

INTERESTING STRANGERS

by

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FADE IN:

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

A bare bones room with bland white walls. Someone lies in the twin sized bed, completely concealed by a blanket.

An alarm BLARES annoyingly, perched on top a two-step ladder a few feet from the bed.

The form shuffles under the covers. An ARM emerges, reaching in vain for the alarm that is just out of reach.

Fingers extend. A little more and --

RACHEL (early 20s) tumbles out of the bed and onto the plywood floor. Her tangled mess of brunette hair falls all around her, concealing her face.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Rachel brushes her teeth, still in her night clothes -- a pair of basketball shorts (probably from the men's department) and a wife beater top.

She spits into a brand spanking new pedestal sink, rinses her mouth then glances at her reflection. She would be pretty if she wasn't trying so hard not to be.

The rest of the bathroom is in stark contrast to the sink. A big hole on one side of the room most likely used to hold a tub.

On the other, a drain in the floor and a shower head jetting out from the wall serves as a make-shift shower.

The floor is half bare wood and half ceramic tile, obviously unfinished.

On the sterile white walls near the door are six different rectangles of painted color in various hues.

Rachel dries her mouth on a towel, tosses it in the sink and hurries out of the room.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

A stack of clothes are piled up on the closet floor.

Rachel picks up a pair of paint-covered jeans, then trades it for another pair with less paint on it.

She chooses an over-sized T-shirt that looks like it could belong to her much bigger brother and slides it on right over the wife beater.

After trading her shorts for the jeans, she gathers up her tangled hair into a ponytail, picks up a green apron hanging from the closet door handle and walks out.

EXT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY

An elevator DINGS open and out steps Rachel, her green apron draped over one arm, a brown paper bag in one hand and car keys in the other. Heads toward --

A beat up old PICK-UP TRUCK completely covered in rust and held together with duct tape.

Rachel arrives at the truck, inserts a key, unlocks the door. As she pulls it shut, the side mirror falls off.

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Rachel enters the main entrance, tying on her green apron.

"Hank's Hardware" is written across the front of the apron in black permanent marker.

She proceeds down the lighting aisle until seeing --

TOBY (late 20s) wearing a matching green apron, stocking boxes of lamps. With his broad chest and muscular physique, he looks more like a quarterback than a hardware employee.

She makes a U-turn and heads back the way she came, almost out of sight when she hears --

TOBY (O.S.)
Rachel, wait up...

She quickens her pace to a near jog, turning down a different aisle.

With Toby hot on her heels, she ducks behind a light bulb display.

Clueless, he turns back around and heads down a neighboring aisle.

LATER

Rachel walks very carefully, peering through the shelves into the next aisle, looking for any sign of Toby.

When the coast looks clear, she heads casually toward a door labeled: "EMPLOYEES ONLY".

Almost there when --

Toby steps out of the employee door. Smiles when he sees her.

TOBY

There you are! I've been looking all over for you.

Rachel side steps him and hurries into the women's bathroom.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Sorry. Emergency.

TOBY

Oh, okay. I'll just wait here.

BATHROOM

Rachel makes a frustrated face, clenches her fists and stomps her feet like a toddler having a tantrum.

OUTSIDE BATHROOM

Toby waits patiently.

RACHEL (O.S.)

That's okay. Might be a while. I had bran for breakfast.

He glances at his watch.

TOBY

I'm on a fifteen minute break.

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Rachel sits in a stall, feet propped up against the door. Using her lap as a desk, she doodles in a black leather book.

She hears someone come in. Sticks her head out the door.

A pretty FEMALE CUSTOMER (30s), about to enter the adjacent stall, stops to stare at her.

RACHEL

Was there a guy out there -- six
one, short blonde hair, muscles?

FEMALE CUSTOMER

No.

RACHEL

Are you sure?

FEMALE CUSTOMER

I would have remembered someone
like that.

RACHEL

Thanks.

Rachel shoves the book into her backpack, checks her watch and hurries for the door.

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE - OUTSIDE RESTROOMS - DAY

Rachel sticks her head out, covertly checks the hallway in both directions, then dashes for the --

EMPLOYEE ROOM

Once inside, she looks back toward the door, then backs up right into --

Toby who seems awfully glad to see her.

RACHEL

Jesus!

TOBY

Finally. I thought you fell in.

She ignores him as best she can, walking over to a time clock. She picks up a ticket from a slot labeled: "Rachel Augustus" only to find it already punched.

TOBY

I clocked you in. Wouldn't want
you getting in any trouble.

RACHEL
You could get fired for that.

TOBY
You gonna tell on me?

She raises an eyebrow, thinking about it. Replaces her time card, picks up a clipboard hanging from a rusted nail.

TOBY
So listen, I was thinking... if
you're not doing anything on
Friday, maybe we could...

She finds her name on the spreadsheet and scrolls over to the right. Sees the words: "Paint department".

TOBY
... go see a movie...

RACHEL
Son-of-a-bitch!

TOBY
... okay, no movie. What about a
basketball game or...

She SLAMS the clipboard back in place, then storms for the door.

Toby follows relentlessly.

TOBY
... just dinner? Some place
nice... or casual?

RACHEL
I have to work.

She walks out, letting the door shut in his face.

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - APPLIANCE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Surrounded by washers, dryers, stoves and refrigerators, DANIEL (20s), a skinny pimpled-faced guy, uses a pencil to scratch under the cast on his left arm.

An almost orgasmic look comes over his face as he finally reaches the right spot. His head lolls back.

DANIEL
Oh, yeah.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Should I give you some privacy?

Daniel jumps, snapping off half the pencil in his cast. He stares at the other half in his hand.

DANIEL
Uh oh.

RACHEL
I need a favor.

DANIEL
Why should I do you a favor? You haven't even signed my cast yet.

She looks down at the boring white cast devoid of any markings at all.

RACHEL
This isn't high school. Nobody's signed your cast.

DANIEL
Yet.

RACHEL
Fine. Get me a pen.

He hands her a black permanent marker.

She quickly scribbles on his cast.

DANIEL
(reading)
Switch with me or I'm gonna break your other arm?

RACHEL
That was rude. I should've said please.

DANIEL
You spelled break wrong. That's the car kind.

RACHEL
I hope you know how to hold a toothbrush with your toes.

Daniel doesn't look the least bit intimidated.

DANIEL
Lemme guess... paint?

RACHEL
How'd you know?

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Help needed at the paint counter.

He looks accusingly at Rachel.

DANIEL
They're calling you.

RACHEL
No, they're calling you.

DANIEL
I don't want paint. Those people
are freaking morons.

RACHEL
But you're so good with morons.

DANIEL
I don't think I can even open the
cans with my --

RACHEL
Thank you so much. I owe you.
I'll even take your shift on
Friday to make it up to you.

DANIEL
But --

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Help needed at the paint counter.

RACHEL
Hurry.

Daniel sighs loudly then walks off.

Rachel smiles, triumphant, and slides into his chair. Puts
her feet up on the desk.

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - PAINT DEPARTMENT - DAY

Daniel walks up to the counter to find an IMPATIENT WOMAN about to hit the help button again.

She stops when he sees Daniel.

IMPATIENT WOMAN
Finally. I've been waiting
forever.

DANIEL
I apologize, ma'am. Can I help
you?

The woman hands him a paint chip.

IMPATIENT WOMAN
Two gallons semi-gloss.

DANIEL
Okay, gimmie ten minutes.

IMPATIENT WOMAN
For what?

DANIEL
To mix it.

IMPATIENT WOMAN
Mix what?

DANIEL
The paint.

IMPATIENT WOMAN
I'm in a hurry. I'll stir it at
home.

DANIEL
But I have to mix the color you
want.

IMPATIENT WOMAN
You don't, like, have it on one of
those shelves?

The woman motions toward the shelves of paint behind them.

DANIEL
Those are all white.

IMPATIENT WOMAN

What the heck kinda store only carries white paint?

DANIEL

All of them, I'm sure.

IMPATIENT WOMAN

Fine, I'll be back.

Daniel shakes his head in dismay, then grabs two cans of paint and walks back to the counter. He tries to pry one of the lids off with a can opener, but struggles without the use of both hands.

The lid finally comes flying off and the can of paint falls to the floor, spilling everywhere.

DANIEL

Great!

He tries to get around the mess, but slips in the paint and lands hard on his back.

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - APPLIANCE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Rachel is in the middle of a phone call, feet still resting comfortably on the desk.

RACHEL

Special order means you have to order it... special... no, you can't have it today... not even if you pay cash...

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Associate Rachel Augustus to the paint counter.

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - PAINT DEPARTMENT - DAY

Rachel stands behind the paint counter, across from ANGRY CUSTOMER #1, a teen boy.

ANGRY CUSTOMER #1

I have to prime first?

RACHEL

Either that or paint ten coats.

ANGRY CUSTOMER #1
How much paint would I need for
ten coats?

LATER

ANGRY CUSTOMER #2, an elderly woman holding a hairless
chihuahua.

ANGRY CUSTOMER #2
What do you mean you can't color
match my dog? Your sign says you
can match anything!

She points to a sign that reads: "We match any color".

RACHEL
Technically I could, but I'd need
a dime-sized piece of your dog to
put into my scanner.

The woman sucks in an appalled gasp and stomps off.

LATER

ANGRY CUSTOMER #3, bleached blond with dark roots and hands
on her hips.

ANGRY CUSTOMER #3
You're trying to tell me I have to
sand BEFORE I paint?

Rachel stares at her as if she has just taken first place in
a stupid contest.

LATER

ANGRY CUSTOMER #4, 30-something in a business suit.

ANGRY CUSTOMER #4
But I have a business meeting in
half an hour. Couldn't you mix
mine first?

RACHEL
No.

ANGRY CUSTOMER #4
Then could you at least bring it
to me when it's done?

RACHEL
We don't deliver.

LATER

ANGRY CUSTOMER #5, a burly black man, slides Rachel three paint chips of varying shades of pink.

ANGRY CUSTOMER #5
Which do you think is prettier?

Rachel studies the intimidating size of him, then the paint chips. She points to the lightest of the three.

He shakes his head.

She points to the medium toned one.

He shakes his head again.

She picks up the loud, bright one.

RACHEL
How many?

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Rachel gets her paper bag lunch out of her locker and SLAMS the door shut.

Contemplates the seating possibilities. There are 3 large tables. One is taken by Toby and a couple other employees. The other two are empty.

Rachel chooses the empty table farthest from the other employees and sits.

Within seconds, she is surrounded by Toby, JANICE (40s, redhead), STU (40s, beer belly), and FOSTER (30s, prematurely balding).

JANICE
Did you guys hear about Daniel?
Pretty embarrassing.

Rachel looks up at the sound of her voice, marveling at how quickly the group converged on her.

STU
Heard it? I damn near felt it.

TOBY
He shouldn't be allowed anywhere near a hardware store. One day he's gonna get himself killed.

FOSTER

Freakin' klutz. That kid could trip over his own shadow.

RACHEL

That freakin' klutz is a friend of mine, so if you wanna bad-mouth him, I suggest going back to your own table.

Foster holds up his hands as if trying to fend off an attack.

FOSTER

Whoa, calm down. We were just shootin' the shit. No need to get your boxers in a bunch. C'mon, guys.

Foster gets up from the table, followed by Janice and Stu. Toby remains seated.

FOSTER

(to Toby)
You comin'?

TOBY

I'll meet you there.

The group wanders out, snickering amongst themselves.

TOBY

Come with us.

Rachel points to her sack lunch, then removes a sandwich and unwraps it for a bite.

TOBY

My boy Preston will hook you up.
Anything you want.

RACHEL

(mouth full)
I'm eating what I want.

Toby gets up from his seat.

TOBY

Okay. Suit yourself.

He walks off, then pauses in the doorway.

Only silence over the line.

RACHEL
I'm hanging up now.

MARGE (V.O.)
I suppose I could have Cooper find
your address, too.

Rachel performs the same frustrated ritual she did in the bathroom earlier, attracting the attention of nearby customers. Gets back on the phone.

RACHEL
What time?

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Rachel KNOCKS on a door that reads: "MANAGER'S OFFICE".
Waits patiently for an acknowledgement.

HANK (O.S.)
What?

She takes a deep breath, then enters.

