING PAPER CUP.

MAEVE

Here you go, dear. Tepid the
way you like it. Oh - wait
wait wait...

Smiling broadly, she drops a bit of GREEN DYE into the cup.

Happy St. Patrick's Day.

Kate winces and leaves. Karl looks up from his clean up,
realizes she's left, throws down some money and scampers
out.

EXT. - CAMPUS GREEN - DAY

Now we follow the umbrella across the CAMPUS GREEN of the
BEAUTIFUL OLD COLLEGE.

EXT. - STREET IN FRONT OF UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

Despite the drizzle, a ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE is in full
swing, a MARCHING BAND pounds out MY WILD IRISH ROSE. The
sidewalks are packed with ROWDY GREEN-BEDECKED ONLOOKERS.

Kate approaches, dismayed. She looks across to the LIBRARY.
An out-of-breath Karl pops up behind her in the crowd.

She spots a short lull in the parade after the TUBAS pass,
and dashes across.

He scrambles after her. But halfway across a CLOWN ON A
TRICYCLE BLEATS A HORN at him. Karl doesn't hear it, and
the tricycle rams him, derailing the clown. The crowd
laughs and points. The clown angrily jumps back on and
blocks Karl's every attempt to reach the curb.

Starting up the steps Kate is accosted by a BIG GUY in a
LEPRECHAUN COSTUME and a GREEN BOZO WIG.

LEPRECHAUN MAN
WHOA!!! Where's your green,
Irish Lassie?

Trying to dance her about, he presses his cheek to hers, leaving a LARGE GREEN SMEAR. Kate fights her way to the door.

Bitch.

INT. - LIBRARY, FOYER - DAY

Calm after the storm. Kate catches her breath.

EXT. - STREET IN FRONT OF UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

Karl still battles the clown, feigning a good time.

INT. - LIBRARY, MIMI'S AND KATE'S OFFICE - DAY

TINY and BOOK-LINED. Mimi, 40s, sits at her PAPER-STREWN DESK, weepily belting out the climatic ending of What I Did For Love (from A Chorus Line.)

MIMI

Won't forget! Can't regret!

What I did for -

She dabs her eyes.

What I did for -

She blows her nose.

What I did for -

Kate appears, covering her ears.

KATE

Dumped again?

MIMI

LOOOOOOOVE!!!!!!

KATE

Sorry. Mimi, why -

MIMI

I'm keeping at it till I find my soul mate!

KATE

(yawning)

I don't think I need one of those...

MIMI

Up all night romancing Augustan Erotica, Kate?

KATE

It's *literature*, Mimi. Fanny Hill is *literature*. And it was written in 1748, clearly *after* the Augustan period.

MIMI

You need to get out more...

KATE

I accept myself for the solitarian that I am.

MIMI

You're perpetrating the myth that we librarians are legendary docile creatures.

KATE

In my particular case that description would be accurate.

MIMI

♪ People

KATE

People exhaust me.

Now Kate is rooting for something on Mimi's desk.

MIMI

♪ People who need people...

KATE

The truth is, and I am
cognizant of the horrible
unhealthy unwholesome
implication, but -

MIMI

♪ Are the luckiest people in
the world.

KATE

I'm happiest when I'm by
myself.

MIMI

♪ Lovers. Are very special
people -

KATE

Yeah, for about 2 minutes -

MIMI

♪ They're the luckiest people
in the world -

KATE

and then they're sucking out
each other's life force -

She is visibly frustrated by Mimi's mess.

MIMI

Clutter is a by-product of
being alive and as such I
embrace it.

Kate seizes a PIECE OF PAPER.

KATE

My acquisition is in?!

For the first time, Mimi notices Kate has a green smudge on
her face. But Kate grabs her big sweater and is almost out
the door. She stops short, listening.

Security just opened up the
main door.

MIMI
You're a human antenna. Go,
go, I'll fight off the
hordes.

EXT. - LIBRARY - DAY

Kate charges down the steps, oblivious to a bedraggled Karl, who is coming up. He freezes as she whizzes by and plunges through the parade: a gal on a mission. He scrambles after her.

INT. - CAMPUS POST OFFICE - DAY

Kate signs a form as a CLERK shoves over a SMALL CRATE. Karl stands in line behind her, observing her. She abruptly looks at the clerk's stomach.

KATE
(confidentially)
Somebody forgot her
breakfast, huh?

The clerk eyes Kate's green smudge.
Nutcase?!

Kate notices Karl as she leaves. He steps up to the clerk.

KARL
Hi. Hello - don't need any
stamps. Thank you.

*Nutcase?! As he walks away the clerks stomach GURGLES
LOUDLY.*

EXT. - CAMPUS GREEN - DAY

Kate hurries along, reverently carrying the crate. Karl follows. Kate's ears prick up. She stops. Karl stops. Just as she turns, he manages to dive behind a TREE. She scowls and continues on.

Karl follows. He pulls out a thin silver DOG WHISTLE and blows on it.

Kate drops the crate and covers her ears.

Behind her we see SEVERAL DOGS bounding towards Karl. He falls to the ground as Kate turns - all she sees are canines.

INT. - LIBRARY, CLOSED STACKS - DAY

Kate, still sporting her green smudge, wears WHITE COTTON GLOVES, and unlocks a GLASS CASE containing ANTIQUE VOLUMES. She removes the OLD BOOK from the now-opened crate. She caresses the cover, opens it lovingly, and breathes in the book smell. She tucks it into the case next to an IDENTICAL BOOK - VOLUME I reunited with VOLUME II. She's deeply satisfied. Alerted by a sound we can not hear, she looks up.

INT. - LIBRARY, CORRIDOR - DAY

Karl's legs, walking swiftly. One of his shoes SQUEAKS faintly.

INT. - LIBRARY, SPECIAL COLLECTIONS - DAY

Quiet. The air is rife with the intellectual passion of SEVERAL SCHOLARS. A GREEN BANK LAMP sits on each TABLE. They glance up briefly as the door opens.

Karl, clown-scummy and syrupy, surveys the room. Just as he is about to leave, Kate returns from the Closed Stacks, carrying A LARGE OLD BOOK.

Karl takes a seat, pulls "work" out of his KNAPSACK.

PROF. HANDLER, 50s, approaches the desk. Kate hands him the volume and a pair of WHITE GLOVES.

PROF. HANDLER
Thank you, Katherine.

Prof. Handler considers Kate's green smudge but says nothing.

