

CONTINUED:

The Cat moves into ANOTHER ROOM where the DOOR IS AJAR. Nick, his wet shoes squeaking, follows the Cat through the open door and into:

ERIN'S BEDROOM

a mattress on the floor, Chinese streamers. Lots of books. The bed is unmade. A bottle of pills is open and on its side on the dresser. A half written letter lies on the bed.

Afraid he's too late, Nick quickly bends down to pick up the note when Erin EXITS the bathroom in a short kimono. She SCREAMS. Nick turns, sees her and SCREAMS, falling onto the bed.

ERIN

(grabbing her robe around her)  
Mr. Marshall? My God! You're in my  
bedroom!?!

NICK

(rises, realizes it's a water  
bed, has trouble getting up)  
Yes I am. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to  
scare you.

ERIN

(shocked)  
W-What are you doing here?

NICK

(finally rising)  
I came to see how you are. You weren't  
at work today. How are you?

ERIN

I have cramps but I think I'm gonna make  
it.

NICK

Just cramps? Oh, that's good. So you're  
fine. I mean, you're... alive and well?

ERIN

So far. Mr. Marshall, this is so weird.  
You really came all the way down here  
just to see how I am?

NICK

Well, no, that's not entirely why...  
(she waits for the truth)  
Erin, do you remember when you wanted to  
be a copywriter?

(CONTINUED)

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ERIN  
You mean like last year?

NICK  
Uh-huh.

ERIN  
Yeah...I sent you a letter. I asked to meet with you but you were unavailable, and then out of town, I think...

NICK  
(takes a seat)  
Exactly. Well now I'm available and in town so I'm here to take the meeting.  
(Erin can't believe it.)  
Have a seat.

Erin pulls up a stool, sits on it, bewildered. Nick pauses.

NICK (cont'd)  
(feeling a little lost)  
You know you could help me out here if you would just think about what it was you were going to ask me in that meeting last year.

ERIN  
You want me to "think" about what I was going to ask you last year? Okay...

Nick HEARS NOTHING but the TICKING of Erin's ALARM CLOCK and the RAIN PELTING against the window.

NICK  
You thinking anything?

ERIN  
I'm thinking a million things.

NICK  
Can you sit a little closer?

Erin pulls her stool a little closer. Nick, suddenly, hard of hearing, leans forward.

NICK (cont'd)  
Still thinking?

ERIN  
If you knew what I was thinking you'd laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICK

I usually do.

ERIN

Mr. Marshall, I think you're crazier than I am.

NICK

Well, that should make you feel better. Doesn't it?

ERIN

Only slightly.

NICK

(bangs on his head like he has swimmer's ear)  
It's gone...It went away...  
(looks at Erin, realizes)  
I'm on my own here....

ERIN

Mr. Marshall, is there something I can maybe do for you...

NICK

No, Erin, I'm here to do something for you. The truth is...The truth is... The truth is, I'm glad I got here before you did anything to hurt yourself...

ERIN

What makes you think I'd ever... hurt myself?

NICK

I just sensed it.

ERIN

(her eyes welling up)  
Really?

NICK

(nods)  
And I wouldn't want you to do anything like that.

ERIN

(trying not to cry)  
Why? Why would you care?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

113.

NICK

Because you're a funny, smart woman and talented...I mean look at this place, it's wonderful...and because of me you got stuck in the office library and now you're in a rut and it's gotten you down and...

ERIN

(wiping away a tear)

Believe me, being stuck in the office library is not the root of my problems.

NICK

Okay. But, how's this..? It is something we can fix.

Nick offers her a willing smile. Erin tries out a smile of her own.

EXT. STREET - CHINATOWN - HIGH SHOT - LATER

Nick exits the front stairs of the building, quickly getting lost among the umbrellas filling the street.

EXT. ROW HOUSE - LINCOLN PARK - LATER

It's still pouring. Wet to the bone, Nick knocks at the door of a semi-detached house. No one answers. He knocks again. Still no answer. He takes out his CELL PHONE and dials a number.

CLOSE - A PHONE RINGING - INSIDE THE HOUSE - THE SAME TIME

We are in DARCY'S BEDROOM, the phone on her night stand rings and rings. Her machine picks up. CAMERA DRIFTS into THE BATHROOM as we LISTEN to Darcy's phone message and SEE Darcy TAKING A BATH, looking wiped out and exhausted. As she hears Nick's VOICE on her machine, she SLIPS under the water.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - SAME TIME

NICK

(into phone)

--- So call me when you can. 664-1226, I really need to talk to you...

(waits before hanging up)

Just making sure you're not there. You're not, right? Okay...Call me.

He snaps his phone shut, waits for a beat then turns away.

DISSOLVE TO: