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

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.

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE TENEMENT - NIGHT

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:

OMITTED

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE TENEMENT - MORNING

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: