

Nicholas

Jordan

43.

~~NICOLE  
Don't worry. It'll still be there  
later. C'mon.~~

CUT TO:

30 INT. ROOF OF STUART'S APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT

30

Stuart is drinking a glass of wine, Jordan takes an occasional swig from a can of Coke.

START  
→

STUART

I think I'm going to marry Nicole.

JORDAN

I've redefined solipsism, in a fashion. May I explain it to you?

STUART

Only if you tell me what solipsism used to mean first.

JORDAN

Solipsism is the theory that only the self exists.

STUART (JOKING)

If that's true I shouldn't want to marry Nicole.

JORDAN

You've hit the nail on the head, my boy. My notion, that I call The Theory of Antichrist Solipsism, avers that since we, each of us, is God, we must not procreate. Why? Procreation would inevitably lead to infanticide for there must only be one God.

STUART (NOT REALLY LISTENING)

Fuck it, Jordan. I love her. I'm *still* going to marry her.

JORDAN (CHANGING THE SUBJECT)

I'm tired, Stuart. I'm very, very tired. And I'm gaining weight.

STUART

Buck up. Go to a gym.

JORDAN

I tried that once. I find the exercise too mentally stimulating. After three to five minutes on a treadmill I've already banked too many ideas. I've got to stop and retreat to my laptop

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 in order to memorialize them. So there I sit, on a perimeter wall of the health club pounding away, looking much like the wallflower at a school dance, which I was...which I am. Then I eat a bag full of Doritos.

STUART  
 So don't eat the chips. I exercise, I get ideas when I sweat, and I work twelve hours a day too, buddy.

JORDAN  
 Stuart, did you ever consider getting out of the rat race?

STUART  
 Where would I go?

JORDAN (WITH UNCHARACTERISTIC ANGER)  
 Answer me.

STUART  
 Sure. But it takes gathering up a nest egg first.

JORDAN  
 Bull, it takes nothing. Don't be a coward. Don't wait for retirement and call that dropping out of the rat race. It takes guts and romance, it takes romance cubed. Make love to yourself now, while you're still cheap. Don't dilute whatever courage you can muster amongst wives, and children, and God.

STUART  
 I'm getting married Jordan.

He waits for a reaction. None is forthcoming.

STUART (CONT'D)  
 Have you seen dad lately?

JORDAN (RESIGNEDLY)  
 Yeah. Last week. Stayed at his place overnight when I went down for my check-up. Now *there's* a man who hated every day of his professional life, for thirty years. He didn't quit the rat race, and wasn't it fun living under his roof?

STUART

Jordan, I like my job. I love my job.

JORDAN

I like Nicole too, Stuart. (Pause.)  
But I'm not going to marry one.

STUART

If you dropped out of the rat race,  
where would you go?

JORDAN

Are you kidding? Stuart, I dropped  
out of the rat race a long time ago.  
I left and went...out of this world.

**== END**

CUT TO:

31 INT. LOWER EAST SIDE TENEMENT - NIGHT

31

From inside the room we hear the key turn in the cylinder and see Nicole walk in. Pulling the key from the door she spies a foreign envelope on the door. She picks it up, notices the return address, and tears it open. A small, thin package falls from a greeting card inside. She picks up the mysterious package. It's a package of flower seeds for forget-me-knots. This brings a broad smile to her face. The card reads:

N - YOU'RE FAIRLY UNFORGETTABLE. S

CUT TO:

32 OMITTED

32

33 INT. LOWER EAST SIDE TENEMENT-MORNING

33

In virtual blackness, Stuart stealthily traipses around the bedroom, trying not to awaken Nicole as he gathers up his clothes. In fact, Nicole is awake, and is enjoying spying this scavenger hunt. He opens a drawer, seemingly out of habit, realizes he's not home, and slams it shut.

STUART

(whispering)

Sorry. I have to go to work. Sleep.

He finishes dressing, still unaware that Nicole has been conscious the entire time, walks over to her, and kisses her on the cheek. Her eyes open. Stuart smiles, says nothing, but crooks his right index finger, bending it up and down, as if to silently say goodbye.

CUT TO: