

**UNFORGETTABLE**

by

George Galanakis

FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT

The impressive skyline glitters under a clear night sky.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Cars cruise down the street. A horde of NIGHTCLUBBERS wait outside a club's front doors. A pair of STREET PERFORMERS play their steel drums in a street corner.

EXT. CORAL BAR - NIGHT

A man stands a few feet from the entrance, talking on his mobile phone. He is RYAN FISHER (27, good looks, athletic, sad eyes) and by the look on his face, he seems to be on his last drop of patience.

RYAN

... you're not listening to me.  
You need your space to breathe.

(pause)

It won't matter if we try harder.  
You're still you and I'm... me.  
I can't have the responsibility  
of someone else's happiness.

TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN come out of the bar and walk past Ryan.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN #1

Thanks, gorgeous. Good night.

Ryan winks at them and returns to the phone.

RYAN

No, no, I'm here. Listen, you're  
an attractive, intelligent,  
inspirational woman, but to me  
you're an investment... with no  
return.

(pause)

All right, there's no need for  
that kind of language --

The sound of a phone HANGING UP. Ryan glances at the screen and smirks.

RYAN (CONT'D)

That ought to do it.

He pockets his phone and enters the bar.

INT. CORAL BAR - CONTINUOUS

A fairly crowded speakeasy-style bar with atmospherically low lighting. Black and white pictures hang behind the bar of RYAN'S FATHER (35, an older version of Ryan) playing a piano, taken back in the 70's.

Ryan makes his way behind the bar where GEORGE (52, demure, hearty) is fixing some drinks. An IMPATIENT PATRON (40s, male) waits for him at the other end of the bar. Ryan goes about to serve him.

IMPATIENT PATRON

Get me a large beer and a scotch  
on the rocks.

Ryan prepares the drinks with dexterity and speed. He shares a glance with George.

GEORGE

You look like you just dumped  
someone.

RYAN

What makes you say that?

GEORGE

You got that look of superiority  
and disdain on your face.

Ryan laughs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What was it this time? Couldn't  
handle the distance? Not smart  
enough?

RYAN

What can I say? She wasn't right  
for me.

GEORGE

They never are.

RYAN

And whose fault is that?

He gets the drinks to the Impatient Patron and shoots a look at George that conveys "don't answer that."

RYAN (CONT'D)

(to the Impatient  
Patron)

12 dollars even.

The Patron pays and strides away. Ryan puts the money in the register.

GEORGE

I'll be laughing my guts out when the right one comes along.

RYAN

Hate to break it to you, my friend, but a woman like that doesn't exist.

George shakes his head disappointingly.

INT. CORAL BAR - LATER

At a table in the back, three women, CLAIRE WALKER (25, natural beauty, brunette), KADENCE (27, African/American, sexy, sardonic) and JILL (25, freckles, fit) raise their cocktail glasses in the air. They are not drunk, but nearly there.

KADENCE

Here's to Claire!

JILL

Claire!

They down their drinks and pose for a photograph. Claire takes a picture with her digital camera.

Bored stiff, Ryan listens to a GORGEOUS WOMAN (27) on a stool across from him, while stealing looks at Claire.

GORGEOUS WOMAN

... being the owner must come with a lot of responsibilities, huh?

RYAN

Pleasing the customer is not an easy task.

GORGEOUS WOMAN

You seem to be doing all right.

She bites her lip. Sexual tension builds between her and Ryan, when --

KADENCE (O.S.)

Bartender!

Kadence stands over to the other corner of the bar.

KADENCE (CONT'D)  
Shots, tequila, lime. And a new  
saltshaker.

An empty saltshaker is left on the counter.

RYAN  
Right away, ma'am.

He lines up three shot-glasses, throws in slices of lime  
and fills them up with tequila.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Who's that friend of yours? The  
brunette?

KADENCE  
Why don't you back off, huh?  
She's not for your teeth, Ryan.

RYAN  
I was just asking a question.  
You don't have to get your  
panties in a knot.

KADENCE  
With you around, all of our  
panties should be in a knot.  
Plus, I see you got yourself  
reserved for the night.

Her gaze indicates the Gorgeous Woman. Kadence reaches for  
her purse.

RYAN  
Next time's on you.

Kadence offers him a smile. Ryan smiles back. Suddenly,  
he becomes serious, his eyes flash with panic.

Across the bar, Claire lays on the floor, Jill bows down to  
her with a SCREAM. Ryan and Kadence dash to the table. He  
bends down besides an unconscious Claire and turns to Jill.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
What happened?

JILL  
She just fainted out of the blue!

RYAN  
How much did she have to drink?

KADENCE  
Two cocktails and a few shots!

Ryan tries to hear her breathing. He briskly rubs his knuckles against Claire's sternum. People gather round.

Ryan looks up at Kadence. His expression says it all. "Not good." Through the people, he sees George at the bar and shouts:

RYAN  
Call an ambulance!

He takes a deep breath and preforms rescue breathing and chest compression.

All of a sudden, Claire takes in a gulp of air and a persistent cough takes over. A wave of relief on everyone's face.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
That's it. Let it out. Breathe.

Claire coughs up real hard. Ryan turns to the people around them.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
She'll be fine. Just give her a little space.

The Patrons clear the space. George is on the phone at the bar. Ryan gestures at him that "everything is okay" and he hangs up. Claire swims to full consciousness.

CLAIRE  
Where are the shots?

Kadence and Jill burst out laughing.

RYAN  
I think you had enough Tequila for one night.

Claire lifts her eyes to his. Ryan feels the impact of her gaze like a kick to the stomach. He raises the young woman to her feet.

EXT. CORAL BAR - NIGHT

A taxi waits outside the bar entrance. Kadence and Jill help Claire inside. Ryan holds the door open for them.

RYAN  
(to Kadence)  
Make her a Bloody Mary in the morning. It will help.

KADENCE  
Thank you for everything, Ryan.

RYAN  
 (to Claire)  
 Feel better.

He closes the door and watches the taxi drive away.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAWN

The sun is just starting to come up, bathing Manhattan in a bright, golden light.

INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Ryan sits on the window sill, gazing at the street from two floors above the ground. His expression dark and troubled. In the background, the Gorgeous Woman lays half-naked on the bed.

EXT. CORAL BAR - BACK ALLEY - DAY

A truck with a sign "JONAS' ICE" on the side is parked in the back alley of the bar. With the help of the TRUCK DRIVER, George unloads a bag of ice into an open basement window.

INT. CORAL BAR - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

In the basement, Ryan takes the bag and stacks it on top of some others, trouble still on his face.

GEORGE  
 Last one.

Ryan receives another bag, but instead of piling it, he moves it across the dimly lit basement. He walks past a piano covered with a sheet and continues towards a refrigerator.

INT. CORAL BAR - BASEMENT - LATER

Still contorted with trouble, Ryan finishes stocking the ice cube bags into the refrigerator. He closes the door and picks his way to the covered up piano.

He takes a seat at the piano bench and slides his fingers on the dusted sheet right above the keys.

Abruptly, the door to the basement opens and George enters.

GEORGE  
 Ryan? You still down here?

Ryan springs up. George motions towards the young man.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
What's taking you so long? You  
need help?

RYAN  
No, I'm just finishing up.

GEORGE  
Everything all right?

RYAN  
Yeah.

GEORGE  
I know you better than you know  
yourself. What's the matter?

Ryan sits back down with a sigh. He opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out. George nods understandingly.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
It's next week, eh?

Ryan slowly nods.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
You're thinking about him?

RYAN  
Not as often.

GEORGE  
Don't feel bad. People forget.

RYAN  
Being here brings back so many  
memories.

George nods in agreement.

GEORGE  
I remember when he first met your  
mother, he called me up in the  
middle of the night and said:  
"Brother, I want to tell this  
girl that I love her and I'm  
going to need your help..."

Ryan smiles bitterly.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
So me and a couple of friends  
carried a whole piano outside her  
apartment so he could play her a  
song...

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Your mother fell in love with him right then and there. They got married three months later.

RYAN

I can always picture his face when I hear that story.

GEORGE

He'd brighten up like a lightbulb when he told it. A sucker for romance he was. Unlike his son...

RYAN

Here we go again.

He withdraws to the door, clearly avoiding the discussion.

GEORGE

I didn't say anything. You don't have to get so peppery!

RYAN

I know what you said! Why can't you accept the fact that I don't need to be in a relationship? Casual sex can be very, very fulfilling. No feelings involved --

GEORGE

-- no strings attached! I've heard that one before. Hey, whatever floats your boat!

RYAN

Glad to see my words are finally getting through to you!

He flashes a smirk before he exits. George shouts:

GEORGE

The apple may have fallen far from the tree, but it's still an apple!

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

A basketball court surrounded by bard-wire fencing. Two teams of four players, the majority of them TEENAGE BOYS, challenge at a half-court basketball game. Among them, Ryan and JACKSON (13, African/American).

TEENAGE BOY #1

Pass the ball! I'm open!

Teenage Boy #1 receives the ball from a team player, pivots and dunks in front of Jackson. Disappointment registers on the boy's face. Ryan tries to encourage Jackson with a pat on the shoulder.

RYAN  
Keep your chin up, huh? Come on.

The play starts once more. Teenage Boy #1 passes to Teenage Boy #2, when Ryan steals the ball with lightning speed and drives to the basket. Jackson stands at the three point line. Ryan throws a blind pass to the boy. He grabs the ball and freezes.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Jackson! Shoot!

Jackson stares at the ball and goes for the shot. Teenage Boy #1 comes out of nowhere and blocks the ball, sending it over the fence. He turns to Jackson, makes a face in mockery and high-fives with his team players. Ryan goes to Jackson.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Try to be a little faster next time. And more confident.

The ball comes to stop near a pair of woman's legs. Claire bends down, picks up the ball and heads over to the court. She throws the ball to Teenage Boy #2. Ryan is surprised at the sight of her. He calls out to the Teenage Boys:

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Lets take a time-out!

The Teenage Boys nod in agreement. Ryan grabs a towel and treads to Claire. She tries hard to mask her nervousness.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Hello, there.

CLAIRE  
Hi.

RYAN  
You look... sober.

Claire chuckles.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
How are you feeling?

CLAIRE  
Better. Much better, thank you.

As they come close, WHISTLING is heard from the side of the Boys.

TEENAGE BOY #1  
Way to go, Ryan! Does she have a  
sister?

Ryan flickers a smile of embarrassment.

RYAN  
You want to go someplace else?

EXT. DOWNTOWN PARK - DAY

Claire sits down on a bench. Ryan stands by her, drying  
the sweat from his face with the towel.

RYAN  
How did you know where to find  
me?

CLAIRE  
I went by the bar. A man George,  
he said you'd be here.

RYAN  
Right.

CLAIRE  
Look, the reason I wanted to see  
you is...  
(pauses)  
... Kadence told me you had to  
give me first aid the other  
night.

RYAN  
It's not that big of a deal.  
Don't worry about it.

CLAIRE  
You might have saved my life.

Ryan nods in mute acknowledgement.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I thought you deserved a  
"thank you."

RYAN  
You're most welcome.

An awkward silence.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You know according to a Chinese  
believe, when you save someone's  
life, you're bond until you  
return the favor.

CLAIRE

I was under the impression that saving someone was supposed to be a selfless deed.

RYAN

That's not right. Where did you hear that?

CLAIRE

Fine. What's your price?

RYAN

Go to lunch with me tomorrow.

Claire's face darkens.

CLAIRE

I, uh, I appreciate the offer, but --

RYAN

There's someone else.

CLAIRE

No. I, uh, I don't date.

RYAN

You don't date?

Claire shakes her head.

RYAN (CONT'D)

It's just lunch. I promise I'll choke on a dumpling, give you the chance to return the favor.

A suggestion of a smile plays along Claire's features.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Huh? What do you say?

He flashes a disarming smile, full of charm.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, I can't. It was nice seeing you again.

She marches off.

RYAN

(under his breath)  
Likewise.

Teenage Boy #1 shouts in the background.

TEENAGE BOY #1  
 Ryan, we're playing or what?

Ryan gives a last look at Claire and strides towards the boy.

INT. CORAL BAR - NIGHT

It's game night and the Coral is packed with cheering and screaming FOOTBALL FANS. Ryan and George are behind the counter, serving the customers.

SHANE WATKINS (39, handsome, well groomed) comes through the door with TWO FRIENDS (30's) and a SEXY WOMAN (24) by his side. George notices him and points him out to Ryan with a light nudge on the shoulder. Shane and his company sashay past the bar.

SHANE  
 Good evening, Ryan. George.

George gives him the stink eye. Ryan greets him with a nod.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
 Is there a table for us?

GEORGE  
 Football nights are always packed. Why don't you try the bar down the street?

Ryan slides under the counter to the other side.

RYAN  
 See if you can find something in the back.

GEORGE  
 If you can't, check the alley by the dumpster.

Shane wears a smirk and feels the Woman's bottom. Him and his Friends shove their way to the back.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Prick.

RYAN  
 You want to take it easy? He's still a customer.

GEORGE  
 I can't help it.

RYAN  
You're going to have to try.

George stares at him and gives him a mollifying nod.

INT. CORAL BAR - LATER

The fuss carries on as the match reaches its peak. George is at the end of the counter, talking with a couple of Football Fans. At the other end, Ryan wipes down the bartop with a rag. Shane leans on the counter.

SHANE  
Ryan, get the guys another round.  
And you got some time to talk?

RYAN  
Sure. Just give me two minutes.

Out of the corner of his eye, George watches them suspiciously.

INT. CORAL BAR - RYAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A small, overstuffed room that barely passes for an office. Both men are seated opposite from one another at Ryan's desk.

SHANE  
Business is brisk. Well done.

RYAN  
Sundays can get pretty crazy.  
People go nuts about football.

SHANE  
Tell me about it.  
(pause)  
Have you given any thought to my offer?

RYAN  
Shane, we've been over this. I'm just going to repeat what I told you last time --

SHANE  
Before you say something against your own good, let me tell you this offer won't be around forever. Promise me you'll do yourself a favor and give it another thought.

RYAN

There's nothing to think about.

Shane shakes his head in disappointment.

SHANE

You're making a huge mistake. I can make this place twice as big. Three times. It's going to be like this every night. You and your partner get to keep 50 percent, you're still winners.

RYAN

Why the Coral, huh? There are a dozen places around the city.

SHANE

I sort of like the neighborhood. It's quiet and --

RYAN

Wouldn't have anything to do with the fact that this part of town is moving up on a luxury scale, would it?

SHANE

All right, you got me! Coral's in an upcoming strong location, but as it stands now that won't do you any good. If you think the money is not --

The door bursts open and MIKA (23, female, attractive) rushes inside.

MIKA

Ryan! Trouble!

Ryan bolts up and turns to Shane.

RYAN

Money's not the problem. Coral's just not for sale.

SHANE

You're turning your back to a great opportunity here, boy.

RYAN

Enjoy your evening.

He exits.

INT. CORAL BAR - NIGHT

A huddle has been created around two Football Fans fighting on the floor. Ryan pushes his way through the people and comes before the two men. He pulls one of them up on his feet, ending the fight.

RYAN  
Break it up! Come on! Stop!  
Hey, stop it!

The two Fans calm down. Ryan looks over his shoulder. Shane stands against the door to his office with a smirk on his face.

INT. CORAL BAR - LATER

Ryan, George and Mika finish closing down the bar. Ryan counts a wad of money and gives it to Mika.

RYAN  
Here you go. Thanks a lot, Mika.

MIKA  
See you next Saturday. Bye,  
George.

GEORGE  
Nighty night.

Mika pockets the money and leaves the bar. George wipes a glass and approaches Ryan at the register.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
So, what did he want?

RYAN  
Who? Shane? Same thing he  
wanted last time.

GEORGE  
Did he make another offer?

RYAN  
He wanted to know if I had an  
answer for him.

GEORGE  
And do you?

RYAN  
George, you don't have to ask me  
that. This was and always will  
be my father's joint. All right?

GEORGE  
Glad to hear you say that.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

Ryan's car parks outside the shop. He gets out and makes his way to the entrance.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Ryan saunters in. Rows of tables with colorful plants surround the space. PHOEBE (40, slightly plump) goes to serve him.

PHOEBE  
How can I help you?

RYAN  
I'd like to order some flowers for next week.

PHOEBE  
Do you know what you're looking for? A bouquet? Basket?

RYAN  
I'm not exactly sure.

PHOEBE  
Please take a look around. Let me know if you see anything you like.

Ryan heads further inside the shop. Ryan looks around, turns a corner and bumps into Claire. They are both surprised. Pleasantly.

RYAN  
What a nice coincidence seeing you.

CLAIRE  
Yeah.

RYAN  
What are you doing here?

CLAIRE  
I own a little pottery shop down on 23rd. This is where I buy the plants for the pots.

Ryan nods.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
And you? To be honest, I didn't  
take you much of a flower person.

RYAN  
Looks can be deceiving.

CLAIRE  
Hardly are.

RYAN  
The flowers are for my father.  
Next week will be the anniversary  
of him passing away.

Claire cups her mouth.

CLAIRE  
Oh, my God, I am so sorry. I  
apologize. I feel like a total  
idiot.

RYAN  
Don't worry, you didn't know.  
(pause)  
I'll see you around.

With a bitter smile, he turns around and heads back to the register. Overcome by guilt, Claire thinks for a moment. Then she darts to Ryan.

CLAIRE  
Listen, uh, there's a nice cafe  
around the corner, if you feel  
like grabbing a cup. I mean, if  
you're not, uh...

RYAN  
I'm not.

They share a smile.

CLAIRE  
Let me just drop off my list with  
Phoebe, huh?

INT. CAFE - DAY

Claire sits at a window table, staring at a small potted plant in front of her. Ryan crosses to her and sets a tray of filtered coffee and hot chocolate down on the table.

CLAIRE  
Thanks.

She takes the hot chocolate cup to her side.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
How long has it been if you don't  
mind me asking?

RYAN  
Since my father died?

Claire nods in response.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Ten years. I was 17 when he  
passed away.

CLAIRE  
I'm very sorry. It must be  
terrible losing a parent.

RYAN  
It is, but time heals all wounds.  
You slowly get back on your feet.

CLAIRE  
How did it happen?

RYAN  
Cancer. Lungs.

CLAIRE  
Were you close?

RYAN  
He practically raised me on his  
own. My mother died shortly  
after I was born, so...

Claire nods in acknowledgment. Ryan tries to lighten the  
mood.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
How come you took this one with  
you?

He indicates the plant.

CLAIRE  
I couldn't wait one more day for  
it to be delivered.

RYAN  
You really love flowers, don't  
you?

CLAIRE  
Flowers have the power to  
brighten up our day in the same  
way that sunshine can.

A reflective expression creeps over her features. She hides her feelings behind a smile.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Do you have any flowers at your place?

RYAN  
I believe we have a small cactus in the back wall of the Coral.

CLAIRE  
That barely counts! You need to get some real flowers!

RYAN  
Will you help me choose some?

CLAIRE  
Perhaps.

They exchange a smile.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Ryan and Claire stroll down the sidewalk.

RYAN  
How come you don't date?

CLAIRE  
I've had some bad experiences in the past... and kind of reached the point where I thought "I'm better off on my own."