The office is nothing more than an eight by ten room with a desk and some overflowing file cabinets.

Behind the desk is none other than HANK of Hank's Hardware. He is a tall, husky guy in his 50s with salt and pepper hair.

He works on a giant jigsaw puzzle that spans the entire surface of his desk. The puzzle is mostly done with just a few random pieces and the very center empty.

Rachel stands beside his desk, fidgety.

HANK
What do you want?

RACHEL
Something sort of came up and I
was wondering if I could go home a
little early.

He finally looks up from his puzzle.

HANK
Tell you what, if you can find
this piece...

He thrusts a fat finger into a hole on his puzzle where a piece is missing.

HANK
... you can leave right now.

Rachel glances into the puzzle box lid where the remaining pieces are. Picks one up and hands it to him.

He slides it into place, then taps on it. It fits.

HANK
Well I'll be...

RACHEL
Bye, Hank.

She walks back out the door, shutting it after her.

INT. RACHEL'S CAR - DAY

The car sputters to life as Rachel turns the key in the ignition. She rolls down her window, then throws the car into reverse and backs out of her stall.

She casually looks over her shoulder and sees --

A MAN on a BIKE mere inches from her rear bumper.

She slams on the brakes. Sticks her head out the window.

RACHEL
Are you freaking crazy?

She doesn't get a very good glimpse of the bike rider's face before he pedals awake, waving.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Rachel washes off in her unfinished shower.

LATER

She clears the fog off the mirror and brushes her hair, wrapped in a towel.

LATER

She searches through the clothes on the bottom of her closet. Picks out a pair of jeans and a T-shirt.

As soon as she puts the T-shirt on, she pulls it back off.

Tries a different one. Takes it back off.

Finally settles on a layered tank top. This is the most feminine we've seen her look. She actually has a curvy figure.

INT. AUGUSTUS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A giant plasma TV above the roaring fireplace plays a basketball game.

A black leather sectional holds three grown men who are engrossed in the game:

BRIAN (50s) a tall, slim man with silvering hair. Probably popular with the ladies in his prime.

SHAWN (29), medium height and build, shoulder length dark hair tucked back behind his ears, weeks worth of facial hair.

COOPER (33), tall and thin like his dad, with short dark hair and clean-shaven.

All three are dressed casually in jeans and T-shirts.

On screen, a basketball player makes a great rebound, passes the ball cross court and another player takes a long shot and makes it. The timer counts down to zero. Game over.

Brian and Cooper look upset while Shawn leaps to his feet and does a victory dance.

SHAWN

I told you. I freakin' told you.
Benson is the shit! Pay up,
bitches!

Shawn puts out two greedy palms.

Brian rolls his eyes, getting his wallet out.

BRIAN

Watch your mouth. Marge is right
in the kitchen.

Brian places a twenty dollar bill in his hand.

Shawn looks to Cooper who sits with his arms folded across his chest.

COOPER
I'll getcha later.

SHAWN
Damn right you will.

Cooper catches movement in the driveway through the large bay windows. Gets up and moves to the window to peer out.

COOPER'S POV

Rachel's now familiar pick-up truck stops behind a BMW and an SUV.

COOPER
Who do we know that drives a piece
of shit truck?

Shawn pockets his money and sinks back onto the sofa.

SHAWN
(yelling out)
Marge, Rachel's here!

MARGE (O.S.)
Let her in.

Brian picks up the remote and channel surfs.

Cooper returns to his seat, arms behind his head.

Shawn looks from his dad to his brother, then grumbles under his breath on his way to the door.

EXT. AUGUSTUS HOME - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Rachel climbs the stairs two at a time. Once on the porch, she lifts a hand to knock. Before she can make contact, the door opens.

She peers in, watches Shawn go back to the sofa without even as much as a greeting.

INT. AUGUSTUS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel walks to the sofa where the men are all engrossed in a wildlife show.

On screen, a group of lions rip into a zebra.

Rachel cringes.

RACHEL

Hi.

The men never take their eyes off the TV.

SHAWN

Hey, Rach.

BRIAN

Rachel, you made it.

COOPER

Watch, watch, watch!

Rachel quickly looks away from the screen.

The men all groan in unison.

BRIAN

That's disgusting.

Cooper snatches the remote away from Brian.

COOPER

Wanna see it again?

Shawn reaches behind him in one deft movement and pulls Rachel onto the sofa. He holds her down while Cooper administers a noogie.

She fights them off until they let her free. Straightens her clothing. Clears her throat.

RACHEL

Marge in the kitchen?

No one responds. They're all engrossed in the instant replay of the animal carnage.

INT. AUGUSTUS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

MARGE (early 40s), neatly arranged up-do with full make-up, moves hurriedly around the room, preparing food.

She wears a pretty party dress beneath her pink gemstone and sequint embellished apron.

Rachel walks in, stands awkwardly by the door.

RACHEL

Nice apron.

MARGE

Isn't it wonderful? I made it
myself in an arts and crafts class
down at the "Sew Fabulous".

Marge glances over her shoulder at Rachel, does a double
take at her attire, sloppy hairdo and lack of make-up.

MARGE

Rachel, oh my goodness! Look at
you. So...
(clears throat)
... grown up.

Rachel bites the corner of her lip. Looks down at herself,
folds her arms across her chest.

RACHEL

Need any help with dinner?

MARGE

I've got it. Why don't you go
watch some TV with the boys.

INT. AUGUSTUS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The men are still seated at the sofa, watching TV. They
chat amongst themselves in the b.g.

Rachel stands before a table with framed pictures scattered
haphazardly all over it. She looks over her shoulder at the
men, then reaches for a photo way in the back.

INSERT - OLD FAMILY PHOTO

A younger Brian, very handsome, sits with his arm around an
equally attractive female (not Marge). In front of them are
younger versions of Cooper, Shawn and Rachel.

The boys are dressed neatly in dress shirts and slacks while
Rachel wears a pretty dress and has her hair all in curls
and ribbons.

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel pushes the remaining pictures to the back and sets
the old picture in front.

INT. AUGUSTUS HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Augustus family are gathered around the dinner table -- Marge and Brian at the heads, Shawn and Rachel one one side and Cooper on the other.

They each have a bowl of soup and a dinner roll in front of them.

Everyone but Rachel seems to be completely at ease with the lack of conversation.

RACHEL

Are we gonna... talk?

BRIAN

About?

RACHEL

You guys invited me. I just thought there would be... questions... or... conversation...

MARGE

We shouldn't talk with our mouths full.

RACHEL

My mouth isn't full.

Marge takes a big bite of her dinner roll.

The silence stretches on as Marge slowly chews her food.

Brian spoons the last of his soup into his mouth. Pushes the empty soup bowl away.

BRIAN

How's dinner coming along?

MARGE

I'll go check.

Marge jumps to her feet and scampers out of the room.

Silence builds up again until --

COOPER

I heard this really funny joke at work the other day.

BRIAN

Let's hear it.

COOPER

Knock knock.

RACHEL

Are you kidding me? They tell
knock knock jokes in the FBI?

COOPER

When they're funny.

SHAWN

Who's there?

COOPER

Dishes.

SHAWN

Dishes who?

COOPER

Dishes the FBI, open up.

Brian and Shawn and Rachel all stares at him, not so much as
a smirk.

Rachel gets to her feet.

RACHEL

I'm gonna go help Marge.

As if on cue, Marge comes back into the room with three
plates. She sets one down in front of Rachel, then Brian
and finally Shawn.

Rachel slowly sinks back into her chair.

COOPER

It's always Dad, Shawn, then me.

MARGE

Rachel is our guest. I can't have
her --

RACHEL

No, it's okay.

She slides her plate across the table to Cooper.

Cooper grabs his fork and attempts to dig in.

Marge snatches the plate away seconds before Cooper's fork
stabs the table.

MARGE

It is NOT okay. Ladies first.

COOPER

Show me a lady.

MARGE

Mind your manners, Cooper. I'll be right back with your food.

Marge quickly exits the room.

Rachel picks up her fork, then investigates the food on her plate.

The presentation is beautiful, but the actual food looks questionable -- an overly blackened piece of fish with a red and orange glaze decorating the plate.

She leans over to whisper to Shawn.

RACHEL

What is it?

SHAWN

She took a cooking class and now she thinks she's Martha freakin' Stewart. If you know what's best for you, you'll just eat it.

She cuts into the fish, finds that the center is practically still swimming. She presses a finger against it.

RACHEL

It's cold.

SHAWN

It goes down faster that way.

RACHEL

But it's raw. Is it safe to eat raw fish?

SHAWN

Hawaiians do it all the time. Pretend you're at a luau.

Marge parades happily back into the kitchen carrying two plates. She sets one down in front of Cooper, who immediately digs in, and another in front of her empty seat.

She stands in front of her designated spot, as if waiting on something.

Brian clears his throat loudly.

COOPER
Looks great, Marge.

SHAWN
Tastes great, too.

All eyes turn to Rachel.

She gauges their looks.

Shawn motions toward her plate with a slight movement of his head.

Rachel takes the tiniest bite of fish imaginable. Chews.
Through clenched teeth --

RACHEL
Yum.

BRIAN
You already know how I feel about
your cooking.

Marge smiles, pleased with herself. Takes her seat and lays
a napkin in her lap.

MARGE
I know what my boys like.
(to Rachel)
You know what they say. The way
to a man's heart is through his
stomach.

She takes a dainty bite of her food. Makes an odd face but
keeps chewing.

MARGE
Is there a man in your life,
Rachel?

Rachel shoves a forkful of food into her mouth. Chews
exaggeratedly slow while everyone at the table stops eating
to wait for her response.

COOPER
What's the matter, Rach? You
wanted to talk.

Rachel points to her full mouth, continues chewing. After a beat, she swallows, takes a sip of water and clears her throat.

RACHEL

No.

SHAWN

What about friends with benefits?

Marge shoots him a warning glare.

RACHEL

I don't really have the time --

Marge wipes her mouth with a tiny corner of her linen napkin.

MARGE

You know what they say. All work and no play --

RACHEL

I know that one. I knew the other one, too. Do you have like a book of corny --

Brian, Shawn and Cooper exchange an "S.O.S" look.

BRIAN

So there's no one from work?

RACHEL

I work in a hardware store, dad.

SHAWN

A hardware store?

RACHEL

Yeah. What's wrong with that?

Everyone but Rachel exchanges a look.

RACHEL

What?

MARGE

It's just... interesting.

RACHEL

The same way Stonehenge is interesting or the way Van Gogh was interesting?

COOPER

Van Gogh.

Rachel throws her hands up, frustrated.

SHAWN

Only because it's so weird and random. You can't work around tools and shit --

MARGE

Language.

SHAWN

Tools and stuff. You couldn't even put Legos together when we were kids.

RACHEL

We're not kids anymore.

Cooper licks his soup spoon clean, then balances it on his nose.

Marge slaps him on the back of the head, causing the spoon to fall into his soup with a splash. Soup everywhere.

RACHEL

Well, some of us aren't.

Brian sniffs the air suspiciously while Marge leans over to clean up Cooper's mess.

BRIAN

Is something burning?

Marge bolts out of her seat.

MARGE

Mother --

The smoke detector goes off, BEEPING out the rest of her rant.

Marge races into the kitchen.

Everyone else goes back to eating.

Rachel takes a bite. CRUNCH! Her face scrunches up in pain as her hand bolts up to her jaw.

RACHEL

AAAAHHHHHHH!

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rachel sits in the exam chair, hand still to her mouth, looking around the room.

There is a pair of bunny ears on the giant overhead light.

The walls are painted blue with colorful sea creatures.

RACHEL

They're all looking at me. Mocking me.

(to Shawn)

Could you have found a creepier place?

Cooper and Shawn sit in a corner of the room on little plastic chairs obviously meant for children.

SHAWN

Well, I called the whole phone book and this was the only place open twenty four hours for emergencies.

RACHEL

But it's... owwww...

(mumbling)

... for kids. How did you even get me in?

COOPER

I've got connections.

RACHEL

So much for "just eat it". Great advice. Thanks.

SHAWN

It could be worse. As we speak, poor dad is eating apple cobbler burnt to a crisp. Try and think of someone other than yourself.

LATER

An older male DENTIST works on Rachel's tooth while she reclines back in the exam table.

Shawn looks at a magazine.

Cooper plays with a shape sorter toy.

DENTIST

How'd you crack your tooth?

Rachel attempts a reply that no one can make out.

Shawn glances up from the magazine.

SHAWN

She was opening beer bottles with
her teeth.

Rachel protests loudly but still unintelligible.

SHAWN

We warned her this would happen,
but she's pretty headstrong.

Again she mumbles something that cannot be deciphered.

DENTIST

Well, luckily it's not that bad.
I'll have you fixed up in a jiffy.

A RINGING comes from Rachel's pocket. She reaches in for her
cell phone.

Shawn tries to snatch it away but she holds on tight.

They wrestle for it.

Shawn wins. Checks the caller I.D.

SHAWN

Oooh, who's Hank? What's his full
name? Hank E. Panky?

Rachel reaches for the phone in vain, mumbling something
that sounds like "Give it!".

DENTIST

If you don't stay still, I'm gonna
have to give you the gas.

Cooper throws down the toy, suddenly interested in the
conversation.

COOPER

I'll give you an extra twenty if
you gas her.

Shawn answers the call.

SHAWN
 You've reached Rachel's phone...
 no, she can't right now... she's
 got something in her mouth...

Cooper high-fives Shawn.

Rachel continues to try to get the phone from him while
 remaining as still as possible.

SHAWN
 Can I give her a message?... uh
 huh... uh huh... double shift?...
 shouldn't be a problem...

RACHEL
 (muffled)
 No!

SHAWN
 No, I'm not her boyfriend... just
 some random guy she picked up at a
 strip club...

RACHEL
 (muffled)
 Hang up.

SHAWN
 Wait, hold on.

He moves the phone away but neglects to cover the receiver.

SHAWN
 (to Rachel)
 What'd you say?

RACHEL
 (muffled)
 Hang up!

SHAWN
 (on phone)
 I think she said handcuffs.

RACHEL
 (muffled)
 Hang. Up.

SHAWN
 (on phone)
 Hang tough?

Rachel pulls the suction tube out of her mouth.

RACHEL

Hang up.

SHAWN

(on phone)

She said to hang up.

RACHEL

(whispering)

You hang up... on him.

SHAWN

She wants me to hang up on you. It was nice chatting.

Shawn hits a button, ending the call. Looks up to meet Rachel's murderous glare.

SHAWN

What?

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - KEY COUNTER - DAY

A loud GRINDING sound can be heard as Rachel works the key machine.

A KEY CUSTOMER waits patiently.

Rachel removes the key from the machine and slips it into a bag. Hands it to the customer.

KEY CUSTOMER

What if it doesn't fit?

RACHEL

It'll fit.

KEY CUSTOMER

But what if it doesn't?

RACHEL

Keep your receipt and you can bring it back.

Key customer nods and walks away.

Rachel glances across the aisle at the --

POWER TOOL SECTION

where Toby stands with a POWER TOOL CUSTOMER, showing him a drill.

She glances at her watch. 11:58.

She turns back to her counter and clears some of the clutter.

Glances back at her watch. 11:59.

A quick look back at Toby reveals him looking her way.

She turns back around and straightens some decorative keys on a small counter top display.

Looks back at her watch. Watches the second hand travel the rest of the way around. It hits twelve and she dashes off.

POWER TOOL SECTION

Toby sees her leave.

TOBY

So you should be good to go.

He hands his customer the drill and tries to hurry away.

POWER TOOL CUSTOMER

Wait, so you're sure this is the right bit.

Toby watches Rachel disappear from sight. Disappointed, he turns back to his customer.

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Rachel stares into her empty locker, confused. She scratches her head, then SLAMS the door closed to find --

Toby standing right beside her.

She gives a slight start.

RACHEL

You gotta stop doing that.

TOBY

Where's your lunch?

RACHEL

I'm not really hungry. Just gonna get a drink or something.

She walks over to a vending machine and fishes in her pocket for some change.

TOBY

You forgot it, didn't you? I've never seen you forget your lunch the entire time you've been working here.

RACHEL

I was in a hurry this morning.

TOBY

Well, the diner --

RACHEL

I'm fine.

She drops some change and selects a soda. Waits while it noisily dispenses.

Toby retrieves the can, hands it to her.

EXT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Rachel smokes a cigarette and sips her soda. She glances at the diner across the street. Contemplates.

INT. DINER - DAY

Toby, Janice, Stu and Foster sit at a booth near the window. Stu nudges Toby, then nods toward the window.

TOBY'S POV

Rachel heads for the diner entrance.

JANICE

Did you guys hear Debbie from garden is knocked up?

FOSTER

Big deal. She's married.

JANICE

Her husband's in the Army... in Iraq.

FOSTER

Oh, shit!

The door opens and Rachel tries to sneak in, but a bell above the door CHIMES, drawing the attention of everyone in the room.

Cheeks flushed, Rachel glances quickly at Toby's table, then hurries across the room, as far from them as possible.

TOBY

Rachel.

He flags her over but she waves him off and continues to her own table. As soon as she's seated, she pulls out her leather book from her backpack and starts doodling.

INSERT - BOOK

A detailed pencil sketch of a living room, complete with tiled fireplace surround, sofa, window treatments and built-in bookshelves.

Looks like something a designer would have drawn.

BACK TO SCENE

PRESTON (O.S.)

That's really nice.

Rachel snaps her book closed, then glances up to find --

PRESTON (mid 20s), tall and handsome with messy brown hair and intense greenish-blue eyes. More than a weeks worth of facial hair completes his "just rolled out of bed" look.

He speaks with a pronounced British accent --

PRESTON

From what I saw of it. Mind if I take another peek?

He holds an order tablet in one hand and a pencil in the other, which he uses to try to flip open the cover of her book.

Rachel folds her hands on top of it, protectively.

RACHEL

Why don't you just take my order.

PRESTON

Okay, then. Can I take your order?

RACHEL

Can I see a menu?

Preston smiles with just the corner of his mouth and slides into the booth across of her. Runs his fingers through his hair.

PRESTON

What do you like?

RACHEL

Menus. Preferably with pictures.
I'm a visual person.

PRESTON

That's not really the way we work here. I can make anything. I like to keep my customers happy.

RACHEL

You're the cook, too?

PRESTON

Sometimes.

He fidgets with his hair again.

RACHEL

You sure touch your hair a lot for someone that handles food.

PRESTON

I wash them a lot, too.
(beat)

Let me ask you a question. Do you owe that bloke over there money?

She subtly glances over her shoulder to see Toby staring at them. Quickly looks away.

RACHEL

We work together.

PRESTON

I thought he worked at the hardware store.

RACHEL

He does. We do.

Preston laughs loudly.

Rachel nervously checks on Toby to find him looking with more interest.

RACHEL

Would you stop laughing like that.
He's gonna think I'm joking with
you or something.

PRESTON

Well, aren't you?

RACHEL

No.

Preston wipes the smile off his face and clears his throat.

PRESTON

Okay, then, lets get back to
business. What do you feel like
eating?

RACHEL

No. Not until you tell me what is
so damn funny about me working in
a hardware store.

PRESTON

Nothing. I was just... enjoying
the irony.

RACHEL

Irony?

PRESTON

Yeah, it means --

RACHEL

I know what it means. But I fail
to see the irony of this
particular situation.

PRESTON

Well, I'm like a waitress and
you're a...
(American accent, macho)
... hardware dude.

He laughs again and again Rachel responds by gauging Toby's reaction.

Toby looks like he's about to leap out of his seat and challenge Preston to a duel.

PRESTON
Why do you keep looking at him?
Are you two... ?

RACHEL
No!

PRESTON
You're very... interesting...

RACHEL
Where I come from interesting
isn't always a compliment.

PRESTON
Where are you from?

RACHEL
Here. I meant where I grew up. My
family.

PRESTON
Well, where I'm from interesting
isn't an insult.

RACHEL
And where's that?

He extends a hand across the table.

PRESTON
Hi, I'm Preston. I'm from
Neptune.

RACHEL
Is that in the U.K.?

She shakes his hand.

He chuckles, trying to figure out if she's joking.

TOBY (O.S.)
Preston, can we get more soda over
here?

Without looking away from Rachel --

PRESTON
In a minute.

Toby looks pissed as he whispers conspiratorially with his co-workers.

PRESTON
Actually, it's in the solar system.

RACHEL
Right. Like the planet. Okay, well, what're you doing so far from home?

PRESTON
I like to travel.

RACHEL
Obviously.

PRESTON (O.S.)
Preston... we're dying of thirst, man.

Preston gets to his feet.

PRESTON
I'll be right back. Think about what you want.

Preston walks over to Toby's table and collects all four empty glasses with one hand. Gives Toby a look, then walks away.

STU
Dude's makin' a play for your girl.

FOSTER
I don't get your fascination with her anyway. Is it even confirmed that she's female?

Toby smacks Foster on the back of his head.

FOSTER
What? I mean, look at her. Does she even have jugs?

Janice, Toby and Stu stare at him.

FOSTER
That's what they call 'em, right?

Foster makes a gesture that looks like he's cupping a pair of over-sized breasts.

LATER

Rachel is drawing in her sketch book again.

A plate of food slides in front of her.

She looks up to find the confident smile of Preston beaming down on her.

RACHEL
I didn't order yet.

PRESTON
Try it.

She looks at the sandwich, then up at Preston.

He wiggles his eyebrows at her.

She closes her book, places it on the booth next to her.
Takes a bite of her sandwich.

He waits patiently while she chews and swallows.

RACHEL
It's good.

PRESTON
Just good?

She takes another bite, chuckles.

RACHEL
(mouth full)
Really good.

Toby and his gang stand up, head for the register.

TOBY
You better get that to go, Rach.
We gotta be back in five minutes.

Rachel ignores his warning and keeps eating, savoring each bite.

Preston meets them at the register, collects money from each of them. Quickly makes change and hands it back to each of them.

Janice, Stu and Forester walk out, causing the bell above the door to JINGLE.

PRESTON

I'll make sure she gets back in time.

Toby flashes him one last hard look, then heads for the door.

PRESTON

What, no tip?

TOBY

I got a tip for ya. Don't waste your time on that one. Pretty sure she's batting for the other team.

PRESTON

I'd rather have the money.

Toby scoffs on his way out the door.

Preston closes the register and returns to the dining room, checking on a table with an elderly couple.

PRESTON

How's everything over here?

RACHEL'S TABLE

Rachel eats her sandwich, occasionally glancing over in Preston's direction.

Preston continues checking on the other PATRONS, pretending as if he doesn't see her looking.

Eventually makes his way back to Rachel. Stands beside her table, glances at his watch.

PRESTON

I promised that guy that you're not with that I would get you out of here in time. You've got about thirty seconds.

RACHEL

Shit.

She grabs her backpack, leaps out of the booth and sprints for the door. Stops just short of leaving, turns back.

RACHEL
How much do I -- ?

PRESTON
Just go.

RACHEL
Thanks.

And she's gone.

Preston smiles to himself, then clears her table. Looks down into the booth seat to find --

RACHEL'S BOOK

He picks it up for a closer look.

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

Rachel lazily mops the floor, dead on her feet. She stops for a second to rest her head against the mop. Eyes close and then --

P.A. ANNOUNCER
Associate Rachel Augustus to the
manager's office.

She springs back to life, walking away with the mop and bucket in tow.

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hank sits in the same place we saw him last, behind his desk working on a new jigsaw puzzle.

A KNOCK is heard on his door.

HANK
Come in.

Rachel enters, stands awkwardly in the doorway.

RACHEL
You wanted to see me?

He doesn't look away from his puzzle.

HANK
Shut the door.

She sighs, enters the rest of the way, shuts the door.

RACHEL
Listen, Hank, about last night --

HANK
Those special order tiles you
wanted came in.

RACHEL
Oh. Okay.

HANK
I had one o' the guys load it into
the back of your truck.

RACHEL
Thanks... but I can't --

HANK
Don't worry about it. I'll say
they dropped or something.

Rachel stares at him, dumbfounded.

Hank still hasn't established eye contact.

RACHEL
Hank, I... are you...

HANK
Don't get all sappy. It's just a
couple tiles. Now get outta here.
I'm trying to concentrate.

RACHEL
Okay. Thanks.

Rachel heads back out.

Hank finally looks up.

HANK
And Rachel... make sure you leave
these on for a little while before
you tear it all off.

EXT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

Rachel comes to a stop beside her truck to find --

Toby loads the last case of tile into the back.

She looks in to see ten boxes.

RACHEL
Thanks... for loading it up.

TOBY
Sure.

He pushes the now empty cart into an empty parking stall.
Lights a cigarette, then offers one to Rachel.

She hesitates a second, then accepts.

He lights it for her.

They both exhales puffs of smoke into the night sky.

TOBY
So you and Preston...

RACHEL
No.

She steals a quick peak at the diner.

With no lights on, it appears to be closed.

TOBY
He always closes early on
Thursday.

RACHEL
So you and Preston...

TOBY
No. God no.

RACHEL
I just meant... are you friends?

TOBY
Oh.

Toby chuckles, relieved. Takes a drag off his cigarette.

TOBY
No. Not really.

A long silence filled with nothing but Toby and Rachel
inhaling and exhaling on their cigarettes.

TOBY

You don't work on Saturday night,
do you?

Rachel drops her cigarette and stomps it out. Heads for her truck.

RACHEL

Night, Toby.

She gets into her truck while Toby finishes his cigarette, watching her.

TOBY

Night, Rachel.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Rachel steps out of the ELEVATOR holding two cases of tile. By the looks of it, they're heavy.

She stops dead in her tracks when she sees --

Preston stands outside her apartment door, holding what looks like her leather book.

She stares at him a second before approaching.

PRESTON

Are those heavy? They look heavy.

She sets the boxes down. He moves his feet just in time to keep them from getting crushed.

RACHEL

What're you doing here? And if
you say you were just in the
neighborhood, I'm gonna knee you
in the nuts and start screaming.

PRESTON

Just out of curiosity, what will
you do if I say I was stalking
you?

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Like the other rooms of Rachel's apartment, the kitchen is in the middle of a major remodel. Only half the cabinets are hung. The rest sit on the floor still in their packaging.

Big spaces where the appliances are supposed to be. A coffee maker and microwave sit on a little metal cart on wheels.

Rachel pours two cups of coffee, delivers one to Preston who sits at a stool next to a cafe table.

PRESTON
Where are you sitting?

RACHEL
I'll stand.

PRESTON
In case you need to make a run for it?

RACHEL
Start talking.

He takes a sip of his coffee.

PRESTON
I found your book and I saw your address in the front and I figured I would mail it to you, but this little voice in my head reminded me that things get lost in the mail all the time, so --

RACHEL
You hear voices? They make medication for that.

PRESTON
Do you want to hear this?

Rachel sips her coffee.

RACHEL
Go on.

PRESTON
So I remembered you saying how important it was to you so I felt like --

RACHEL
I never said that.

PRESTON

Maybe it was the way you clutched it to your bosom like a newborn baby. In any case, I felt it was my responsibility to make sure you got it back.

RACHEL

That's really weird.

She goes into a cabinet and gets out a package of chips. Offers some to Preston who declines.

PRESTON

What would be less weird?

RACHEL

Uh, I dunno. You're thinking of renting an apartment in this building... your car ran out of gas... your favorite aunt lives --

PRESTON

What if I said I wanted to see you again?

He kiddingly shields himself from an impending attack.

RACHEL

You know where I work.

PRESTON

I couldn't go to your work. That's something a stalker would do.

She lets a small chuckle slip out, then regains her composure.

RACHEL

Why are you putting the full court press on when you don't even know me?

PRESTON

Full court press? That's like a basketball term, isn't it?

RACHEL

Very good. There may be a little testosterone in you afterall.

He looks around, investigating the kitchen's disarray.

PRESTON

When did you move in?

RACHEL

Three... no... three and a half years ago.

PRESTON

First thing in the morning I want you to fire your carpenter.

RACHEL

I'm doing the work myself.

PRESTON

Oh right. I forgot. Hardware dude. Is anything finished?

RACHEL

The bathroom was... for about a month. Then I realized I hated the tile I picked, so I tore it all... well, most of it out.

He watches Rachel devouring her chips.

PRESTON

How do you cook in here?

She holds up the chips as evidence.

PRESTON

Let me buy you dinner.

RACHEL

No.

PRESTON

Any particular reason?

RACHEL

You're a stranger, albeit an interesting stranger.

PRESTON

I'll assume you meant the "good" interesting.

RACHEL

If you want to.

PRESTON

You won't have dinner with me but
you let me into your flat.

RACHEL

Good point. That was dangerous.

She walks out of the room.

Preston finishes his coffee, then follows.

Rachel stands beside the open front door.

PRESTON

You know my name and what I do for
a living. That should at the very
least upgrade me to "interesting
person I sort of know casually
that made me laugh six times in
twenty minutes".

RACHEL

I laugh when I'm uncomfortable.

PRESTON

What do you do when you're amused?

RACHEL

I'll let you know if it ever
happens.

He walks out the door. Stops in the hallway.

PRESTON

One could argue that you left your
book in my diner on purpose,
knowing I would bring it back.

RACHEL

Then "one" would be full of shit.

PRESTON

Good night, Rachel.

She watches him until he's in the elevator and the doors
close. An uncharacteristic smile forms on her face.

INT. RACHEL'S HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Rachel takes a sledgehammer to the remaining tile, breaking
it up into little pieces.

She tosses the pieces into a big black trash can.

LATER

Rachel uses a notched trowel to spread out a thick coat of adhesive.

She places down her new tile squares, placing spacers between them.

LATER

Rachel lays the last tile in her second row, then steps away to look at it.

She stares long and hard, then leaves the room.

A second later she walks back in and stares again.

Shaking her head, she walks back out.

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - EMPLOYEE ROOM - DAY

Rachel holds the fated clipboard, staring in horror.

She gets her cell phone out and dials furiously.

RACHEL

I don't care what you're doing.
You have to drop it and get to
work.

INTERCUT - EMPLOYEE ROOM / DANIEL'S LIVING ROOM

Daniel lays on the sofa, wearing the same cast on his left arm and a cumbersome back brace. He shifts uncomfortably.

DANIEL

What's wrong?

RACHEL

Don't "what's wrong" me! How dare
you stiff me with your painting
class! I hate paint. I hate
painting.

DANIEL

Stiff you? I don't recall you
giving me much of a choice. I
need my right arm.

A big furry dog prances into the room and licks his toes.

DANIEL
Bonnie, knock it off.

RACHEL
What'd you call me?

DANIEL
No, I was talking to the dog.

He tries moving his feet but the dog isn't discouraged.

DANIEL
Screw the dog, Daniel and get your
ass down here.

DANIEL
First of all, I will not screw my
dog. I'm not that desperate. And
secondly, you need that class as
much as that class needs you. You
should work through your... paint
issues.

RACHEL
I do NOT have paint issues.

DANIEL
What color is every room in your
apartment?

Rachel rolls her eyes.

RACHEL
White.

PRESTON
Uh huh. And what do you have
smeared over every wall in your
apartment?

RACHEL
Paint samples.

PRESTON
Your honor, I rest my case.

RACHEL
What if they ask about color
choices and coordinating and --

DANIEL
They won't. Just stick to
technique and you'll be fine.

As the dog continues to lick his toes, Daniel sits up to scare it off and ends up falling off the couch with a THUMP. He grabs his right arm with his casted arm, moaning.

INT. DINER - KITCHEN - DAY

Preston moves around the kitchen like a seasoned pro, stirring, seasoning and tasting.

He spoons some pasta sauce over a plate of noodles, garnishes with some chopped parsley. Places the pasta dish on a tray with three other meals.

He walks into the --

DINING ROOM

and delivers the food to a table of three YOUNG WOMEN.

PRESTON
Here you go, ladies.

He places a dish in front of each woman.

The women smile appreciatively.

PRESTON
Enjoy.

He quickly walks off and back into the --

KITCHEN

He stops beside the COOK, a short Italian with a shiny bald head.

PRESTON
Think you can handle it for a while?

COOK
Yeah. Where you goin'?

Preston picks up a take-out box on the counter and heads out.

PRESTON
Delivery.

COOK

Okay.
(beat)
We deliver?

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - CLASS AREA - DAY

Three rows of ten chairs are half occupied by curious-eyed women. They stare intently at --

Rachel who stands before them, holding up a roll of blue painter's tape.

RACHEL

Now you're going to tape off anything you don't want to get paint on, like trims, doorknobs, molding and --

One of the women in the "audience", PAINT GIRL #1, raises her hand.

RACHEL

Yes?

PAINT GIRL #1

Do you have to use that blue tape?
I have some duct tape at home.

RACHEL

No, you can't use duct tape.

PAINT GIRL #1

Why not?

RACHEL

It'll leave a sticky residue behind. Blue painters tape is non-tacky.

PAINT GIRL #1

If the blue tape isn't sticky, how does it stick to the stuff you're taping?

RACHEL

It's just... it'll stick. You'll have to take my word for it.

Not satisfied with the answer, Paint Girl #1 sinks back into her seat, arms folded across her chest.

RACHEL

Now I'll demonstrate how to tape
off your molding.

Rachel turns to a faux wall with a square cut out and framed
with white molding. She carefully tapes up the molding,
then turns to find --

Preston sitting amongst the women in the audience, take-out
box of food resting on his lap.

She momentarily loses her train of thought.

RACHEL

And then... next you... we'll need
some sand paper...

A different woman in the crowd, PAINT GIRL #2, speaks out.

PAINT GIRL #2

We went over sanding already.

PRESTON

You mean I missed sanding? I love
that part. Would you mind
demonstrating again?

Flustered, Rachel trades the roll of blue tape for a paint
brush. Dips the brush into an open gallon of denim blue
paint, then paints around the taped off area.

RACHEL

This is called cutting in. Don't
go too far, just get what you
won't be able to with a roller.

PRESTON (O.S.)

Why can't you get it with a
roller?

Rachel sighs, then turns around. Puts her paint brush down
and picks up a roller.

RACHEL

It's just easier to get the edges
with a brush and the rest with a
roller.

PRESTON

But why? I mean technically.

RACHEL

Because of the shape of the roller... it's... rounded... and your walls are flat... and...

She rolls her roller in a tray of paint, then goes back to the wall. Rolls on the color using long, even strokes.

RACHEL

Then there's just the matter of rolling.

In a matter of seconds, Rachel has painted the whole wall. She puts down the roller and turns to her class, hands on hips.

RACHEL

And that's it. Thanks for coming.

PAINT GIRL #2

Wait, I have a question. So, how do you know how to pick the right color?

Rachel frowns, looking as though she's cursing Daniel in her head.

RACHEL

It's really just a personal choice. Any more questions?

Paint Girl #1 eagerly raises her hand, like a five year old at her first day of kindergarten.

RACHEL

Yes?

PAINT GIRL #1

So my kitchen and dining rooms are sorta connected. My dining room is a chocolate brown. What color do you think I should paint my kitchen?

RACHEL

Well...

Rachel thinks it over. Looks around for inspiration. Checks her watch.

PRESTON

How's about a pale green. Calm. Serene. Zen.

PAINT GIRL #1

Oh, I love zen. Thank you so much.

RACHEL

Great. So if there's no more questions...

Rachel gathers up her supplies. About to walk off when --

PRESTON

I've got a question.

She turns to him, lips pursed, not very happy with him.

RACHEL

Anyone else?

Preston walks over to her, pauses dramatically, then gets down on one knee.

The women of the painting class GASP in unison.

Rachel's eyes expand in shock.

Preston opens the take-out box and holds it up to her.

PRESTON

Will you have lunch with me?

Rachel looks around at the pleasantly surprised faces of the painting group. Looks back at Preston to see his now signature corner-of-his-mouth smirk.

INT. HANK'S HARDWARE STORE - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Rachel and Preston sit at an otherwise empty table, sharing a take-out container of food.

PRESTON

Now I know why your apartment walls are naked. You're color blind.

RACHEL

I'm not color blind.

PRESTON

Color phobic, then.

RACHEL
I'm not afraid of color. I like
color. I embrace color.

PRESTON
Then what's the problem?

Rachel puts down her fork and takes a drink of her bottled
water.

RACHEL
Who's running your diner if you're
over here?

