

INT. TRISH & TOMMY'S PLACE - ENTRY WAY - CONTINUOUS

Trish dumps her briefcase on a chair by the door. She kneels down to pet NANCY, a mischievous Collie, who's chewing on Mookey Monkey.

TRISH

Uh-oh, Nance. Daddy's gonna be mad.

Nancy flees, still clutching Mookey in her jaws. We follow her into the...

LIVING ROOM

Tommy sits behind an upright piano. His song writing partner, SPENCER GILBERT, 32, reclines on the sofa. Slightly small and nerdish, Spencer is anything but oblivious to his real and imagined inadequacies. But what he might lack in charisma, he makes up for in sheer brilliance. Of course you'd never know it to hear him cutting up with Tommy right now...

SPENCER

(singing)

She left me blue/The lie was true/I ate my shoe...

TOMMY

(singing)

She left me blue/What could I do/No, wait...She left me blue/She said we're through...

SPENCER

(laughing; singing)

How about...She left me blue/What could I do/But catch the flu/Doobie, doobie, doo.

Tommy looks up at Trish.

TOMMY

Hey, our honey's home.

Stumbling over a pair of large, male sneakers...

TRISH

Don't tell me, the maid called in sick again?

TOMMY

Damn that Alice. I'll bet she's playing hide the salami with Sam again.

Tommy and Spencer crack up.

SPENCER

Hey, Trish! I've got a good one for you. How come the pervert crossed the road?

(beat)

Cause he couldn't get unstuck from the chicken.

Trish rolls her eyes. She stops at the piano to kiss Tommy routinely. Spencer puckers his lips for a kiss, too. Much to his dismay, Nancy obliges. He wipes dog saliva off his face...

SPENCER (CONT'D)

She's horny, I tell you. That bitch is very horny.

Trish throws a pillow at him as she wades through the living room, picking up various dog toys along the way.

TRISH

Leave her alone, Spence. She wants to have kids...

(confidentially)

...but the vet says something's wrong with her you-know-what.

Nancy looks up, clearly understanding every word.

SPENCER

I know the feeling, Nance. My you-know-what hasn't seen the light of day in...

He starts counting on his fingers. That reminds Trish...

TRISH

So? What did she say?

SPENCER

Who?

Tommy tries to call Trish off the subject with a finger across the throat sign, but it's too late...

TRISH

The girl at the music store!

Spencer suddenly looks dejected and pitiful.

SPENCER

Oh. Her. She said she didn't find me attractive, except in a fraternal way. Of course I told her I had nothing against incest between two consenting adults. She wasn't amused.

TRISH

(arm around him)
It's her loss, Spence. Some women just don't know a great catch.

TOMMY

That's exactly what I said. Didn't I say that, Spence?

Trish sniffs the air suspiciously, as she heads down the hallway toward the bedroom...

TRISH (O.S.)

Something smells funny. I hope you guys weren't playing, "whose bodily functions smell worse?"

The moment she is out of sight, Tommy and Spencer swing into action. They unroll a banner that reads "HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, PATTY CAKES" and hang it in the...

DINING ROOM

where an elegantly set, candlelit table is waiting. Tommy and Spencer admire the banner a moment before Spencer gives Tommy an thumbs up sign and heads for the...

ENTRY WAY

SPENCER

(extra loudly)
Well, see ya tomorrow, gotta run. The night is young and filled with the promise of cruel and unusual rejection.

Spencer opens and closes the front door, to make it seem like he just left.

TRISH (O.S.)

Tommy? Spence left already?

LIVING ROOM

Tommy positions himself on the couch, with his legs crossed nonchalantly.

TOMMY

Uh, yeah. Must be ladies night at the Korean grocery again.

SPENCER (O.S.)

(voice muffled)

Gimme a break. That was Monday.

TRISH (O.S.)

That's good, cause I have a little surprise for you...

Trish comes around the corner, looking extremely couch-potatoish in a pink bathrobe, bunny slippers, mussed hair, and those broken eyeglasses. She holds up a DVD.

TRISH (CONT'D)

"Singin' in the Rain!" I'll bet you thought I forgot.

TOMMY

I have a surprise for you, too.

Then it happens. The DINING ROOM comes alive: LIGHT, NOISE, FLASHES, PEOPLE. Everyone spills into the living room...

EVERYONE

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!!!!

Nancy BARKS. Trish covers her face with her hands.

TRISH

Tommy! I thought you forgot!

Okay, she's lying. They go through this every year. Each pretends they forgot their anniversary until the very last minute. It's a ritual by now. Tommy hugs her...

TOMMY

When have I ever forgotten my Patty Cakes? I ask you!

Lindy looks gorgeous. She grabs Trish, pushing Tommy aside.

LINDY

I have just three words for you:
The Sensuous Woman.