RYAN  
I know what you mean. Sometimes running away from the problem can be a solution.

CLAIRE  
It's not running away. It's keeping the problem at a distance.

They reach a subway station.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
This is my stop.

She extends the plant to Ryan.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Here. It could be your first.

RYAN  
Oh, no, I can't accept this.

CLAIRE  
Please, I want you to have it.

Ryan hesitantly reaches for the flower.

RYAN  
I thought men were suppose to  
give flowers.

CLAIRE  
Times change.

RYAN  
So you think I can see you again?

CLAIRE  
Perhaps.

She turns her back on him and paces towards the station.

RYAN  
I don't have your number or  
address!

CLAIRE  
That wouldn't stop someone like  
you, now, would it?

She joins the flow of the people heading down the station.  
Ryan beams, full of confidence.

INT. RYAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

The plant is left on the window sill, sunlight brightening  
its beautiful colors. George and Ryan are at the table,  
having potato-crust chicken.

George picks up his empty plate and goes over to the  
counter, where the platter with the left overs is.

GEORGE  
You want another piece?

RYAN  
I'm full.

GEORGE  
Well, I'm having one. Chicken's  
excellent! That's one of the  
good things about being single.  
You learn how to cook.

He serves himself another piece.

RYAN

Uncle, I got a question.

GEORGE

You haven't call me that in years.

RYAN

Well... you're always telling me to find somebody, not spend the rest of my life alone and all that. How come you didn't?

GEORGE

That's a good question. And the answer is, uh...

He takes his time before his next words.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

... I was a good timer. Just like you. Always living in the moment, never thought about what would come next. And look at me now, huh? Washed up, bitter and lonely --

RYAN

You've got me.

George gives him a weak smile.

GEORGE

I know I can be a pain in the neck sometimes, I just don't want to see you end up...

He is on the verge of an emotional release.

RYAN

I know, George.

George nods and regains his composure.

GEORGE

What's with the flower?

He points to the plant on the window sill. Ryan bolts up and drops his plate on the sink.

RYAN

What? I thought it would brighten up the place.

(pause)

Thanks for lunch.

He exits. George looks at him bizarrely.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Claire and Kadence stride down the walkways of the park.

CLAIRE  
You remember Ryan from the bar?

KADENCE  
Fisher? Ryan Fisher?

CLAIRE  
Uh-huh. I run into him the other  
day...

KADENCE  
Oh.

CLAIRE  
... and we sort of went out.

KADENCE  
No, no, no, honey. You have to  
stay away from him.

CLAIRE  
"Stay away from him?" Why?

KADENCE  
He's bad news. You've got to  
trust me on this.

CLAIRE  
He's kind of cute.

KADENCE  
I know he can be, hon, but listen  
to me. He will chew you up and  
spit you out. This is what he  
does.

CLAIRE  
And how would you know?

KADENCE  
Because he did it to me.

Claire is stunned.

INT. PICK AND PAINT POTTERY SHOP - DAY

Claire pulls up the switches on the electrical board and  
the lights come on.

The gallery store is filled with a broad selection of  
beautiful handmade pottery, such as vases, dishes, china.

At the back, there is a workroom rounded with dozens of unpainted ceramic bisques displayed on shelves.

INT. PICK AND PAINT POTTERY SHOP - WORKROOM - LATER

Dozens of plants sit on a table. Claire removes one from its plastic pot and carefully places it to the ceramic one. She covers it with soil.

RYAN (O.S.)  
You're going to have to teach me  
how to do that.

Claire spins. Ryan stands behind her, a grin on his face.

CLAIRE  
Was I difficult to find?

RYAN  
There weren't that many pottery  
shops on 23rd street.

Claire half-smiles.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Which one would you recommend?

He picks up a pot.

CLAIRE  
Ryan, I don't think I can let  
things go any further.

RYAN  
What are you talking about?

CLAIRE  
Kadence told me about you two.

RYAN  
Kadence was something that ended  
a long time ago. She was hurt  
and I'm sorry, but she wasn't  
right for me.

CLAIRE  
What about me? Am I right? Or  
right now?

Ryan stays silent. Claire smiles, getting her point across.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
This can't go on. I shouldn't  
have given you the wrong  
impression.

A CUSTOMER (50, female) waits on the counter with three mugs. Claire goes to her and prices the merchandise, leaving a dumbfounded Ryan.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
That'd be 18 dollars for the three.

The Customer pays and leaves. Ryan approaches the counter.

RYAN  
Okay. I can't give you any promises. Truth is I don't know if you're right for me or not, but I sure as hell want to find out. If you're willing to give me the chance.

They stare at each others eyes.

MONTAGE:

-- Ryan and Claire have dinner at an elegant restaurant. Their eyes are very involved.

-- Ryan and Claire enjoy an ice cream cone at a bench.

-- Ryan and Claire walk down the street. Clair laughs and playfully hits Ryan.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BRYANT PARK - NIGHT

Ryan and Claire walk through the park, heading to the carousel.