SAME - LATER

Some scholars have left, others have come in. Kate is hawk-like while watching her charges - lest some unscrupulous

person attempt to razor out a map or slip a rare volume into his coat.

Karl furtively spies on Kate as he shuffles PAPERS around. Kate scans, but is disturbed by a sound we can not hear. She sighs, opens a DRAWER and pulls out a LIGHT BULB. She approaches a diminutive elderly man, DR. RABDULI.

KATE
Excuse me, Dr. Rabduli. That
must be driving you mad.

Kate turns off his bank lamp and turns it on again. The bulb blows. She replaces it.

RABDULI
Thank you, Katherine.

Rabduli notes the green smudge. Kate catches Karl watching her as she moves away.

INT. - LIBRARY, CLOSED STACKS - DAY

Kate extricates a MAP from a GLASS CASE. Startled by a sound we cannot hear, she looks up.

INT. - LIBRARY, CORRIDOR - DAY

FOUR PAIRS OF LEGS clopping down the hall. A woman's pair is decked in TALL GREEN PLATFORM SHOES and GREEN and WHITE STRIPED TIGHTS. The other woman's is in GREEN HIGH HEELS and GLITTERY GOLD STOCKINGS. A long male pair sports BILLOWING GREEN CLOWN PANTS and the last is in GREEN PLAID GOLF PANTS.

INT. - LIBRARY, REFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Kate anxiously emerges from the closed stacks. The clopping gets louder, accompanied by giggling.

Several scholars stir, perturbed. Kate takes a cleansing breath. Karl watches all.

MAGGIE O'BRIEN, 60ish, a large, gregarious redhead leads the way. Maggie exudes a vibrant, warm, generous spirit. She is followed by her kindly, agreeable husband JAMES, her

daughter ABBY, a younger version of Maggie, and MATTHEW POGGI, Abby's joyous beefy boyfriend. They have clearly embraced the American St. Patrick's Day spirit.

Abby's T-SHIRT says "ERIN GO BRALESS." And she is.

They shush themselves up to the counter.

MAGGIE
Don't get your dandruff up,
we'll be quite as -

ABBY
(Giggling)
What is on your *face*?

MAGGIE
Oh your shamrock is all
smudged.

Maggie licks at a TISSUE and reaches over the counter to wipe the green off Kate's face. Resistance is futile.

MATTHEW
Whoo-who-who!!!

They all noisily shush him. Karl watches, amazed and intrigued. James wanders over to some REFERENCE BOOKS on the COUNTER.

MAGGIE
Oh you're pale. James, does
she look pale? JAMES!

They all shush her.

Well, she looks like she
could use some insemination
is all I'm saying.

Done wiping, Maggie pins a GIANT PIPECLEANER SHAMROCK on Kate.

JAMES

(Singing)

♪ Here comes the bride, here
comes the bride -

ABBY

(Huffs)

DAD!

KATE

How did you get past
security?

MAGGIE

(shrugging)

Who? Little Tommy Philips?

MATTHEW

Whoo-whooh tell her why I
proposed, whooh-whooh.

ABBY

Matthew! Geez. It's true,
Kate. Mattress and I are
getting MARRIED!

MATTHEW

Tell her why, Abs.

ABBY

(Deadpan)

He knocked me up and I gotta
a bun in the oven.

Abby cracks up, Maggie clobbers her. They shush each other.

Matty and I GOT ACCEPTED INTO
THE PEACE CORPS!

Abby & Matthew high-five.

MATTHEW

Kazakhstan! Whoo whooh whooh!

Maggie is nudging ABBY.

ABBY

Only we never got the
acceptance letter and we
leave next week and we've got
to have the wedding before -

MATTHEW

or else we can't sleep
together -

Abby cracks up and slugs Matthew as Maggie groans to
heaven.

JAMES

I about fell out of my chair!

Maggie nudging ABBY -

ABBY

Will you stop that, Ma -

MAGGIE

Well get to it -

ABBY

I AM IF YOU WOULD STOP
NUDGING ME - anyway, Kate,
will you be MY MAID OF
HONOR!!!!

MATTHEW

Whoo whoo whoo!

JAMES

♪ Here comes the Maid of
Honor, Here comes the Maid of
Honor!

ABBY

This Saturday.

MAGGIE

Father Boyle is squeaking us
in at 3:00.

KATE
But today is Wednesday, and
I, I - I work on Saturday.

MIMI (O.S.)
Why would I need you on
Saturday?
Mimi is standing behind Kate, beaming.

MIMI
Heck, take Friday off as
well.

The O'Briens hoot, holler & high-five as quietly as they
can.

(to Kate)
I will not be a witting
accomplice to your hermit-
hood.

MAGGIE
Put Mimi on the list, James.
(To Mimi)
And how is that new house
working out, dear?

MIMI
Fits like a glove, Maggie. If
only I could find some
special somebody to share it
with...

Dr. Rabduli approaches the counter. Abby smiles broadly.

ABBY
Happy St. Patrick's Day!

He's enchanted by Abby's chest. Kate tries to hand the
books and a pair of WHITE COTTON GLOVES to him.

KATE
Here you are, Dr. Rabduli.

MAGGIE

(To Kate)
So?

KATE
What?
(To Rabduli)
Dr. Rabduli?

MAGGIE
What she asks! Mary Jesus
and -

ABBY
Shhhh. Duh. Will you be my
Maid of Honor?

Abby hands the books/gloves to Dr. Rabduli, who finally drifts away. The family grins expectantly at Kate. The scholars watch her. Mimi smiles.

KATE
...Sure.

The O'Briens high-five, clutch each other, and jump around, whispering, "Yeah!"

Shh. Guys. *Library.*

MAGGIE
Your sister here is picking
out her bridal gown with her
bouzies flapping in the wind.

ABBY
I've got a bra in my
knapsack, I *told* you -

MAGGIE
Shh!
(To Kate)
When do you get off work,
dear?

Kate — a deer trapped in the headlights.

SAME. LATER.

Karl watches as Kate takes off the shamrock pin. Then she puts it back on. Sighs. Mimi joins her. Both nonchalantly scrutinize the room as they speak.

KATE
I hate you.

MIMI
Oh please. The *Georgian* Porno
can wait.

KATE
It's not considered...Georgian.
Kate nods in the direction of Karl.

KATE
Do you know that guy?

Mimi sees Handler.

MIMI
No, but I'd like to add him
to my holdings. I love a man
in tweed.

KATE
Not him, *him*.