(MORE)

LINDY (CONT'D)

Read it, memorize it, throw that entire outfit away.

Trish takes off her glasses and slips them into her pocket. Smoothing out her hair self-consciously.

TRISH

How was I to know half the world was hiding in my house? You could have at least hinted, you know.

LINDY

Give me a Slavic language coach, maybe a wig or two, Meryl Streep'd be eating her heart out.

(to her date)

Of course, I never, ever act when I'm with you, darling.

Trish looks up to find STERLING, 30s, Lindy's impeccably dressed, magnificent hunk of a Brit...

TRISH

You must be...

LINDY

(covering, smoothly)

Sterling, the investment banker I told you about. Remember, we met at the Gibson's Christmas party--

TRISH

(shaking his hand)

--Lindy can hardly stop talking about you.

STERLING

Charmed, I'm sure, Patricia.

TRISH

Likewise...Sterling.

Trish pulls Lindy aside.

TRISH (CONT'D)

I thought you said no more dates with men named after foreign currency...remember how you agonized over Ted Ruble? And Bernie Shekel?

Lindy speaks slowly, rubbing in every syllable...

LINDY

The guy can lick his own eyebrows.

Trish nods, immediately understanding. She IMAGINES...

Sterling dressed in a smoking jacket. He licks his eyebrows with a tongue that seems to grow before our eyes. Soon the tongue is long enough to reach the chandelier, lapping up years of neglected grime.

STERLING

Good lord, have you ever dusted this thing?

Everyone applauds.

BACK TO REALITY

Sterling licks his lips with a normal sized tongue. Smiles at Trish.

TRISH

I think I need a drink.

Spencer approaches with a tray of champagne filled glasses.

LINDY

How about a real drink? It was hotter than the devil's dick in that stupid closet.

Spencer clears his throat. Seizing what he perceives to be a Golden Opportunity to talk to Lindy.

SPENCER

Actually, Satan's member is purported to be quite cold. Like an icicle, in fact.

Lindy regards Spencer, as if the class geek has just dared to speak to the prom queen. Spencer gets the hint.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Dry martini, three olives?

LINDY

Knock yourself out, sport.
(to Trish)
He never changes, does he?

JACK and JILL approach. Trish cautions Lindy...

TRISH

Please be nice, please.

LINDY

I'm always nice.

(unctuously)

So Jack, Jill? How are you two
nauseating little lovebirds?

Jill GIGGLES nervously. She's the youngest in the group, and too adorably cute and thin for anyone to really like her.

JILL

Today's our anniversary, too. A
hundred incredible days since I met
this wonderful guy.

Jack wraps his arm around Jill's small waist. He avoids eye contact with Lindy.

LINDY

That's amazing, really. I mean,
none of us were sure you could
count that high.

Jill looks at Jack. Have I just been insulted? He turns to Trish.

JACK

So I was telling Jill on the way
over that you and Tommy are the
only ones still together from the
old days. It's hard to believe
it's been...

JILL

Ten whole years! I mean, ten years
ago I was...

LINDY

Just finishing preschool, making
doo doo in your sandbox?

Jill GIGGLES obliviously. Jack's a wreck.

JACK

Why don't you tell the story,
Trish? Please...

TRISH

Oh, no. Not again.

Other FRIENDS join the group, encouraging Trish. Lindy smirks sarcastically...

LINDY
Go ahead, Pats. Tell away. It's
so bloody romantic.

EXT. NYU CAMPUS - DAY

A student political rally. Trish holds a sign that reads: "Make Love, Not Babies. Pro-Choice Means Education." Lindy walks beside her with a sign that reads: "The Moral Majority is Neither. So Fuck Them." We can see right away that age has improved them both. Except Trish's glasses weren't broken yet.

Suddenly we notice Tommy approaching from behind. He grabs a nondescript sign from someone in the crowd and walks briskly to catch up to Trish. Trying to be casual...

TOMMY
Great day for an abortion march,
don't you think?

Lindy ignores him. Trish smiles shyly.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I'm taking this Women's Studies
class, and I was just reading
Sexual Politics when a buddy of
mine called and said I should get
right down here to support the
cause.

Lindy laughs sarcastically, seeing right through him. Nevertheless Trish is charmed.

TRISH
That's really great. It's so
important for men to realize that
women's issues affect them, too.

TOMMY
Absolutely.

They continue to march. Tommy beams, holding his sign triumphantly. Suddenly he - and we - realize what it says: "MURDER IS AN EIGHT LETTER WORD." He tosses it like a white hot coal. Grinning innocently at Trish...

TOMMY (CONT'D)
You wanna go out later? They're
playing "Singin' in the Rain" in
the village.

TRISH
 (blushing)
 I don't even know your name.

And then he does it. His eyes sparkle. His cheeks dimple.
 And he flashes That Smile. The one she fell in love with.