CLAIRE  
Don't you have to be at work?

RYAN  
George can take care of himself. Bar's not that busy anyway.

CLAIRE  
How long have you two been partners?

Ryan smiles.

RYAN  
He's my uncle. Him and my father owned the Coral since 1968. It was called the "88 Coral" back then.

CLAIRE  
"88?" Like the piano keys?

RYAN  
Exactly.

Impressed, he flickers a grin. Claire smiles coyly.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
It was a piano bar at the time.  
When my father died, me and  
George decided we needed a  
change.

CLAIRE  
You run away.

Ryan slowly nods, overcome with a deep grief. The two fall silent for a long moment.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Come with me.

She rushes over to the closed carousel and jumps on one of the little horses.

RYAN  
What are you doing?

CLAIRE  
I don't think I ever rode one of these.

RYAN  
And I don't think now is the right time. The park's closed.

CLAIRE  
They just opened! Come on! You know how to gallop, right?

Hesitantly, Ryan sits on a horse next to Claire's.

RYAN  
This is crazy.

CLAIRE  
I bet it's more fun when they're moving.

RYAN  
Let's go. I promise we'll come back when they're open -- Oh, shit!

A flashlight beam shines on the carousel from a distance. A WATCHMAN approaches and calls out:

WATCHMAN

Anybody there?

Ryan and Claire jump down from the horses and hide behind a chariot. Claire stifles a laugh.

RYAN

Shh...

He puts a "quiet" finger to his lips. Ryan and Claire hold each other close as the beam sweeps around them. Their breathing mingles, their eyes connect.

WATCHMAN

Hello?

Not seeing anything suspicious, the Watchman walks off. Ryan lets out a silent sigh of relief.

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET - NIGHT

A burst of laughter as Ryan and Claire run away from the park.

CLAIRE

That was so exciting!

RYAN

It feels like I'm back in high school, stealing the arcades down the corner.

CLAIRE

Incriminating past, Mr. Fisher.

RYAN

I was cleared of all charges. My older cousin made me do it.

CLAIRE

Is that right?

They stand in the middle of the street and come close once more. They look deep into their eyes as their lips meet in a kiss.

INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sunlight streams through the window. Ryan lays on the bed and slowly opens his eyes, happiness sparkling on his face. He turns to the other side of the bed. No one there.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Hey.

Claire gets dressed in a corner of the room.

RYAN  
Good morning.

CLAIRE  
Did I wake you?

Ryan shakes his head.

RYAN  
Where are you going?

CLAIRE  
I have to open the store. It's  
almost nine.

RYAN  
That's why I love working nights.  
Sleeping in.

CLAIRE  
Lazy bones.

She goes over and gives him a kiss on the lips.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Last night was really special.  
Thanks.

RYAN  
Any time.

Claire gives him another kiss and walks out.

INT. RYAN'S BUILDING - STAIRWAY - MORNING

Claire hurries down the stairs and meets George ascending.

CLAIRE  
Hello.

GEORGE  
And goodbye.

Claire exits. George gives her a quizzical look.

INT. RYAN'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Ryan opens the front door and George bursts in.

RYAN  
Why are you here so early?

GEORGE

The liquor supplier's coming in today. We have to go over the order.

(pause)

Was that the girl from --?

RYAN

That's the one.

GEORGE

What are you doing with her?

RYAN

We're just hanging out.

GEORGE

Don't get smartass with me! She seems like a nice girl.

RYAN

She is nice.

GEORGE

Don't hurt her.

RYAN

Why would you immediately assume I'm going to hurt her?

George shoots him a look.

EXT. PICK AND PAINT POTTERY SHOP - MORNING

Freezing cold, Kadence waits outside the store. Claire dashes to her.

KADENCE

Jesus! Where have you been?

CLAIRE

Sorry I'm late.

She pulls out a set of keys from her handbag and unlocks the door.

KADENCE

Come on, I'm freezing my nuts off.

Claire drills her a look and a smirk.

CLAIRE

Oh, that's nice.

She opens the door.

INT. PICK AND PAINT POTTERY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The women enter the shop. Claire paces to the switchboard, pulls up the switches and the lights come on.

CLAIRE  
I need you to look after the  
store. I'll be away for a while.

KADENCE  
Where are you going?

CLAIRE  
I have to go home and water the  
plants.

KADENCE  
You forgot to water your plants?

Claire doesn't answer.

KADENCE (CONT'D)  
You've never forgotten to water  
them flowers of yours. Ever.  
(pause)  
Unless... you still haven't been  
home since last night.

Claire tries to hide a smile of embarrassment.

KADENCE (CONT'D)  
Oh, my God, I'm right! Am I  
right? Claire...?

CLAIRE  
All right, fine! I spend the  
night with someone.

KADENCE  
You little slut! De-tails!

Claire makes a face.

KADENCE (CONT'D)  
Oh, no... Don't tell me it  
was... Ryan, was it?  
(off Claire's look)  
Damn it, Claire!