PRESTON
A more than capable person. Don't
change the subject.

RACHEL
How did you know how to answer
that lady's question?

PRESTON
I have eyes. I know what looks
good together. And I'm not color
blind.

RACHEL
Neither am I.

PRESTON
Okay, I'll tell you my secret.

He leans in like he's about to give away the colonel's
secret recipe.

PRESTON
I have three sisters. You hang
out with women long enough, you
learn a few things.

He sits back upright. The secret is over.

PRESTON
Except for you. I'm quite certain
I couldn't learn a thing from you.

RACHEL
That sounded a whole lot like an
insult.

PRESTON

Or a challenge. Do with it what you will.

RACHEL

What do your sisters do?

PRESTON

You're doing it again.

RACHEL

Am I?

She picks up her fork and continues to eat.

PRESTON

Where's your boyfriend?

RACHEL

He's off today.

PRESTON

So you admit he's your boyfriend?

RACHEL

No. He's not.

PRESTON

What does "batting for the other team" mean?

RACHEL

Why? Where'd you hear that?

PRESTON

He said it about you.

She chokes on her food, COUGHING and SPUTTERING.

PRESTON

We don't have baseball back home, but I'm guessing it's some derivative of not interested.

As Rachel continues to choke, Preston taps her on the back a couple times.

RACHEL

He was calling me a lesbian... which I can assure you, I'm not.

PRESTON

That's a relief.

She stops eating to stare at him, eyebrows raised.

PRESTON

I was afraid it meant you played baseball. I despise women that are into sports.

She remains serious until he smiles that crooked smile of his. Then she eases up.

Preston jumps to his feet.

PRESTON

Well, enjoy. I have to get back to work.

She waits until he is almost out the door before --

RACHEL

Wait. So your challenge... not only am I quite certain there are a great number of things I could teach you... but I bet there isn't a single thing you can do better than me...

PRESTON

You're on.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rachel and Preston stand side by side just beyond the bathroom door.

He looks over the room in depth like he's fixing to give an appraisal.

PRESTON

This is probably the saddest thing I've ever seen. No wait, that would be your kitchen. This is the second.

RACHEL

You should see my bedroom.

PRESTON

Is that an invitation?

Rachel blushes uncontrollably.

RACHEL

I didn't... that's not what I...

Preston laughs at her obvious blunder and resulting embarrassment.

PRESTON

I have one question for you.

RACHEL

Uh oh.

PRESTON

Do you whizz in your sink or shower?

RACHEL

You don't wanna know.

PRESTON

Remind me not to use either.

LATER

Rachel and Preston are down on their knees in the center of the room, back to back. Both have a bucket of tile adhesive, a trowel and a stack of tiles.

RACHEL

Okay, so you work toward that wall, I'll work toward this one and we'll see who finishes first.

PRESTON

One question.

RACHEL

Okay?

He holds up the trowel.

PRESTON

What do I do with this?

RACHEL

You've never layed tile before?

PRESTON

Nope.

RACHEL

Never?

PRESTON

Never ever. And if you say "never ever ever" I'm going to dump this bucket over your head.

RACHEL

Okay, what can you do?

PRESTON

I changed a couple light bulbs once.

RACHEL

Great, then you're useless because I don't even have light fixtures.

PRESTON

If you can do it, I know I can. How hard could it be?

LATER

One half of the bathroom is tiled perfectly, the other is a huge mess. Tiles are left crooked and no spaces are left for the grout.

RACHEL

You realize you've just set me back a whole day.

PRESTON

Don't I at least get points for finishing first?

She kneels down to closely examine his un-handywork. It's an even bigger disaster up close.

RACHEL

Why didn't you use the spacers?

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a handful of white plastic spacers.

PRESTON

I thought they were decorative.

SERIES OF SHOTS: REMODELING DUEL

A) Preston and Rachel stand across the room from each other, nail guns in hand like cowboys in a duel. They turn suddenly and get to work.

B) Rachel's share of the molding and trim is perfectly neat

and straight. Preston's is crooked and has way too many nails in it.

C) They are in the kitchen now putting up cabinets. This time Preston cheats by peeking at Rachel's work and trying to replicate it.

D) Once again, Rachel's cabinets are flush and level while Preston's are noticeably lopsided. Rachel places a canned good in the cabinet and watches, amused, as it rolls across. Preston stands the can upright and makes a "ta-da" gesture like he's solved the dilemma.

E) Their next task is in the living room tiling the fireplace surround. They are using sheets of one by one glass tiles. Rachel works on the right while Preston tackles the left.

F) Preston starts at the top instead of the bottom. He slaps on a sheet of tiles and reaches for a second. When he turns back around, the first sheet has slid out of place.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Preston and Rachel step back to take a look at their fireplace work. As previous projects, half of it looks professional and the other half like a child did it.

RACHEL

We never discussed my prize.

PRESTON

This whole thing was a set-up. You cheated.

RACHEL

By whose rules?

PRESTON

I think I know something I'm better at than you. Want to take a break?

RACHEL

Bring it.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

And ultra modern lounge with a circular bar in the heart of it surrounded by big leather sofas. Walls are covered with over-sized geometric patterns. Very visually stimulating.

Preston and Rachel squeeze their way through dancing couples on the crowded dance floor. They are separated a few times before he takes her by the hand and leads her to --

A stage area surrounded by tables and chairs.

Loud TECHNO MUSIC plays in the background.

RACHEL
 (over music)
 If this is a drinking contest, I
 hope you've got good medical
 coverage.

Instead of shouting, Preston simply lowers his lips to Rachel's ear --

PRESTON
 Patience is a virtue.

He pulls out a chair for her and she sits. He remains standing.

RACHEL
 You're not sitting?

PRESTON
 Order me a Heineken. I'll be
 right back.

RACHEL
 Oh, I get it. You're trying to
 inebriate me to impair my skills.
 That's cheating.

PRESTON
 By whose rules?

With a cunning smirk, he walks off.

Rachel watches him for a second, but soon loses sight of him in the haze of dancing lights.

She sits uncomfortably, looking around at the sharply dressed men and women then at her own under-dressed attire, suddenly self conscious.

A pretty young WAITRESS in a mini skirt and halter top stops beside her table.

WAITRESS
 What can I getcha?

Rachel is distracted as the loud MUSIC ends and the lights are dimmed.

RACHEL

Two Heinekens... and a shot of
Tequila.

WAITRESS

Be right back.

The waitress walks off, giving Rachel an unobstructed view of the stage.

Masked in shadows, a tall male walks out on stage carrying an acoustic guitar. He gets comfortable on a stool, then adjusts the mic and positions the guitar.

It doesn't take Rachel long to figure out that it's Preston.

She looks around, realizing the stage area is now crowded with people, leaving the rest of the lounge all but dead.

A long guitar intro is followed by beautiful lyrics and a subdued yet smooth voice.

Like everyone else, Rachel is mesmerized.

RACHEL

(under her breath)

Shit.

WAITRESS

Here ya go.

She sets down the drinks on coasters.

Rachel reaches into her backpack/purse.

WAITRESS

You're with Preston, right?

Rachel nods.

WAITRESS

It's on the house.

She walks off before Rachel can reply.

Rachel turns her attention back to Preston's performance. Drinks her shot. Chases it with the beer, all with her eyes glued on him.

The song's lyrics are absolutely amazing as is Preston's

voice. Rachel has officially been dealt an ass whooping.

Song comes to an end.

Crowd CHEERS. Rachel WHISTLES.

A low spotlight appears on Preston. He speaks into the crowd, directly at Rachel.

PRESTON
(into the mic)
Your turn.

All eyes fall on Rachel.

She looks around, feeling the pressure.

RACHEL
You win.

PRESTON
Without a fight? That's not like
you.

RACHEL
I don't sing.

PRESTON
How do you know unless you try?

The place is suddenly so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

Rachel is very much aware of the entire room waiting on her response. Starting to get angry --

RACHEL
What is this? Because I'm better
at six hundred things than you,
you have to go and rub the one
thing you're better at in my face?

Preston chuckles, taking her sudden attitude change in stride.

PRESTON
I'll make it easy. You can even
use the house band.

He motions behind stage and a group of MUSICIANS take their places, instruments in hand.

Rachel shakes her head.

PRESTON

What're you afraid of?

RACHEL

I'm not afraid.

PRESTON

Tell you what, here's how we're gonna settle this. You can either come up here and sing or... kiss me.

For the first time since being put on the spot, Rachel smiles.

She picks up Preston's beer and empties it, all eyes on her. She walks up to the stage, accepts his help up. Clears her throat.

Preston waits expectantly, so sure she is choosing the latter option.

Rachel licks her lips, bites the corner of her mouth. Takes Preston by his shirt and pulls him closer. Closer still. Moves her lips to his... about to kiss him --

She aborts at the last second, taking the mic out of his hands.

The crowd comes alive, enjoying the "performance".

Rachel walks over to the house band and whispers something. Returns to Preston's side.

He jumps off the stage and takes a seat in Rachel's chair.

The music starts and Rachel sings. Low and behold, she has a decent singing voice. No where near as good as Preston, but still impressive nonetheless.

Preston chuckles to himself.

INT. RACHEL'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Rachel drives, focused on the road.

Preston sits beside her, staring, still in awe.

She finally notices, glances over at him.

RACHEL

What?

PRESTON
I should've known. Is there
anything you're NOT good at?

RACHEL
You'd probably kick my ass at
waitressing.

PRESTON
How dignified. I'm more
coordinated than a girl.

RACHEL
Hey, don't go getting all low self
esteem on me. This was your idea,
remember.

PRESTON
You make it very hard to be a man
around you.

Rachel suddenly seems frustrated by something outside the
windshield.

RACHEL
What the hell is this guy doing?

PRESTON
Who?

She motions out the window. He looks.

PRESTON'S POV

An older model sedan in the right lane has his blinker on
while bopping his head to music.

RACHEL
The idiot that's been driving with
his blinker on for the last five
miles.

PRESTON
Maybe he wants in.

RACHEL
Roll down your window.

PRESTON
Why?

RACHEL
Roll down your window.

PRESTON

No.

Rachel suddenly blares her HORN, startling both Preston and the other driver.

RACHEL

(yelling)

Turn your blinker off!

Preston sticks a finger in his ear, trying to flush out her yell.

PRESTON

I think you might be the poster child for road rage.

RACHEL

You're kidding me. That doesn't bother you?

PRESTON

Not at all.

RACHEL

He's too busy singing along to his... Neil Diamond eight track to realize that his blinker is on. Meanwhile people around him, namely me, can't figure out if he wants in or not.

PRESTON

Do they really have cars that play eight tracks?

She flashes him a look that says "oh nevermind".

Her cell phone RINGS.

RACHEL

Take the wheel.

PRESTON

Where are you going?

RACHEL

What?

PRESTON

I want some assurance that you're not going to leap across to his car and turn off his blinker.

RACHEL

Just grab the wheel, smart ass.

Preston takes hold of the steering wheel while Rachel fishes into her jeans pocket for the phone.

A quick peek at the caller I.D. and she tosses the phone onto the dashboard. Takes back the wheel.

The phone continues to RING.

PRESTON

That bad, huh?

RACHEL

Can you put a restraining order on a co-worker?

PRESTON

Do you mind if I... ?

He motions toward the phone.

RACHEL

Consider yourself warned.

Preston picks up the phone, answers.

PRESTON

Hello... no, she isn't... can I take a message?... yes, I'm sure... no, I will NOT tell you what she's doing...

He puts his hand over the receiver, turns to Rachel.

PRESTON

Persistent little wanker, isn't he?

Rachel nods and mouths the word: "stalker".

Preston gets back to the call.

PRESTON

I'll pass on the message, but I can tell you right now she's busy tomorrow.

He looks over at Rachel while replying --

PRESTON

She's going out with me.

She is unresponsive for a moment, then glances at him with a smile.

PRESTON

Thanks for calling, Toby. I'll let her know... I'll tell her that, too... best to keep that one to yourself... okay, bye now.

He hangs up with a sly smile on his face. Tosses the phone back on the dashboard.

RACHEL

You shouldn't have lied to him. He's probably text messaging the entire store that I'm sleeping with you.

PRESTON

The horror.

RACHEL

I wasn't... why do you always... I didn't mean it like that...