MIMI
Oh. The burn out? No.

Mimi's librarian tentacles go up.

Think he's a cutter?

KATE
He hasn't checked anything
out. But all day? He's
everywhere I am.

Intrigued, Mimi eyes Karl eyeing Kate eyeing Karl.
Eventually she breaks into a smile. Suggestively...

MIMI

Well, he had to sign in
downstairs, so I could run a
411 on him, but I have a
better idea. Why don't you
ask him?

Kate realizes what Mimi is suggesting and this is not an
unpleasant discovery. But it pains her.

KATE

I have no interest.

Mimi ain't buyin' it.

I have no acumen where that
sort of thing is concerned.

MIMI

Practice.

KATE

I hate you.

Mimi ever so quietly hums a snippet of ♪ People, detouring
passed Handler on her way out.

After a few moments, Karl starts lightly tapping his PEN on
the table. Immediately Kate looks up. Karl stops. He
checks to see she isn't watching, lowers his eyes, and
starts tapping the pen again, even more faintly. Kate
narrows her eyes at him, and then, feigning disinterest,
looks down at her work. He stops. Silence. Tap-tap-tap.
Long silence. Tap-tap-tap.

Kate storms towards him. The scholars perk up. Karl is
taken aback. She opens her mouth. Nothing. Finally -

KATE

(barely audible)

This is a pen-free zone.

KARL

Excuse me?

KATE

THIS IS A PEN-FREE ZONE.

Flustered, she seizes his pen and returns to her counter and immerses herself in work.

High drama for the scholars.

Karl looks at his WATCH. He quickly gathers his things and walks out as if late for an important meeting. He leaves behind an OPEN NOTEBOOK.

Kate heads for the notebook, just as Karl scampers back and practically kills himself getting to it first. He wants to speak, but instead oozes out the door.

Kate's eyes sweep the room. The scholars get back to work.

KATE
(muttering to herself)
I'm stickin' to Georgian
Porno.

EXT. - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Kate hurries across the now parade-less street to the campus green. STUDENTS are out and about. Alerted by a squeaky shoe, she pivots: *Karl*. Their eyes meet.

KARL
Hi - hello -

ROLLERBLADER (O.S.)
Watch out!

Karl shows no sign of hearing as a reckless ROLLERBLADER whizzes by, causing him to trip backwards and land in a LARGE BUSH.

KARL
I'm okay, I'm okay, I'm okay.

Kate hesitantly steps closer.

Is it always so foggy in this town?

KATE
That would depend on your
definition of fog.

Kate cringes at everything coming out of her mouth.

KARL
I'm a post doc in psych.

KATE
Excuse me?

KARL
I'm a post doctorate in
neuropsychology.

An oblivious CAMPUS SECURITY GUARD putts between them in a
LITTLE CART.

KATE
Which absolves you from
stalking me?

KARL
(mishearing)
Appallingly shocking you?
This place is dripping in
post docs.

He's struggling to get out of the bush.

My name is Karl Young, and -

KATE
Carl Jung. Your name is Carl
Jung and you're in
psychology. Do you think I'm
STUPID?!

A TINY COLLEGE GIRL stops. To Kate:

TINY COLLEGE GIRL
Do you need me to help you?

KATE

No, I am in control of this situation. Thank you.

Off the tiny girl goes.

KARL

Young. Not Jung, Young. And it's Karl with a K, not a C. An accident of birth...

TWO OAFS walk between them, throwing a FOOTBALL at each other's head.

At any rate, to coin a Jungian phrase; serendipity. You are what I've been searching for.

Their eyes meet.

I'm sorry if I've been annoying you, but -

KATE

It doesn't take much to annoy me, buddy.

That did not come out right.

KARL

I'm unbelievably harmless.

BELLS CHIME from a tower. Kate is late and she's making such a mess of things...

She flees, leaving Karl in the bush. A DRUNK STUDENT barfs in the bush next to Karl.

INT. BRIDAL PLANTATION, ABBY'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Crammed with RUSTLING BRIDESMAIDS GOWNS. Mathew and James sit facing the wall.

As a coping mechanism, Kate holds up and reads a SMALL BOOK. Perspiration drips from her face as MONA, 60s, CLOTHESPINS Kate into a BIZARRE DRESS.

MAGGIE

You're not going to meet
alleged young men with your
nose in a book.

KATE

I meet *lots* of young men with
my nose in a book.

MATHEW

(facing the wall)

They must make the live ones
such a letdown, huh Katie?

James checks a LIST.

JAMES

I'm certain we've invited the
whole town.

ABBY

And Grammy and the whole
brood are taking the Amtrak
up - *awesome!*

MAGGIE

There's not a hotel room left
in town - some convention -
they'll have to stay up to
the house.

(To Kate)

How about you bring that nice
boy with the skin disorder,
that physia-physia-physia

Kate continues to read.

KATEa

The physiologist is in Panama
studying the post-coitus wing
flapping count of the Ruby-

throated hummingbird. Thank
God.

MAGGIE
Oh dear.

Mona finishes pinning and turns Kate around. Abby has the intense deranged expression that comes upon a woman only once in her life; selecting dresses for her bridesmaids.

ABBY
I've always dreamt of having
bridesmaids in drop-bodiced
tea length straight-lined
gowns with princess puff
sleeves...can I get it in burnt
sienna?

MAGGIE
Burnt sienna? Are you going
to be happy with burnt sienna
in March? Maybe you should
conjugate on that.

A DEEP GROWL emanates from Abby.

EXT. - BRIDAL PLANTATION - NIGHT

The MAMMOTH PASTEL BUILDING in the background, the clan is climbing into a large EXCURSION-TYPE SUV, the only vehicle left in the PARKING LOT.

MAGGIE
(gaily)
Oh, that was excruciating!

Abby's CELL PHONE rings as James starts the engine. Kate's ears perk up.

KATE
I think I need to go home
now.

MAGGIE

I think you need Euthanasia,
rabbit ears. You pick it up
at the health food store.

KATE
I require a lot of downtime.
I realize this is a concept
foreign to you.

ABBY
(Into phone)
Hello?

JAMES
Do you got bees in your
bonnet, Crabby Katie?

KATE
I'm not wearing a bonnet. Is
there something wrong with
this car?

MAGGIE
(To Abby)
Who's that?

KATE
(To no one)
There's something wrong with
this car.

ABBY
(On the phone)
ALL RIGHT!!!