CLAIRE  
I got to go.

She heads towards the exit.

KADENCE

I wish you'd listen to me just for once.

CLAIRE

I can take care of myself.

KADENCE

You know it's wrong.

CLAIRE

Let me be the judge of that. See you in an hour.

Claire leaves. Kadence shakes her head disappointingly.

INT. CORAL BAR - MORNING

George sits at the bar, reading a small piece of paper. Ryan is behind the counter.

GEORGE

... two cases of Vodka, so we're set. How many cases of Jack we got? Should be one.

Ryan is distracted, a smile playing along his features.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Ryan? Any cases of J.D. behind the counter? Are you even listening?

RYAN

Sure, yeah. One case.

George squints his eyes in curiosity.

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The space is filled with flowers, in every window, in every corner. Claire is bowed before a plant with a watering can in her hand.

She stares at the flower, her mind surging with thoughts. The water overflows the pottery. Claire realizes it and pulls the can away.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Claire walks down the street, approaching the Coral bar. A flashy car is parked right outside. She stops short, her eyes narrow with suspicion.

Inside the car, JESSIE (35, female, strikingly beautiful) talks closely with Ryan in the passenger seat. He shifts his gaze to the sidewalk.

Claire stares at him, shakes her head, disappointed, and runs away. Ryan darts out of the car and hastens after her.

RYAN  
Claire, wait! Claire!

After a few yards, he catches up to the young woman. Claire whips around.

CLAIRE  
What was I, huh? A challenge?  
Did you want to prove something  
to yourself?

RYAN  
What are you talking about?

CLAIRE  
Who was that woman?

RYAN  
Jessie? She's a supplier for the  
bar.

CLAIRE  
It looks to me she supplies you  
with more than just alcohol!

RYAN  
There's nothing going on! Why  
don't you believe me?

CLAIRE  
Because I don't know you! And to  
be honest, I'm not sure if I want  
to anymore.

She storms off, leaving Ryan dumbfounded.

INT. CLAIRE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Claire cooks a casserole lunch. The doorbell RINGS. She takes off her cooking glove and goes to the door. She opens it, no one there.

She looks down on her doorstep, there is a bouquet of roses. A hint of a smile creeps on her face.

CLAIRE  
Flowers don't make everything  
okay.

Ryan appears from the side. He picks up the bouquet and offers it to Claire.

RYAN

A girl once told me that flowers have the power to brighten up our day in the same way that sunshine can.

(after Claire's smile)

Look, I want to know you and I want you to know me. To want to know me.

(pause)

When you figure out what you want, you know where to find me.

He moves down the stairs. Claire glares at him, then at the flowers in her hands.

EXT. CLAIRE'S BUILDING - DAY

Ryan's car is parked by the sidewalk. Ryan unlocks the driver's door.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

I figured it out.

Claire stands next to him. She throws herself at Ryan and passionately kisses him on the lips.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

NEW YORKERS, TOURISTS, and PERFORMERS surround the Bethesda Fountain. A LITTLE BOY gives a brief kiss on the lips of a LITTLE GIRL and laughs.

Leaning on a wall further away, Claire captures the moment with her digital camera. She looks at the screen and shows the picture to Ryan standing next to her.

RYAN

Nice picture.

CLAIRE

Can you imagine if in twenty years they ended up together and saw this?

Ryan smiles.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Wouldn't it mean the world to them?

RYAN  
That's a romantic thought.

CLAIRE  
Why do I get the feeling you  
consider this a bad thing?

RYAN  
Not bad, it's just everyone has  
their own belief system.

CLAIRE  
What's yours?

RYAN  
I choose to be more of a realist.

CLAIRE  
Let's hope we can remedy that.

They share a smile. Claire takes his hand, pulling Ryan away. She keeps hold of his hand as they walk. Ryan is slightly awkward.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
You don't like holding hands, do  
you?

RYAN  
Well...

CLAIRE  
We don't have to if it makes you  
feel uncomfortable.

She pulls her hand away. A moment later, Ryan reaches for it.

RYAN  
It doesn't.

A broad grin on both their faces as their fingers intertwine.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Your palms are all sweaty!

Claire laughs in embarrassment.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - LATER

The colors of the sky are amazing as the sun sinks towards the horizon. Claire and Ryan sit down on a bench, sharing a cotton candy, still holding hands.

RYAN  
When was the last time you were  
in a relationship?

CLAIRE  
It's been about a year since we  
broke up. His name was Michael.

RYAN  
What happened?

CLAIRE  
It's complicated.

RYAN  
When isn't, huh?

CLAIRE  
Remember the "I'm better off on  
my own?" It's sort of like that.  
(pause)  
And you?

RYAN  
To be honest, I've never been in  
serious a relationship. I mean  
something that lasted.

CLAIRE  
Really? Never?

Ryan shakes his head.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
How come?

RYAN  
I guess I couldn't see the point  
of complicating things.

CLAIRE  
And now?