PRESTON

Knock knock.

RACHEL

Please, no. My brother tells knock knock jokes... and he's 33.

PRESTON

You'll like this one.

Rachel pulls over to the side of the road. Grumbles loudly. Bangs her head against the steering wheel.

RACHEL

Who's there?

PRESTON

Toby.

She sits upright, gives Preston an "are you kidding me" look.

RACHEL

Toby who?

PRESTON

Toby or not Toby. That is the question.

EXT. PRESTON'S HOME - NIGHT

Rachel's truck pulls up in front of a gorgeous white colonial home. It boasts impressive columns, plantation shutters and wrap around porch.

From the looks of it, it has either been well-maintained or lovingly restored.

INT. RACHEL'S CAR (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Rachel stares at the house in awe.

RACHEL

You live here?

PRESTON

Yep.

RACHEL

No. Way.

PRESTON

I take it you approve.

RACHEL

That's an understatement.

PRESTON

It was my grandmother's. My mum's mum. I inherited it along with the diner. She was always afraid the singing wasn't going to work out and I'd be homeless.

RACHEL

So that's why you came... to run the diner?

PRESTON

Mostly.

RACHEL

I'll get your bike.

She gets out of the truck and Preston follows soon after.

EXT. PRESTON'S HOME - NIGHT

Rachel lowers the tailgate. Preston joins her just in time to help get a bike out of the bed of the truck.

RACHEL
Do you ride this to work?

PRESTON
Sometimes. Why?

RACHEL
I think I may have almost run you
over the other day.

PRESTON
Oh, right. That was you?

RACHEL
So you're one of those "eco
friendly" "go green" people?

PRESTON
What if I am?

He gets on the bike, taps the handle bars.

PRESTON
Hop on. I'll give you a ride to
the door.

He nods down the long driveway leading to the house.

RACHEL
I should get home.

PRESTON
Okay.

They share a short moment of weirdness before Rachel starts
for her truck.

PRESTON
I wasn't just messing with Toby. I
want to take you somewhere
tomorrow.

RACHEL
I work.

PRESTON
Call in sick.

She slowly swings back around to face him. Very hesitant to
respond.

RACHEL

Look, Preston... I don't... date.
It's been fun hanging out with
you, but --

PRESTON

Who said anything about a date?

RACHEL

I'm really tired. I'm just gonna
go.

She opens the driver's door but pauses before getting in.

RACHEL

Thanks for your help... and lunch
today... and getting me off the
hook with Toby and... the
sandwich... bye.

PRESTON

So this is a forever goodbye then?

She flashes him a somber smile then gets in the truck and
pulls away.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rachel stands in the middle of the room with a clear shot of
the work she and Preston did in the living room and through
to the kitchen.

She shakes her head then goes into her bedroom and SLAMS the
door.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Daniel hobbles around the kitchen, impeded by the back brace
and both arm casts. He struggles to pull the top off a can
of soup.

A KNOCK on the door.

He slowly makes his way to the door and opens it to find --

Rachel standing in the hall holding up a bag of take-out.

RACHEL

Hungry?

DANIEL
Depends what's in the bag.

RACHEL
I come bearing Chinese food.

DANIEL
Bless you. Come in.

Daniel steps aside, allowing Rachel to enter. She leads the way to the living room and he follows along.

Rachel sits on the sofa, then unpacks the take-out containers onto the coffee table. Hands Daniel a set of chopsticks and takes one for herself.

RACHEL
You look... good.

DANIEL
Compared to what?

RACHEL
At least you still have your legs.

He picks up a take-out container and struggles with the chopsticks. Finally tosses them down and uses his fingers.

DANIEL
What're you doing here?

RACHEL
Isn't it obvious? Feeding the injured.

DANIEL
I know you better than the woman that gave birth to you. Something's up.

She takes a bite of food as a distraction.

DANIEL
You want me to guess? Okay, I'll guess. You want me to take your paint shift? You... killed someone and you want me to help you get rid of the body? Your --

RACHEL
There's this guy...

DANIEL

I was gonna guess that next. You have that "there's a guy" look.

RACHEL

It's not like you think... romantic... he's just... it's fun... and easy...

DANIEL

If this is about Toby, I'm gonna puke into my kung pao chicken.

RACHEL

Me, too. It's not Toby.

DANIEL

Fun and easy are good, right? What's the problem?

RACHEL

He asked me out.

She puts down the container she's eating from and picks up another. Takes a bite.

DANIEL

And you told him... ?

RACHEL

That I was working.

DANIEL

Which you're not.

RACHEL

Clearly.

DANIEL

Why'd you lie? Or is that why you're here? So I can tell you what's so completely obvious to everyone else?

RACHEL

Whatever you're about to say... you're wrong.

DANIEL

So prove me wrong. Go on the date.

Rachel switches food containers again.

DANIEL
You know I'm right.

RACHEL
Oh shut up before I break every
bone you have left.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Rachel walks up to the door to find a sign that reads:
"CLOSED FOR FAMILY EMERGENCY".

She tries the door anyway but it's locked up tight.

She gets her phone out and dials.

RACHEL
I need your help... I don't care
if you're at work... I need a
phone number... Preston -- I don't
know his last name... well, you
found mine... some brother you
are.

She walks back to her truck while chatting on the phone.

RACHEL
You're in the freaking FBI and you
can't find someone's number
without their last name?... no,
I'm not stalking him, what kind of
question is that?... no, you and
Shawn are NOT having a talk with
him... just forget I called.

She ends the call, drops the phone back into her pocket.
Gets into her truck.

EXT. PRESTON'S HOME - DAY

Rachel walks down the long driveway mumbling under her
breath.

RACHEL
I can't believe I'm doing this.

She stops at the door, goes to knock, stops. Then knocks.
Waits. Knocks again. Nothing.

Frustrated, she sighs loudly, then walks back down the
stairs.

PERRIN (O.S.)

Can I help you?

Rachel turns to find a pretty brunette, PERRIN (30s), in the doorway smiling warmly.

RACHEL

Hi, um... I was looking for...

PERRIN

You must be Rachel.

RACHEL

I guess he's not here. I'm just gonna...

She motions toward her truck, then starts away.

PERRIN

Come on in. He's in the kitchen.
He'll be happy to see you.

RACHEL

Oh. Okay.

Rachel walks back up the stairs, taking in the woman's apparel. She wears a form fitting dress, tasteful make-up and has her hair in a casual up-do.

Rachel self consciously wraps her arms around herself.

Reaching the door, Perrin pries one of her hands away and pulls her in.

INT. PRESTON'S HOME - DAY

Perrin leads Rachel by the hand through the

FOYER

while Rachel takes in the room. The white carpet under foot is a stark contrast to the elegant, rich burgundy colored walls.

A spiral staircase leads up to the second floor.

Perrin leads the way down a long corridor up ahead.

PERRIN

Look what I found.

They enter the --

KITCHEN

where Preston stands at an island assembling a veggie platter. He looks up, smiling pleasantly upon seeing Rachel.

PRESTON
You changed your mind?

RACHEL
Woman's prerogative, right?

Preston and Rachel share a long look.

Perrin releases Rachel's hand, headed for the back door.

PERRIN
I'll go let everyone know she's here.

Rachel glances out the big bay windows, sees a big group of people, including children. The color quickly drains from her face.

RACHEL
No... uh... I didn't realize there'd be so many people... and I'm not really...

She motions to Preston's attire -- a button down shirt and slacks.

RACHEL
Look at you... and look at me...

Preston and Perrin exchange a smirk.

RACHEL
Sure. Laugh. Go ahead.

PRESTON
Rachel, I have three sisters. You wanna change your clothes?

INT. PRESTON'S HOME - PERRIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rachel sits awkwardly on the bed while Perrin and two equally beautiful women, PENELOPE and PEYTON (30s), stand in front of her.

PERRIN

I'm Perrin. I'll be giving you a rejuvenating avocado and mango deep cleansing facial treatment followed by make-up.

PENELOPE

I'm Penelope. I'll be doing your hair.

PEYTON

I'm Peyton and I'll be dressing you.

They wait for Rachel's reaction.

She sits like a deer caught in the headlights.

PERRIN

Where did we lose you?

RACHEL

I think I got your names.

The women exchange a look.

PENELOPE

Let's start at the beginning.

Penelope holds up a brush like they're at a trial and it's exhibit A.

PENELOPE

This is a brush. You pull it through your hair to remove tangles, smooth and add shine.

RACHEL

You know what's good for that, too? You pull it back into a rubber band and then you can't see the tangles.

She pulls the rubber band out of her hair, causing it to fall about her face -- a big tangled mess.

PERRIN

This is gonna be harder than I thought.

LATER

Rachel is seated at a vanity, although the three sisters

working on her simultaneously blocks her view of the mirror.

Penelope brushes out her wet hair.

Perrin spreads a thick green paste across her face.

Peyton waits with an outfit draped over her arm.

INT. PRESTON'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Preston assembles some sandwiches, then cuts them in half and arranges them on a platter.

A HAND taps him on the shoulder.

He turns to find --

A completely different Rachel.

She wears a short denim skirt and a white eyelet halter top. Her hair is done up in soft waves that flow down her back. She has very light make-up on, just enough to accentuate her natural beauty.

She smiles as Preston looks her over.

His eyes travel down her shapely legs to her feet. She wears the same shoes, a pair of ratty old Converse.

RACHEL

My feet were too big for your sisters' shoes.

He continues to stare, speechless.

She starts to fidget.

RACHEL

Say something. You're giving me a complex.

PRESTON

I'm just... shocked. There actually was a girl under all the paint and jeans.

She flashes him a half-hearted smile. Obviously not the response she was looking for.

PRESTON

Okay, I'm almost done here and then we'll go out back and get the painful part over with.

Preston gets back to the food while Rachel walks to the bay windows and stares out.

RACHEL

You mean the make-over wasn't the painful part?

PRESTON

Not even close. My family... they mean well but they can be a bit... suffocating.

RACHEL'S POV

Perrin, Penelope and Peyton sit at a large patio table with their husbands and an older couple. The women's seemingly effortless beauty intensifies in the sunlight.

Eight CHILDREN, dressed in their Sunday best, play in the wide open grassy field nearby. All getting along.

The perfect family.

RACHEL

Your sister's don't have accents.

Preston looks in her direction but finds her focused out the window. Turns back to his food preparation.

PRESTON

Our parents split when we were kids. Our mum missed home so she and the girls moved back. Someone had to take care of our dad...

RACHEL

So you didn't grow up together?

PRESTON

We took turns visiting every year. Called. Wrote. Now, thanks to technology, we email.

RACHEL

They don't live here?

PRESTON
Chicago, actually. We get
together like this a couple times
a year.

RACHEL
Are they all married?

PRESTON
Married with a couple ankle-biters
a piece.

Rachel finally looks away from the window, meets Preston's
gaze.

RACHEL
Dogs?

PRESTON
Children, although they're not
always that well behaved. At
times they could pass for animals.

He puts the finishing touches on a cheese tray.

PRESTON
Shall we?

She meets him at the kitchen island, takes the sandwich
platter.

Preston picks up the other two.

PRESTON
How should I introduce you?

RACHEL
Rachel.

He smiles at the misunderstanding.

EXT. PRESTON'S HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Perrin moves around the table, refilling everyone's glass
with what looks like lemonade.

PERRIN
They make such a cute couple.

PENELOPE
Now that she looks like a girl.

PEYTON

Oh stop. It wasn't that bad.

As Rachel and Preston approach, they switch into alternate conversation mode.

PERRIN

Did I tell you guys that Abby was chosen to read her short story in front of the whole school?

One of the guys, SPENCER, speaks up.

SPENCER

She's got her mother's flair for the dramatic, so obviously she's a natural born writer.

Preston and Rachel silently put the food on the table, not wanting to interrupt.

The older woman, GRACE (50s), looks their way.

GRACE

Well, we were wondering when you two were gonna show yourselves.

PRESTON

Everybody, this is Rachel.

Everyone gets to their feet.

Grace is the first to walk over to Rachel. Hugs her unexpectedly.

It takes Rachel a second to hug back.

PRESTON

Uh, the woman hugging you is my mum, Grace.

Grace finally releases her and steps back.

GRACE

Lovely to meet you, sweetie.