INT - BANQUET FACILITY, LOBBY - NIGHT

We hear an IRISH BAND coming from one of the BANQUET ROOMS.
The clan stands in front of BOB, THE BANQUET HALL
DIRECTOR'S podium.

BOB
It was a bizarre food
poisoning, and neither the

bride nor groom-to-be are
going to be leaving that
hospital any time soon, but
their tragedy means you all
have got yourself a *reception
hall!*

ABBY
Book it.

Sans Kate, the clan high-fives and jumps up and down with
glee.

MAGGIE
(winking)
And here I was stratifying
I'd have to remind you about
the bribe I slipped that
building inspector.

BOB
God works in mysterious ways,
Maggie.

An idea sparks in Maggie's mind.

MAGGIE
Why yes he does, Bob. Have
you met my ravaging daughter
Katey?

Everyone but Maggie looks uncomfortable.

INT. - BANQUET HALL, BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

A ROLLICKING ST. PATRICK'S DAY party is in full swing. In
the doorway, Maggie thrusts a reluctant Kate in front of
her. A PARTY GUEST swooshes over, grabs Kate like a rag
doll and dances her around the room.

A progression of MEN'S FACES loom at Kate as the music
pounds and she is tossed from one man to another.

Abby approaches, sees what has transpired, and plunges into the crowd. With good nature she picks up Kate, carries her out and sets her down.

Another deep growl emanates from Abby as she looks at Maggie.

EXT. - KATE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The Excursion pulls up and Kate jumps ship. James honks as they drive off. Wearily Kate starts up the steps, stops, pivots: *Karl*.

Richard III is walking Karl towards the brownstone. He's stunned when he sees her.

KARL
Hi - hello - you live here?

KATE
(reflexively)
No.

Richard III lumbers directly for Kate's familiar crotch.

Go away, Richard.

KARL
Bickel is my advisor.

KATE
Your pants are vibrating.

KARL
This is a fortuitous
coincidence -Oh, excuse me,
my phone is -

He answers, as Richard decides he adores Karl and jumps on him.

(importantly)
Dr. Young...I - I - yes, I'm -
no, I'm really not - no - I'm
- I'm hanging up now, thank
you -

KATE
5 cents a minute, 24/7? Not
bad.

She turns to go.

KARL
Your sense of hearing.

This stops her. Guardedly, she eyes him.

It's phenomenal.

KATE
It's a nightmare.

KARL
It is a might rare, yeah.
You've got an enlarged
nervous system.

KATE
That is so gross and I do
not. What is it?

KARL
You possess a highly tuned
cerebrum. Well,
specifically, the parietal
and temporal lobes. Not to
mention your amygdala and my
God, your thalamus -

KATE
My thalamus.

KARL
The relay station between
your senses and outside
stimulation -

KATE
Do they have a pill for that?

KARL
Surely, you jest.

She's not.

Professor Bickel, wearing her Walkman, opens the door and Richard III bounds to her.

PROFESSOR BICKEL
My baby, my big boy. Did you
have a nice constitutional?
Hello Katherine. How's your
nose?

KATE
Fine.

PROFESSOR BICKEL
This is my -

KARL
We've met.

PROFESSOR BICKEL
He's wet?

KARL
WE KNOW EACH OTHER.

Kate frowns at his choice of words.

PROFESSOR BICKEL
Yes, it may. Or snow. It's
chilly enough. Katherine, get
yourself inside. How are you
with stuck doors, Dr. Young?

Karl watches Kate go in. He wasn't finished
--

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The cats look up. Kate comes in and backs the door shut as if holding the world at bay. She takes a deep cleansing breath. Peace. She rolls her eyes at the cats. She spots her unfinished book still open on the coffee table. Abruptly she hears something we cannot. The cat's ears swivel.

INT. - KATE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dark. A fan whirs. BEEP! Silence. BEEP.

Kate, in a NIGHTGOWN, brushing her teeth, stumbles to the INTERCOM. She presses the BUZZER and shuffles off but stops short, alerted to a sound we can't hear. The cats' ears perk up.

A knock at her door. The cats slither under the couch. Kate cracks the door.

KARL
Hi. Hello -

KATE
(mouthful)
You're not my mother.

Karl's eyebrows rise. She lets him in, heads for bathroom.

Karl scrutinizes her habitat. As she returns, Karl is just picking up *Fanny Hill*.

KARL
I need you.

Their eyes meet.

You could help me immensely.

She shyly smiles.

And you'd be contributing to
the betterment of mankind.

Huh?

I would respect your privacy.
I'd call you Sally. Or Rick.

Huh?

Have you been tested?

Huh?

The audiology department has agreed to participate in my study - has your hearing ever been tested?

KATE
(muttering)
Daily.

KARL
Excuse me?

She nonchalantly takes the book from Karl. The cats peer out from under the couch.

KARL
Hi, hello -

KATE
Benedict, Beatrice, meet Dr. Karl Young. That's Karl with a K.

The larger one randily rubs up against his ankle.

KARL
Beatrice likes me.

KATE
That's Benedict.

The jackhammer next door REVS UP. Kate jumps. Unwittingly, Karl draws near.

KARL
(admiringly)
Lady, you are finely calibrated.

KATE
It's deplorable.

KARL

I guess it's adorable... So
should I call you or -

KATE
No. I think not.

They are both unaware that their eyes are locked.

I have a lot going on right
now, too much, much too much,
and I'm afraid I wouldn't be
able to commit to..

KARL
Oh. Right. Well.

Abruptly, simultaneously, they surge and kiss.

They pull apart, trying to read the other. But it happens
again - a seismic liplock.

Again they pull apart. They stare hard at each other,
searching for an answer.

KARL
Right. Well.

And he leaves. Kate closes the door and freezes in a
ponder.

Likewise, Karl on the steps outside.

SAME. LATER.

Kate is in the same position, now dressed. To the cats -

KATE
That happened, right?

The cats stare back at her.

The buzzer: BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP!

Kate hits the intercom. We hear Maggie tooting REVERIE.

Kate looks longingly at the unfinished book on the coffee table. To the lounging felines -

KATE
I covet your life.

Benedict yawns. Beatrice licks herself.

EXT. - KATE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A jackhammer pummels as Kate, umbrella in tow, comes out. Maggie stands at the curb, radiant and full of energy. They get into the Excursion.

MAGGIE
(Indicates next door)
Mr. Kiley didn't waste any time since I sold him that property. A rehab will be good for this neighborhood.