TOMMY
 I'm Tommy Gianetti. But anytime
 you want to start calling me your
 boyfriend, you just let me know.

INT. TRISH & TOMMY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The party's over. The guests are gone.

On TV, Gene Kelly is in the middle of his spectacular rain
 dancing scene in "SINGIN' IN THE RAIN."

Trish and Tommy SING and dance along. But this is no
 ordinary dance. This is Their Dance. The Dance they've
 perfected over years of practice. Filled with twirls and
 dips and lifts. The Dance that equals the enthusiasm - if
 not the talent - of anything attempted by Gene Kelly, Debbie
 Reynolds, and Donald O'Connor. And tonight they're hot.

They've decided to try to tip the sofa, just the way it's
 done in the movie: standing on the cushions, stepping onto
 the back so that it tilts just right, very slowly, BUT...

BOOM! They lose their balance and end up tipping way too
 fast. They land in a heap with the overturned sofa.
 Laughing hysterically.

TOMMY
 Someday I wanna do this for real.
 Just dance down the street in the
 pouring rain. Right in the middle
 of the city. Wouldn't that be the
 best?

Trish's laughter subsides as she peeks behind a couch
 cushion.

TRISH
 People would think we were nuts.
 We'd probably be arrested.

TOMMY
 No way, people would love it.

Trish grabs a handful of dust, coins, pretzels, M&M's and
 bottle caps that have collected beneath the couch cushions.

TRISH
Look at this.

Tommy takes a red M&M from her hand and pops it in his mouth.

TOMMY
Not bad.

TRISH
It's disgusting.

He nuzzles her neck playfully.

TOMMY
Everything's disgusting if you
think about it enough. In fact, I
can think of something really gross
we could do...

TRISH
Where's the vacuum?

TOMMY
Kinky. I like that.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The room is much more tidy. And Trish has fallen asleep on the now upright couch, still holding a vacuum cleaner attachment in her hand. Tommy kneels in front of her, just watching her for a beat. Then kissing her softly.

TOMMY
Happy Last Five Minutes of Our
Anniversary.

Trish opens her eyes. Tommy reveals a small package for her.

TRISH
Ah, Tommy, I thought we said no
presents this year. I thought we
were broke.

TOMMY
Just open it.

TRISH
(unwrapping quickly)
A cookie?

TOMMY

Not just a cookie. A chocolate
chip macadamia nut cookie with
extra chips and a dash of coconut.
Especially for you.

Trish puts down the cookie. Off Tommy's look...

TRISH

I'll eat it for breakfast.

Tommy takes the cookie and flies it toward her mouth...

TOMMY

(with German accent)

But you must eat zee cookie now, my
liebchen. Everyone likes the nice,
chocolate cooookeeee.

TRISH

Come on, cut it out!

Tommy is not about to give up when Trish runs away. He
glides the cookie toward her like an airplane. His sound
effects are worth the price of admission. Chasing her around
the room...

TOMMY

Just one liiiiiittle taste.

She finally ends up back at the couch. Cornered.

TRISH

Okay, okay. Half. Just half.

Tommy smiles as he watches Trish break the cookie in half.
We begin to realize that he has something up his sleeve.

As Trish brings the half-cookie to her mouth, she stops in
mid-air. Sees a DIAMOND RING peeking out. Now she's
surprised.

Tommy kneels in front of her. He tries to slip the small but
heartfelt ring on her finger, but it's way too tight.
Unfazed, he places it in the palm of her hand instead.

TOMMY

(a little timidly)

Patricia Kay Franklin, I've loved
you for ten years now and I know
I've made you wait a long time but
I'm finally ready to bite the
bullet, tie the knot, and wear the
old ball and chain. So...

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(tenderly)
...Will you marry me?

TRISH
(moved)
I can't believe this.

TOMMY
Pretty clever, huh? The cookie
thing and all?

TRISH
I could've broken a tooth.

TOMMY
No sweat. My dental insurance
covers my spouse.

Trish looks at Tommy, as if he just said the most wonderful
thing in the world.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
So what do you think?

Trish dries her tears on her sleeve.

TRISH
About what?

TOMMY
The price of lamb chops, I'm on my
knees, what do you think?

TRISH
(fishing)
I guess this means things will
change?

TOMMY
(misunderstanding)
Nothing will change, sweetheart, I
promise. Everything will be
exactly like it is now, only we'll
be married. Like you always
wanted.

Trish lowers her eyes, disappointedly. She pulls out a small
present from her pocket. She gives it to Tommy.

TRISH
I cheated, too.

TOMMY
Why you...

He unwraps a smiling picture of Trish in a heart-shaped frame. She looks radiant. Tommy is touched.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Ah, Patty Cakes. My favorite picture.

TRISH
You like it, really?

TOMMY
I love it. I love you.

Tommy hugs her. But her worried look does not escape us.

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