RACHEL

You, too.

Preston motions toward the older male, JOHN.

PRESTON

This is her husband, John.

John steps forward for a hug.

Rachel is even more taken aback than she was with Grace.

JOHN

Notice how he didn't say step-dad.
I've been married to his mom for
thirteen years and he still
doesn't like me.

Preston smiles at him and John pats his back.

PRESTON

You've already met my sisters.

PERRIN

But we still want a hug.

The three women encircle Rachel in a group hug.

PRESTON

And these are my brothers-in-
law... or is it my brother-in-
laws?

While Preston contemplates, the three men, Spencer, CONRAD
and DONALD come forward to claim their hugs.

CONRAD

I'm Conrad. I'm with Peyton.

SPENCER

I'm Spencer... married to Perrin.

DONALD

And I'm Donald. And Peyton is my
lovely wife.

By the end of the introductions, Rachel appears to have
reached her yearly hug quota.

They all exchange a "now what" look followed by a long
silence.

PRESTON

Oh and those are the ankle-biters
I was telling you about.

He motions into the field where the children still play.

PRESTON

I can never remember their names
so I refer to them as A, B, C, D,
E, F, G and H.

GRACE

He's not kidding, either.

PERRIN

Abigail, Brendan, Caitlyn, Derek,
Elsa, Felicia, Gianna and Henry.
All the girls are mine.

RACHEL

Did you guys plan that?

The sisters giggle.

PEYTON

If you haven't noticed, we like to
play name games.

GRACE

Do you have any siblings, Rachel?

RACHEL

Yeah... uh... two brothers.

GRACE

Oh my, they must have you spoiled
rotten.

Rachel can do little more than flash a polite smile.

GRACE

What do they think of Preston?
They must be pretty protective of
you... their only sister.

Rachel looks to Preston for help but he is too interested in
the answer to oblige.

RACHEL

Uh... no... not really.

GRACE

I'm sure your mom must love him,
though, right? All moms love him.

Grace taps Preston lovingly on the cheek. He smiles
politely, then turns to Rachel to find her drowning in
discomfort.

RACHEL

She... I don't... we're not...

PRESTON

Okay, enough with the French
Inquisition. Let's eat.

LATER

Rachel sits transfixed, watching the women interact with their spouses and each other.

Preston hands out plates of pie, kissing each sister and his mom on the cheek as he goes.

A piece of pie suddenly appears in front of her. She looks over to see --

John easing into the seat beside her with his own slice of pie.

She accepts hers with a gracious smile.

RACHEL

Thanks.

JOHN

I had that same look on my face
the first time I was invited to
one of these. It's a little...
overwhelming, isn't it?

She tastes her pie. Motions "a little bit" with her thumb and finger.

JOHN

I'll share my secret. You need to
befriend someone on the inside and
you agree on a signal. Nose
scratch, yawn, hair twirl... so
they'll know when to rescue you.
I'm thinking... left ear pull.

He demonstrates.

RACHEL

Who was your go to person?

John nods at Preston who now delivers pie to the children, holding it over their heads and laughing as they jump for it.

JOHN

I'm sure you already know this,
but he's one-of-a-kind.

PERRIN (O.S.)

John, stop hogging Rachel.

Rachel takes her eyes off Preston to find Perrin, Peyton and Penelope closing in on her.

JOHN

She's not a shiny new toy, girls.

He stands up, allowing Perrin to slide into his seat.

PERRIN

Of course she is.

Peyton and Penelope pull up a chair and sit.

JOHN

Well, in that case, play nice and
take turns. And don't break her.

PEYTON

We won't.

PENELOPE

We'll try anyway.

John walks away.

As soon as he's out of hearing distance, the women all converge on Rachel at once.

PERRIN

Where did you and Preston meet?

PEYTON

How long have you been going out?

PENELOPE

I can't wait to plan your wedding.

Perrin and Peyton give Penelope a stern look.

PENELOPE

What?

PERRIN

You're breaking her.

Rachel glances over their shoulders to find Preston cleaning up the dessert dishes. She sits up alertly, newfound hope.

RACHEL

I can help you with those.

Preston starts for the house, regarding her over his shoulder.

PRESTON

I've got it. Relax. Chat. And watch out for the little one. She bites.

Penelope, the petite one of the group, frowns.

PENELOPE

I do not.

INT. PRESTON'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Preston stands at the sink cleaning up, a close eye on Rachel who is now surrounded by all eight children.

John comes up behind him with more dishes. Hands them over.

PRESTON

Think she's okay?

JOHN

I've had my eye on her all day. She hasn't tugged her ear once.

PRESTON

You gave her a signal? Brilliant. And she hasn't used it yet?

JOHN

This one's got potential.

John pats Preston on the back, then walks away.

EXT. PRESTON'S HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Preston steps out of the house and looks around. Doesn't see Rachel anywhere. Walks to the patio table where the group has moved from lemonade to wine and raucous laughter.

PRESTON

What did you guys do with Rachel?

They all look around, surprised to not see her there.

PERRIN

She was just here a minute ago. We were talking about her job.

Preston's expression goes from mildly concerned to intensely worried.

The family members watch him as he gazes around for Rachel, then go back to their drinks and conversation when he walks off.

Preston walks around the side of the house, into the

FRONT YARD

Takes note that Rachel's truck is still on the curb.

Almost out of options, he goes around the other side of the house.

Finds Rachel sitting on the ground smoking a cigarette. Her old clothes are folded in her lap. Not a good sign.

PRESTON

Taking a break?

RACHEL

I didn't want the kids to see me smoking. Just say no and all that.

He walks up to her, squats down, takes a drag of her cigarette. Hands it back.

PRESTON

You're doing great. They usually settle down after they've eaten.

He smiles and nudges her but she's not in a playful mood.

PRESTON

If they said anything about your job, it's only because --

RACHEL

They were cool about my job. A lot better than my family were.

PRESTON

Then what is it?

RACHEL

I wanted a damn cigarette.

Now he knows something is wrong.

Rachel puts out her cigarette.

PRESTON

Are you leaving?

Rachel gets to her feet and heads for her truck, dusting the dirt and debris off her skirt.

PRESTON

You lasted longer than I thought
you would so...

She halts her escape, turns to him.

RACHEL

Is that a dig?

PRESTON

No, it's a compliment. Why do you
always assume everyone is thinking
the worst of you?

RACHEL

Because they usually are.

PRESTON

This would be a lot easier if you
would just give me the benefit of
the doubt.

She heads off for her truck.

Preston jogs to catch up.

PRESTON

I know they came on a little
strong, but --

RACHEL

A little strong? Penelope wants
to plan our wedding!

PRESTON

They like you. It's a good thing.
Would you have preferred if they
were rude?

RACHEL

Yeah. Maybe. At least it would have felt more... familiar...

She keeps walking without an answer.

He catches up, grabs her arm, pulls her to a stop.

PRESTON

Talk to me.

RACHEL

If it wasn't already glaringly apparent before that we come from two different planets, it definitely is now. You're Preston, from the planet Neptune, the home of perfect family bliss. And I'm motherless Rachel who doesn't know how to give or receive hugs. Your world is too pretty to have me in it.

Preston is taken aback. Takes him a second to reply.

PRESTON

I didn't know about your mum. You never talk about your family.

RACHEL

There's a reason for that.

They reach an impasse. Neither know what to say.

She steps back. Points at her attire.

RACHEL

Your sisters dressed me up like a freaking Barbie doll.

PRESTON

Because you were uncomfortable.

RACHEL

I was... I was uncomfortable... but instead of assuring me that it didn't matter what I was wearing, you sicked your sisters on me so I could blend in.

PRESTON

I wasn't trying to change you,
Rachel. I like you just as much
plain as I do now.

RACHEL

Plain?

PRESTON

I didn't...

Preston tilts his head back and sends a frustrated little
growl up into the atmosphere.

PRESTON

God, you're so frustrating... and
fascinating all at the same time.

Rachel unlocks her truck and gets into the driver's seat.

INT. RACHEL'S TRUCK (STOPPED) - DAY

Preston gets into the passenger seat, causing Rachel to sigh
and firmly grip the steering wheel.

PRESTON

You stay for the insult, but flee
from the compliment.

RACHEL

I don't want to do this. This...
talking... thing. Feelings and
compromising.

(beat)

You say I'm fascinating and I know
you're lying. There is nothing
fascinating about me. I have been
called a lot of things, but that's
never been one of them.

PRESTON

That's the problem right there.
You've obviously been hanging out
with the wrong people.

RACHEL

My family may be the most
dysfunctional group of people to
walk the Earth but at least I
don't feel like a stranger when
I'm around them. I know exactly
who I am.

PRESTON

And I thought MY family was suffocating. Yours has you in such a tiny little box you can barely take a deep breath. But I can see the appeal. It must be a small relief being around people that have no expectations of you, that don't care what you're doing with your life or if you finish any of the things you start.

She starts the truck, revs the engine.

RACHEL

Are we done here?

He opens the door. Hesitates before getting out.

PRESTON

Bye, Rachel. It was nice almost knowing you.

He gets out of the truck and Rachel peels off down the road.

EXT. PRESTON'S HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Preston comes around the side of the house to see --

His family just as he left them, laughing and having a great time.

He slowly walks over to them, looking defeated. Picks up a glass of wine and drowns his sorrows.

Grace rubs his arm lovingly and he gives her a half-hearted smile.

INT. RACHEL'S TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Rachel tries to focus on the road but her reflection in the rear view mirror is a constant distraction.

She suddenly pulls over on the side of the road, gets a napkin out of her glove box and violently smudges the make-up off.

She takes the rubber band off her wrist and puts her hair into a messy ponytail.

She slides her jeans on under the skirt, then pulls the

skirt off. Does the same with her T-shirt. Tosses the skirt and halter top out the window and drives off.

INT. PRESTON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Preston sits on the sofa playing a song on his guitar.

His whole family is gathered around listening. The women cuddle with their husbands.

SERIES OF SHOTS - STARTING OVER

A) Rachel primes over the paint samples on all of her walls, leaving a blank slate.

B) She takes down the unlevel cabinets in the kitchen.

C) She pries off the crooked molding in the living room.

D) She violently cracks the fireplace tile with a sledgehammer.

E) She sledgehammers the bathroom floor tile.

F) She sinks to the floor, out of breath, sobbing.

END MUSIC

INT. DINER - DAY

Preston stands at the register making change for a customer.

The bell JINGLES, signaling new customers.

He looks over to find Toby, Stu, Janice and Foster making their way to their "usual" table. Toby has his arm around a girl that, from behind, looks just like Rachel.

PRESTON
(to customer)
Have a nice day.

He hurries off before the customer can respond. Heads straight for Toby's table. Takes a good look at the Rachel look-a-like. Relieved that it's not Rachel.

Seeing him looking, Toby tightens his arm around his new lady friend, JADE.

PRESTON
Hey, guys. The usual?

Everyone nods their head except Jade.

JADE
Can I see a menu?

Preston smiles.

TOBY
She'll have the same as me.

Jade looks put off until Toby whispers in her ear.

JADE
Oh. Okay.

She lets out a little annoying giggle. Very girly.

TOBY
How's Rachel?

Preston smiles politely, then starts off.

PRESTON
I'll be right back with your
drinks.

Toby jumps up and follows with Jade looking after him, confused.

JADE
Who's Rachel?

Toby catches up with Preston at the counter.

TOBY
I take it you haven't heard from
her either.

PRESTON
You work with her. You would know
better than me how she's doing.

Preston positions five glasses on the counter and begins filling them with ice and soda.

TOBY
She hasn't been to work in months.

Preston looks up from the sodas, trying hard not to show concern. Looks back down.

PRESTON

If you're worried, I suggest you give her a call.

TOBY

I tried. She hung up on me 27 times... and that was just today.

Preston smirks to himself, shakes his head.

TOBY

What'd you do to her?

PRESTON

I gave her what she wanted.

TOBY

You know, Rachel isn't like other women. She doesn't always say what she means.

PRESTON

She was pretty clear.

TOBY

She's been on her own since she was seventeen. Just because she never asks for help, doesn't mean she couldn't use it.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rachel sits on a sofa covered with a sheet eating from a whole chocolate cake with a fork. She stares across the room at the empty spot where a television should be.