Kate exasperates. Maggie turns over the engine. Nothing. She tries again. Nada. Kate looks at her - *I told you so!*

MAGGIE
What?

KATE
I said something was wrong with the car last night.

MAGGIE
You never.

EXT. - COLLEGE GREEN - DAY

Karl, sits on a BENCH, his notebook untouched on his lap. His eyes wander to a YOUNG COUPLE IN LOVE. He averts his gaze, but his eyes sneak peeks. A FRISBEE whacks him on the head.

EXT. - RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Maggie is on her CELLPHONE as she and Kate hurry along a SIDEWALK.

MAGGIE

Thank you Tom - its parked
right in front - plain as
your face.

She clicks off. As she walks, she scopes HOUSES, always the
real estate agent. She stops abruptly in front of a HOUSE
FOR SALE BY OWNER sign and jots down the number.

He owes me one after that
generous appraisal I snagged
him.

Maggie glances sideways at Kate.

Tom's a lovely fellow. Multi-
fauceted.

(earnestly)

Kate, dear, do you think
maybe you have that social
anxiety disorder they have on
the TV?

Kate eyes widen. *Huh?*

MAGGIE (con't)

They have an anecdote for
that now, you know. It perks
those unhappy shy people
right up and *then*, they go to
parties!

KATE

I'm not an unhappy shy
person. I'm a solitarian.

MAGGIE

You're a Catholic.

KATE

I have a very rich inner
life.

MAGGIE

An inner life isn't going to
get you babies, or do you
hate them too?

KATE

I love babies.

A bit of hope for Maggie.

Medium rare, with a lot of
salt and pepper.

MAGGIE

You behoove me.

EXT. - ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH - DAY

CHURCH BELLS PEEL. A SIGN on the FRONT LAWN: *ST. JOSEPH'S:
A CHURCH TO COME HOME TO.*

Worshippers stream into the church as Maggie and Kate walk
up the DRIVE. Maggie waves at everyone, everyone waves at
Maggie. MRS. TOMLEY walks by.

MRS. TOMLEY

Looking forward to the
wedding, Magpie!

MAGGIE

(To Kate)

She's putting that house of
hers up any day now.

MR. JOYCE, a somber man, approaches.

Mr. Joyce, beautiful morning
and a happy St. Joseph's Day
to you. You remember my
arduous daughter Katherine.

MR. JOYCE

How do you do.

Kate smiles. Maggie bumps her in the arm.

KATE
I'm okay. I'm okay...

They stand nodding.

How are you?

MR. JOYCE
Oh, I take it a day at a
time. The nights are the
hardest.

They nod solemnly.

Happy St. Joseph's Day.

He wanders off.

MAGGIE
Lost his wife last week.

Horrified, Kate slaps Maggie's arm.

There they are, Yoo-hoo!

INT. - ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH - DAY

A TREMBLING WOMAN'S MOUTH belting out "ALLELUIA!"

James, Abby, Kate and Maggie crammed into a PEW. The singer stands directly behind Kate, wrecking havoc on her finely calibrated thalamus.

The CONGREGATION is situated three-quarters around the ALTAR. Behind it the SUN pours in through TALL CLEAR WINDOWS.

SAME - A BIT LATER

FATHER BOYLE stands at the LECTERN.

FATHER BOYLE

Joseph decided to divorce
Mary quietly, but the angel
of the Lord appeared to him
in a dream.

A BRILLIANT SUNBEAM begins illuminating Kate. She squints
at Maggie and Abby, trying to see if they too are
illuminated. They are not. A SMALL BOY tugs at his MOTHER'S
SLEEVE and points at Kate. The MOTHER looks astonished.

"Joseph, do not be afraid,
you have been chosen. Mary
has conceived by the Holy
Spirit."

Kate leans to the right and left, but there is no escaping
the beam. Abby glances over and giggles at Kate's
illumination, which makes Kate want to giggle, but she's in
the *spotlight*. Maggie shushes Abby, sees Kate's
illumination, blesses herself.

She will give birth to a son
and you must name him Jesus.

By now, everyone, including Father Boyle, gawks at Kate.

When Joseph awoke, he did
what he had been chosen to
do. This is the Gospel of
the Lord.

The congregation sits. The sunbeam tracks Kate.

We are particularly blessed
this year, to celebrate the
Feast Day of our church's
namesake, Joseph, the
Carpenter, just as our
renovation is near
completion. And now, our
annual invocation.

Everyone suddenly whips out STATUES OF ST. JOSEPH, all
shapes and sizes. They raise them in the air, upside down.

FATHER BOYLE

Dear St. Joseph, builder and protector of homes, bless our habitats. Keep us safe and warm, free from vandals and natural disasters.

CONGREGATION
Amen.

FATHER BOYLE
Those of you hoping to sell your home, get those statues buried in your front lawn. St. Joseph, with a little help from Maggie O'Brien, is sure to get you a fair price.

Everyone laughs and begins singing *IF I HAD A HAMMER*..

INT. - ST. JOSEPH'S, VESTIBULE - DAY

Parishioners stream out of the church. The O'Briens search out Father Boyle. Kate is sunblind and Maggie drags her along.

FATHER BOYLE
Maggie, I can't thank you enough for recommending Jimmy the Furnace Rat. He installs the new boiler on Friday.

MAGGIE
Oh, fresh hot air for the wedding! Subliminal! You remember our voluptuous Katherine, Father?

FATHER BOYLE
The Lord shines down upon you, my child.

Everybody beams. Kate blinks. THUNDER RUMBLES.

INT. - UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, SPECIAL COLLECTIONS - DAY

Mimi gazes passionately at Prof. Handler. He looks up. She looks down. He looks down. She looks up..

A discombobulated Kate hurries in, lugging several LARGE BOOKS.

KATE
Sorry, had to stop off on the
Science floor.

MIMI
Calm down. It's been *amusing*.
See you in a couple of hours.

MiMi makes a detour past Handler on her way out.

As Kate settles in, Professor Handler hands his book to Kate. She looks up, surprised.

PROF HANDLER
Ah... scholar's migraine.

KATE
That'll happen. It's best to
sleep it off in the dark with
a bunch of fans.

He hurries out. Kate scans the scholars, then opens one of the large books she brought in: THE ENLARGED NERVOUS SYSTEM.

INT. - PROFESSOR BICKEL'S OFFICE, HALLWAY -
DAY

Richard III leads Prof. Bickel. By her side Karl strains as he lugs 2 ENORMOUS FILE BOXES.

KARL
She turned me down.

BICKEL
Who?

Bickel unlocks her OFFICE DOOR.

KARL
Kate, as a matter of fact.

Bickel gives him a gander and opens the door.

INT. - PROFESSOR BICKEL'S OFFICE -
CONTINUOUS

Cramped quarters. Crammed SHELVES, PILES OF FILES, A COUCH, A DOG BED. Behind the DESK, a large POSTER OF A HUMAN BRAIN.

Throughout the scene, Prof. Bickel is occupied with dissuading Richard III from nosing into everything while deciding where she wants Karl to set down his load.

KARL
So, I have to find another.

BICKEL
You want her as a lover?

KARL
WHAT? NO! OH GOD - YOU
MISUNDERSTOOD ME - WHY WOULD
YOU SAY SUCH A A A -

Bickel is intrigued at his over-reaction.

BICKEL
Kate would require a wide
berth, but in due course -

KARL
PROFESSOR! MY GOD
intercourse?! - HOW COULD YOU
-

Bickel is chortling.

HOW COULD YOU - OKAY, ALL
RIGHT, WE - *SOMEHOW* WE
ACCIDENTALLY - THERE WAS A
SLIGHT SNOGGLING - A

MISFIRING OF THE
HYPOTHALAMUS, A HORMONAL
ANOMOLY, BUT TO INSINUATE -
TO TO TO CAN I SET THESE
DOWN?!

She indicates a place.

You did that on purpose to
see my reaction.

BICKEL

(delighted)

I've been observing the Homo
Sapien brain for over 50
years and it is still a
constant source of amusement.

Karl broods.

Let's frame this in terms you
comprehend, Dr. Young. Fact:
you're new in town, all work,
no play. Your normally
logical cortex was overruled
by the limbic system, i.e., a
surge in phenylethylamine and
norepinephrine, hence a
release of dopamine -
(looking closely at him)
perhaps even an elevated
oxytocin level.

Karl groans

(distastefully)

One could even speculate
pheremones if one were so
inclined... Hypothesis?

She looks expectantly at Karl. He sulks.

A lighting of the loins
between an egghead and a book
worm. Lovely. Methodology.

She again looks expectantly at him.

KARL
Ignore it and it will go
away?

She exasperates.

More snogging?

BICKEL
In due course -

KARL
PROFESSOR!

BICKEL
You need to ask her out.

Karl looks blank.

A *date*. She'll acquiesce;
it's all in the brain
chemicals.

KARL
My research takes up - and
I'm hoping to audition for
the faculty Jazz Band -

BICKEL
We're a social species, Dr.
Young. As a psychologist you
should be cognizant of this
essential fact. Biology is
destiny and all that.

KARL
I'm more comfortable
observing than participating.

BICKEL
(melancholically)
Yes, I know all about that...

INT. - UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, SPECIAL COLLECTIONS - DAY

Kate, engrossed in the book, is reading the history of her own life. Overwhelmed, she closes her eyes, but they fly open and she continues reading.

Mimi hurries in, a bit radiantly askew.

MIMI

Hey -

KATE

ARGHHH!

A bellow in the hush. Kate blinks, dazed.

I didn't even *hear* you.

Both are preoccupied and don't hear a word the other is saying.

MIMI

-an unexpected *development*,
sorry.

KATE

Clicks and taps and hums and
rattles and gurgles and
rumbles
and eyelid creaking and an
inability to differentiate
between background noise and
what people are saying to me,
and and -- I don't need a
break, go away. Go.

She's back in the book as Mimi hastens to her *development*.

INT. - BICKEL'S OFFICE - DAY

All of the furniture has been rearranged. Exhaustedly Karl finishes shoving the couch into its new corner as Bickel sits at her desk.

KARL

I may be a brilliant
theoretician, a decent

drummer, and a damn good
mover of furniture, but
Professor, I have *issues* -
attachment, intimacy,
abandonment,

BICKEL
Commitment, boundary...

He shudders just thinking of his
shortcomings.

This might be a perfect
match.

Karl looks intrigued.

Otherwise you could end up ...
don't get me wrong, I love
Richard III dearly. But he
does have his limitations.
He's a dog, you know.

Karl contemplates.

BICKEL
What do you have to lose?

KARL
My dignity, my sanity, my
virginity. I'm lying about
that last one.

BICKEL
Dr. Young, as your *advisor* -

He bolts out the door. Richard III lumbers right onto the
desk and stares down at Prof. Bickel. She sighs.

EXT. - LIBRARY - DAY

Karl buoyantly charges near-blind through the POURING RAIN
and up the library steps. Just as he reaches the door, a
GAGGLE OF STUDENTS plunge through, the door whacks him in
the nose.

INT. - LIBRARY, SPECIAL COLLECTIONS - DAY

Kate finishes the last page and profoundly closes the book. Then she impulsively opens it and begins reading.

Several scholars exchange smirks as they watch Karl resolutely stride to the counter.

KARL
Hi - Hello -

KATE
ARGHHH!

The scholars agog.

They both try to speak. Kate grabs Karl and pulls him into the Closed Stacks room, shutting the door.

The scholars' mouths fall open.

INT. - LIBRARY, CLOSED STACKS - DAY

A delighted Karl follows Kate. She stops in front of the glass case where her acquisition resides.

KATE
Books don't tick or cluck or squeak. They know how to behave. They rarely throw parties. This is why I love you. Why I love *them*. You understand. Right?

Karl isn't sure, but hey, he's going with it.

KARL
I do. I do understand. Kate - would you -

KATE
Yes. I would. I will.

Both gratified by the (mistaken) connection they have forged.

KATE
And as far as that that -

KARL
Oh, right - no, no, I -

KATE/KARL
It didn't occur/I never asked
you

They're both a little confused...

KATE/KARL
Right/right.

Awkwardness as they try to figure out what just happened.
Kate impulsively pulls out her acquisition.

KATE
8 years I was on the trail of
this book. See - it's a
mate.

They gaze down at it. Suddenly, *horror* -- ONE BLOOD DROP
and then ANOTHER. Kate looks up: Karl's nose is bleeding
down his face and onto the book.

KATE
ARGHH!

Karl doesn't realize what's happening.

KATE
Don't touch anything - touch
nothing -

KARL
Oh God - I'm bleeding -

Desperately she rips off her cotton gloves and thrusts one
at Karl's nose as she begins blotting the book with the
other.

KARL

An accident with a door -

KATE
Tilt!