Her phone RINGS off the hook. Machine finally picks up.

DANIEL (V.O.)

(on machine)

I know you're there. Pick up.

INTERCUT - HANK'S HARDWARE STORE / RACHEL'S APARTMENT

Daniel sits behind the paint counter, cast-free, looking bored out of his mind.

DANIEL

Pick up. Pick up. Pick. Up.

She shovels more cake into her mouth. Chews as she goes to pick up the phone.

RACHEL

God, can't a girl eat her cake in peace?

DANIEL

(on machine)

When are you coming back? You've been on vacation for years.

She finally picks up.

RACHEL

It's only been a few months. And there's always sick leave when my vacation runs out.

DANIEL

I hope you're getting lots done. Meanwhile I'm dying of boredom over here. People are actually asking intelligent paint questions. It's no fun anymore... especially without you.

She looks around the living room. She is surrounded in supplies but no cosmetic changes have been made.

RACHEL

I'm practically done. What's new at Hank's?

DANIEL

Same shit, different day.
(beat)

Your brother was in here looking for you. He said your phone was broken or something.

RACHEL

That's because I haven't been answering it. Did he look more like an FBI agent or bartender?

DANIEL

Uh, FBI. He said to tell you that he missed you.

RACHEL

That was an imposter. My brother would never say that.

DANIEL

He also said he knows where you live.

RACHEL

(smiling)

Now that sounds like him.

Daniel takes a can of paint out of the mixer, pries it open, puts a dab of paint onto the lid. A pretty light blue shade. Hammers it shut.

DANIEL

Listen, I got a customer. I'll call you back.

RACHEL

Okay.

Daniel hangs up, then slides the can of paint across the counter to a customer we don't see.

DANIEL

Too easy.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Rachel unlocks a door that reads: "STORAGE - RESIDENTS ONLY" and flips on a light. Enters.

She passes through mazes of boxes and miscellaneous clutter until locating a stack of boxes with her name on it.

She unstacks them until finding a box that is labeled: "CLOTHES". She tears into the box and rummages through the various articles of clothing until coming across a pretty satin dress.

She holds it up against herself, looking down. Unsure.

MATCH CUT:

EXT. AUGUSTUS HOME - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Rachel now has the dress on, waiting outside her family's door. Although she doesn't look as glamorous as Preston's sisters made her, she looks pretty. A happy medium.

She RINGS the doorbell.

INT. AUGUSTUS HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brian, Cooper and Shawn sit at their usual spots in front of the TV.

ON SCREEN

A thin, shapely YOGA INSTRUCTOR in a skin-tight outfit leads a class of similarly clothed women.

BACK TO SCENE

The men tilt their heads in unison as the yoga women perform a complex pose.

SHAWN

That looks... painful.

The doorbell CHIMES again but then men are too preoccupied to notice.

MARGE (O.S.)

Is someone going to get that?

COOPER

How long can they stay like that before gravity takes over?

The doorbell CHIMES again repeatedly.

Shawn finally stands up.

SHAWN

Okay, okay. Shit.

He goes over to the door and opens it, surprised to find --

Rachel standing there, looking very unlike herself.

His mouth falls open.

She can't help but smile.

RACHEL

Am I too late for dinner?

SHAWN

Who are you and why would you willingly choose to eat dinner here?

RACHEL

Can I come in?

He holds the door open for her and watches, still in shock, as she walks through the living room and over to the sofa.

MARGE (O.S.)
Who was at the door?

Cooper and Brian look up, have the same reaction as Shawn.

SHAWN
Rachel... I think. But she looks
like a girl.

Rachel flashes him a wry look, then goes up behind Brian, wraps her arms around his neck, gives him a kiss on the cheek.

RACHEL
Hi, dad.

BRIAN
Welcome back.

After an extended hug, she turns to find Shawn and Cooper right behind her. She looks terrified for a moment, then --

Shawn throws her over his shoulder and Cooper gives her a noogie.

INT. AUGUSTUS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marge opens the oven door and pulls out a roast that is burnt to a crisp. She frowns at it before placing it onto the stove top.

She closes the oven door then tries to cut into the roast with a sharp knife, but it's like trying to cut into a brick.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Can I help?

Marge glances over her shoulder, then does a double take at Rachel's much changed attire.

MARGE
You look... pretty.

RACHEL
Do you have another one of those?

Rachel motions toward Marge's over-the-top, hand-crafted apron.

Marge beams with pride, going into a drawer and pulling out an identical apron. She hands it to Rachel.

Rachel slides into the apron and Marge ties it for her.

MARGE

I made an extra. I knew one day
you'd come around.

INT. AUGUSTUS HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Brian, Marge, Shawn, Cooper and Rachel sit around the dinner table. They each have a beautifully garnished plate in front of them with a simple sandwich in the center.

Everyone seems to be enjoying their dinner.

SHAWN

(mouth full)

I think this is the best sandwich
I've ever had.

COOPER

(mouth full)

Can we let Rachel cook from now
on?

RACHEL

Cooper!

MARGE

No, he's right. I may have...

Everyone waits on the edge of their seats.

MARGE

... burned a few dishes over the
years.

COOPER

And undercooked a few.

MARGE

Yes, Cooper, and undercooked a
few. But I think --

SHAWN

And given us salmonella... sixteen
times.

Everyone laughs but Marge. She struggles to see the humor.

BRIAN

Don't forget the crab meat that almost killed Shawn.

Marge has a slight smile on her face.

MARGE

That was my first meal in this house. How was I to know he was allergic to crab?

COOPER

And Rachel's cracked tooth.

They're all laughing now. A much different family.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The ELEVATOR doors DING open and Rachel exits, dragging her feet, looking exhausted. She proceeds down the corridor toward her apartment but stops suddenly upon seeing --

Preston sitting in front of her door.

She stares at him, squinting.

RACHEL

I must really be tired. I'm hallucinating.

Preston slowly gets to his feet. There is a can of paint beside him.

PRESTON

I'm not a figment of your imagination.

RACHEL

I'll be the judge of that.

She closes in the distance between them. Stops just inches from him. Pokes him hard in the chest.

PRESTON

Ow.

RACHEL

Okay. You're real. And I'm really tired. Can we not do this right now?

She pushes past him and reaches into her purse for her keys.
Kicks the can of paint. Looks down.

RACHEL
What's that?

PRESTON
Have you been away from work that
long? It's paint.

RACHEL
Most guys would bring a girl...
flowers... or wine...

PRESTON
You're not just any girl.

Preston ducks down to look into her eyes.

She smiles briefly, then looks away.

He takes her by the chin and lifts her head back up.

PRESTON
I'm trying here.

RACHEL
I can see that, but I've just had
this surreal night with my family
and I don't think I could handle
any more... weirdness...

PRESTON
What is so weird about a guy you
broke up with whom you weren't
really even technically dating
showing up at your door at six in
the morning with a can of paint
and asking to come in and help you
redecorate?

As his gaze becomes more penetrable, her unease increases.

RACHEL
I don't do... sorry... well. So I
try never to be wrong, but...

Preston pulls her to him and silences her with a kiss.
Leaves her breathless and speechless.

PRESTON
Can I come in?

RACHEL

You can... but the paint stays out here.

PRESTON

Are you seriously turning down my color expertise?

RACHEL

I think I'm gonna sell the place. Start off fresh. Someplace already finished.

Preston chuckles to himself.

RACHEL

What?

PRESTON

Nothing. I just think I know the perfect place.

She slides her key into the lock and enters her apartment.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rachel takes a step into the apartment and is instantly greeted by --

Grace, John, Perrin, Penelope, Peyton, Donald, Spencer, Conrad, Marge, Brian, Cooper, Shawn, Toby, Jade, Janice, Daniel, Stu, Foster, and Hank.

They are all wearing ratty old clothes, even Preston's sisters.

Rachel turns to take in the guilty look on Preston's face.

RACHEL

Why is everyone we know in my living room?

DANIEL

We thought you could use a little... or a lot... of help.

Rachel looks around for the first time.

Her living room is completely finished. It looks exactly like the sketch in Rachel's book.

She stares in awe, then hurries into the --

KITCHEN

to find it completed as well. Cabinets all hung and level, hard wood flooring, beautiful stone backsplash, granite countertops. The works.

She walks back into the --

LIVING ROOM

Still in shock, eyes wide, mouth ajar.

RACHEL

How did... who... when... someone start talking.

TOBY

Well, I thought that you might need help...

PRESTON

So he came to me and I went to Daniel...

DANIEL

Then I tracked down your family and got your brothers in on it...

SHAWN

And all we had to do was keep you away from here for a few hours...

COOPER

Then jump in my car and beat you here...

BRIAN

Luckily you made a stop along the way because Cooper drives like an old lady.

Cooper turns to Brian, offended.

COOPER

I do not. Following the rules of the road is not only responsible, it's --

PRESTON

What stop did you make?

She slowly turns to him, fidgety, struggling with the words.

RACHEL

I... went... I was... in the neighborhood, so...

PRESTON

You went to see me?

RACHEL

Yes. I went to see you.

He smiles, impressed. Pulls her in for a kiss.

PENELOPE

Preston, maybe you should show her the bedroom.

Peyton and Perrin elbow her from both directions.

PENELOPE

Just sayin'.

PRESTON

Shall we?

Preston puts out his hand and Rachel accepts. He leads her through the living room and down a short hallway. Stops outside the bedroom door.

He turns to find the whole group behind them.

PRESTON

You mind?

They all step back, try to find something to occupy themselves.

PENELOPE

We'll just wait out here.

PRESTON

Good idea.

RACHEL

What's the big secret?

PRESTON

This was my contribution.

He puts his hand on the doorknob, starts to turn it.

RACHEL

Wait, they let you work on my bedroom? Are you guys nuts? Is it even safe to walk in? Am I

(MORE)

RACHEL (cont'd)
gonna fall into a big hole in the
floor?

He turns the knob and swings the door open.

Rachel cautiously peeks in. Hand instantly goes to her mouth.

BEDROOM

It looks like something out of a magazine. Gorgeous cherry wood floors, dark wood furniture, soft blue walls, a platform king sized bed and an over-sized leather headboard.

The bed is dressed in a luxurious silver bedspread. The same color can be found in the flowing draperies.

A series of white candles are lit throughout the room.

Rachel takes it all in, speechless. Walks over to the bed, runs her fingers across the fabric.

Preston approaches her, rubs her back.

Tears run down Rachel's face.

PRESTON
Are those tears?

She laughs, wipes away the tears, turns to face him.

RACHEL
I've been doing it a lot lately. I
don't know what's wrong with me.

He helps her remove the remaining moisture from her cheeks.

PRESTON
Too bad you're moving.

RACHEL
I might hold off on that.

PRESTON
Thought you might.

She turns to glance at the room full of people hovering just outside the bedroom door. Then back at Preston.

RACHEL
How do I thank them? Why did
they... how can I...

PRESTON

I see you're as out of practise
with "thank you" as you are with
"I'm sorry".

RACHEL

Help a girl out?

PRESTON

We'll thank them together. But
first...

He swings the door shut, then takes her in his arms and
plants a kiss on her lips.

EXT. DINER - DAY

A sign on the door reads: "CLOSED FOR FAMILY CELEBRATION".

LOUD CONVERSATION can be heard from inside.

INT. DINER - DAY

Several tables have been pushed together, holding all the
people that were previously at Rachel's apartment.

Empty plates sit in front of them after a well deserved
breakfast.

Preston and Rachel go around the table filling the glasses
with champagne.

MARGE

Isn't it a little early for
champagne?

RACHEL

We've been up all night. It
doesn't count.

Rachel arrives at Perrin, tries to fill her glass.

Perrin places her hand over her glass.

PERRIN

None for me. I'm not allowed to
drink... for a while...

Everyone smiles knowingly.

PEYTON

Perrin, Jesus, you guys need to
get a hobby.

SHAWN

Or another hobby.

PENELOPE

I'm planning your baby shower!

RACHEL

Congratulations.

Rachel wraps her arms around Perrin for a quick hug.

PRESTON

To new beginnings.

All the glasses go up in the air.

ALL

To new beginnings.

GLASSES CLINK. Couples kiss. Conversations resume.

Preston and Rachel share a look across the table.

FADE OUT.