KARL
I'm beyond mortified. Have I
ruined it? I've ruined it -

KATE
I'll send it back to the
restorer.

KARL
But it's like *blood*.

KATE
Surely you don't expect a
little blood to deter my
intense passion

He looks at her.

- for this text, Dr. Young.

She tilts his head back and continues her blotting task.

With any luck this isn't
going to bunch.

KARL
Yes. Definitely. Noon?

KATE
What?

INT. - LIBRARY, SPECIAL COLLECTIONS - DAY

Kate and Karl walk out of the Closed Stacks. The scholars
are agog as Karl heads directly out the door, bloody glove
held up to his face.

Kate surveys the room, the scholars quickly immerse
themselves in study.

SAME. LATER

Karl gazes at his beloved Kate, up at the counter. Mimi hurries in, still radiantly askew.

MIMI
Has it been quiet?

As Kate evades answering, Mimi spots Karl.

KATE
He's a neuropsychologist
observing my enlarged nervous
system.

Karl scrambles when he sees Kate readying to leave and grabbing a book. He races to open the door for Kate. Mimi looks bemused. Dr. Rabduli hands over an ANTIQUE MAP, winks and toddles off.

INT. - LIBRARY, CORRIDOR - DAY

Karl walks close to Kate. She smiles curiously, he beams at her.

EXT. - LIBRARY - DAY

On the steps -

KARL
Where shall we go?

KATE
Ummm, I'm going to lunch.

KARL
Well right, yes, that's the
plan.

KATE
Oh. I see. You want to jump
right into it.

KARL
Right in!

She can't quite figure this situation out...they walk off.

Rabduli comes down the steps just as Richard III breaks free from Bickel (wearing her Walkman on.) He bounds towards Rabduli and nearly topples him. Bickel catches up. Their eyes meet, she removes her Walkman...

INT. - THE COFFEEPOT - DAY

Mac and Maeve do a double take when Kate walks in with a *man*. They both run over and kiss her, then follow as Kate and Karl sit down. The restaurant is crowded.

MAEVE
How we'll pull off this wedding, Katie! And Kazak - Kazak -

KATE
Kazakhstan -

MAC
Gazoontite!

He laughs and laughs. They stand nodding and smiling. Kate offers no explanation about Karl, and they reluctantly drift off to spy from the register.

An AMOUROUS COUPLE sits at the next table.

Michael the waiter appears and kisses Kate. Karl is mildly dismayed.

MICHAEL
Hey Katie. Howz it by you?
(To Karl)
Coffee?

KARL
No. Coffee please.

Kate notes this.

MICHAEL

The special today is taco platter. I said ma, everybody's sick of the corned beef & cabbage, ya know?

KARL

I'll have that.

A CLATTER OF DISHES in the background.

MICHAEL

Your usual Katie, or do you wanna get daring?

KATE

What? Yes.

MICHAEL

Wait'll I tell ma!

He's off. The amorous couple starts kissing across the table.

KATE

So. What's the methodology?

KARL

(laughing)

I have no idea. I'm not very good at this.

KATE

Well, I hope I pass muster.

Karl reaches over to the lover's table and snatches their mustard and places it in front of Kate. *Huh?*

KATE

I'll just try to be an accommodating case study, Dr. Young.

Karl looks confused. Kate looks questioningly at him. Slowly, they sense the colossal miscommunication. Karl grapples.

KARL
Right. Right. We should ah -
I should ah - ask you some -

He's rooting through his knap sack on the floor. He closes his eyes in humiliation. Kate does likewise. He finds his notepad.

KARL
ARE YOU EASILY OVER
STIMULATED?

KATE
Excuse me?

The amorous couple looks over.

KARL
ARE YOU EASILY OVER AROUSED?

KATE
Are you?

KARL
I DIDN'T MEAN THAT IN A
SEXUAL WAY.

KATE
I didn't either.

KARL
WHEN A LOT IS HAPPENING
AROUND YOU, DO YOU GET
DISORIENTED, IRRITABLE, FEEL
OUT OF CONTROL?

The whole restaurant is watching them.

AM I TALKING REALLY LOUD?

Michael plops down TWO PLATTERS of *HARD SHELLED TACOS*.

MICHAEL
Old Kate, taking a walk on
the wild side.

He's off. Kate and Karl — dismayed at what's in front of
them.

KATE
Wild. That's me.
Karl looks ready to flee.

KATE
Mac and Maeve'll be beside
themselves if you don't touch
your lunch. And then they'll
try to kiss you.

KARL
How do they keep customers if
they kick them for not
eating?

KATE
Kiss. KISS. KISS.

Kiss being a word she'd been purposely avoiding...she picks
up a taco, eyes it precariously and plunges in. It behaves
just like a taco, exploding into messy shards. Karl follows
suit.

The couple in love break apart.

MAN
DARLING, I LOVE YOU!

WOMAN
I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU!

MAN
I WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF
MY LIFE WITH YOU!!!

And they passionately have at it again. Kate and Karl just work away on the exploding tacos without acknowledging them.

INT. - COFFEE POT, REGISTER - DAY

An over-eager Maeve rings up the BILL.

MAEVE

(To Karl)

I've known our lovely Katie since before she was *born* -

KATE

Phone, Maeve.

MAEVE

- and she's going to make such a lovely bride.

Kate shoots her a dagger.

maid! Bridesmaid.

KATE

Phone.

The phone rings. Karl looks quizzically at Kate. Mac kisses Kate, and then he kisses Karl.

EXT. - COFFEE POT - DAY

Kate and Karl exit, along with Michael, toting a hockey stick.

MICHAEL

Hey, I'll see ya tonight, Katie.

KATE

I'll be there, Michael.

Michael kisses Kate and departs. Karl looks uncomfortable.

Engagement party. His brother, my sister.

KARL
Right. The wedding.

Kate - suspicious.

Oh, we *all* heard. You have
very lively relations.

Behind them, Mac spies from inside the restaurant. He
beckons Maeve over.

KATE
It's hard to believe we share
the same DNA.

KARL
They reminded me of my
imaginary family.

KATE
Oh, so your real family is
quiet?

KARL
(Frankly)
Dead, actually. Since I was
an infant. They were buried
under a freak avalanche in
Colorado.

KATE
(cracking up)
I'll have to borrow that
fantasy some time.

The look on Karl's face informs her it isn't a fantasy.

KATE
Oh pus. Karl - I'm sorry -
well, I mean I'm sorry your
family died and that I found
that hysterically funny - but
I'm sorry that we got our
signals crossed somehow and
well -

She turns to leave.

KARL
WAIT!

He touches her arm.

I have to ask you...how did you
know that phone was going to
ring before it did?

Kate is electrified by his touch. So is he.

KATE
Hmmm?

KARL
The phone?

KATE
Oh, oh, right...the uh...what do
you call it...the jack in the
uh...the basement rings twice
before it bumps up to the arm
at the register.

KARL
The arm?

KATE
The phone. The phone.

KARL
Ah.

And it happens again. A seismic kiss. From the window, Mac
and Maeve are overjoyed and beckon the restaurant patrons
to have a look-see.

A YOUNG BOHEMIAN WOMAN walks up, strumming a LUTE and
singing loudly.

BOHEMIAN

♪ I met my love in a Cottage
Grove and gave her an apple
rare...

Kate and Karl separate, looking dismayed.

♪ She promised me her heart so
fair...

But again, lip lock.

♪ So fair so fair so fair. So
fair so fair so fair so fair,
so fair so fair so fair....

Kate backs away, ready to flee.

KARL
Wait! Would you like to see
my tank?

She can't hear him because of the Bohemian.

KATE
WHAT?

KARL
MY TANK -

INT. - LIBRARY, SPECIAL COLLECTIONS - DAY

To the mild annoyance of the scholars, Mimi, behind the
counter, hums ♪ I Could Have Danced All Night whilst playing
eye-panky with Handler.

Kate appears in a fluster. She's not sure what to say to
Mimi, and then she spots Handler.

KATE
I have a migraine.

MIMI
A migraine?

KATE

Yes, a sick migraine and its best to just sleep it off in a dark room with a bunch of fans.

Mimi isn't buying it.

EXT. - COLLEGE GREEN - DAY

Kate and Karl, under her umbrella in a downpour.

KATE

I have transgressed. I feel like I'm in high school, skipping class.

KARL

You skipped class?

KATE

I sure as hell skipped mandatory Pep Rallies.

3 NUDE COLLEGE BOYS scream by in the rain.

INT. - PSYCHOLOGY BUILDING, SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

Kate and Karl navigate a MAZE OF NARROW HALLS.

KARL

...my doctoral thesis, which was vassopresin measurements during transmarginal exhibitions.

KATE

Transmarginal exhibitions?

KARL

Core meltdowns. Conniption fits. Have you ever become a metaphorical Tasmanian devil?

Kate gives him a Mona Lisa.

KATE

Geez, you really are low man
on the totem pole.

KARL

They never let the post docs
above ground. Which explains
our universal pallor.

They arrive at a DOOR with "DR. KARL YOUNG" taped to it.

And they haven't deigned me
worthy of a door with a lock
yet.

He intricately jiggles the door handle.

Sorry if it spooks you.

KATE

It's tomb-like. I love it.

He gets the door open.

INT. - KARL'S OFFICE - DAY

Karl's office is an explosion of BOOKS, PAPERS, BOXES, a
DRUM KIT, and a FUTON. Kate takes it all in.

KATE

I'm feeling a great desire to
catalog ...

She looks at the drum kit with alarm.

KARL

Would it help if I said I was
a jazz band drummer?

KATE

Minutely.

Karl fumbles around. A WALL CLOCK is visible behind his
DESK. It reads 3:00. He holds opens A DOOR.

INT. - ISOLATION TANK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And OLD ISOLATION TANK sits in the TINY ROOM. BEACH TOWELS hang from HOOKS. A TV TRAY holds EAR PLUGS, SLEEP MASK, a TABLE LAMP.

KARL

The reason I agreed to take this particular hovel.

KATE

This is like that thing in that movie.

Karl practically kills himself flipping off the OVERHEAD and turning on the TABLE LAMP.

KARL

Altered States. Yeah.

KATE

I always liked that William Hurt. He's so subdued.

She runs her hand along the tank as if it is a beautiful car.

KARL

Floating was a big deal in psych departments in the 60s. Everyone was researching new levels of consciousness. Now these old tanks are relegated to sub-basements.

He so enjoys watching her.

KARL

Sensory deprivation. Respite for an enlarged nervous system.

KATE

Be still my heart.

KARL

Sort of like a big womb.

KATE

No womb I've ever been in.

She opens the tank door.

KARL

I float for half an hour every day. Meditation. Hoping it'll help me with my issues of clutter and well, issues in general.

KATE

You don't fall asleep?

KARL

I have it rigged with this loud alarm that has to be manually turned off. You wouldn't wanna be in there too long.

A demonstration of the ALARM BLARING. Kate jumps. This draws them near to each other.

KATE

I wanna be sexually deprived.

They both freeze.

Sensory. Sensory deprived.

KARL

Do you - uh - do you have like a swim suit on you or something?

Wham! They're mashing again, pressed up against the tank. As they tear at each other's clothes, they circle the outside of the tank. When they get to the opening, Kate considers it.

KARL

We won't fit.

Wham, they're out the door and back in Karl's office. They crash into the cymbals. Papers and books go flying as they hit the desk with passion.

KATE
Why is this happening?

KARL
A surge in phenylethylamine
and Norepinephrine, a release
of dopamine, perhaps even an
elevated oxytocin level -

In the midst of their fervor...

KATE
I think you should know I'm a
loner!

KARL
I have issues. Enormous
painful issues!

KATE
I'm happiest by myself!

KARL
I'm a workaholic!

KATE
I'm not a *penis*-person. A
purple person. A *people*-
person!

KARL
Nor am I!

KATE
But you're a *psychologist*.

KARL
I'm clueless. I have no
alternative but to dedicate
my life to a comprehensive
study of what makes people
tick.

KATE
I just want them to stop
ticking.

Whumph! They hit the futon.

SAME. LATER.

As we pan around the enormous mess, they cry out in
ecstasy. Heavy breathing. Pause...

KATE
So much for sensory
deprivation...

SAME. LATER.

Taking a breather, but things are starting to heat up.

KARL
I was raised by my bachelor
uncle, and then he died.
Impaled by an enormous
icicle.

Kate's mouth falls open.

Kidding. Heart attack.
Anyway, I've been autonomous
for a long time, and and - oh
who gives a -

SAME. LATER.

Kate and Karl lie still, deep in each other's eyes. Karl's
stomach grumbles. He doesn't know it.

KATE
Long time since lunch.

Kate glances up at the clock. A moment to register: 8:00.

KATE
ARGHHH!