RYAN  
Now... I'm holding hands with  
you.

They share a smile and kiss.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAWN

The magnificent skyline of the city glimmers as the spring  
sun is breaking over it.

INT. RYAN'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Ryan straightens his tie in front of the mirror, a bemused look across his face.

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

Formally dressed, Ryan and George stand before a gravestone that reads: "James Brian Fisher R.I.P."

Ryan places a bouquet of flowers by the stone, fighting for composure. George reads a poem, his voice cracking with emotion.

GEORGE

... You can turn your back on  
tomorrow and live yesterday or  
you can be happy for tomorrow  
because of yesterday.

Ryan struggles inwardly with his emotions. George puts a comforting hand on the young man's shoulder.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You can remember him and only  
that he's gone or you can cherish  
his memory and let it live on.  
We miss you, brother.

INT. CORAL BAR - DAY

Ryan sits in the semi-darkness, having a glass of whiskey, looking at a framed picture of his father. George stands by the exit.

GEORGE

Is there anything I can do for  
you?

RYAN

I got everything.

GEORGE

Okay. I'll be upstairs if you  
need me.

RYAN

Thanks.

George walks out of the bar.

INT. CORAL BAR - BASEMENT - DAY

Ryan pulls the sheet to reveal a beautiful, white piano. He takes a seat, lifts up the fall and places his hands on the keyboard.

Ryan glides his fingers over the keys. He closes his eyes and plays a classic song. Stiffly and rustily at first, but then picking pace.

Suddenly, a noise distracts him. Ryan looks up. Claire is near the door.

CLAIRE  
Sorry, I didn't mean to  
interrupt.

RYAN  
Come on in.

Claire motions to him.

CLAIRE  
I had no idea you could play like  
that.

RYAN  
That? That was terrible. I  
haven't practiced in quite a  
while.

CLAIRE  
Who taught you how to play?

RYAN  
My dad. I think I must have  
learned how to play the piano  
first and then how to walk.

CLAIRE  
Why did you stop?

RYAN  
I felt I was doing it for him.  
When he died, I couldn't find a  
reason to keep me going.

CLAIRE  
He wouldn't want you to quit.

RYAN  
It doesn't matter what he'd want.  
He's dead.

He springs up and shuts the fall closed. Emotional, he leans against the wall.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Why do people always leave the  
 ones that need them the most?

He hangs his head, trying to collect himself. Claire moves closer and takes his face in her hands.

CLAIRE  
 I'm sure he'd never leave you if  
 he could.

Her words soothe Ryan's sorrow.

INT. RYAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Claire inspects the blooming flower on the window sill.  
 Ryan sits on the living room sofa, watching TV.

CLAIRE  
 I see you've been taking good  
 care of this little fella!

She heads to the living room.

INT. RYAN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Claire makes her way to the sofa. Ryan grabs her hand and pulls her down on his lap.

RYAN  
 How couldn't I? It reminds me of  
 you.

They kiss. All of a sudden, the front door opens and George enters. He sees the couple.

GEORGE  
 Hope I'm not intruding.

RYAN  
 A little too late now.

GEORGE  
 I'll be out your way in no time.  
 Just dropped by to get some  
 mozzarella cheese.

RYAN  
 Help yourself.  
 (pause)  
 You remember Claire, right?

GEORGE  
 Sure am.

He greets her with a wink and moves to the kitchen. Claire grimaces to Ryan. He shakes his head. She gives him a cold stare. He sighs deeply.

RYAN

George, would you like to join us?

GEORGE

I can't. I'm making my famous five-cheese lasagna.  
(pauses, thinks)  
Hey, you guys hungry?

Claire and Ryan share a look.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

George, Ryan and Claire are seated around the table, finishing up a lasagna lunch. Claire shines her plate with a piece of bread. George watches her and smiles.

GEORGE

I love a girl who can eat.

CLAIRE

Food was delicious, George. You should've been a chef.

RYAN

That's what I always tell him.

GEORGE

It crossed my mind a few times when I was younger.  
(to Ryan)  
I told your pops Coral would make a nice restaurant, but he wouldn't listen. He was like: "People may not have money to eat, but they'll always have money to drink!"

CLAIRE

Well, it's never too late.

George graces her with a bitter smile.

INT. RYAN'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

The door to Ryan's apartment opens and Claire comes out, followed by Ryan.

RYAN

Are you sure you can't spend the night?

CLAIRE

My parents are visiting in a few days and my apartment is a total mess.

They kiss.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow.

RYAN

Bye.

Claire walks down the stairs. Ryan closes the door.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ryan paces to the sofa. George flips through the TV channels.

GEORGE

I got to hand it to you. She's one of a kind.

RYAN

You think so, huh?

He looks away and smiles dreamily.

GEORGE

What was that?

RYAN

What was what?

GEORGE

That smile.

RYAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

He slowly crosses to the front door.

GEORGE

Sweet Jesus! You've actually been bitten by the love bug, haven't you?

RYAN

That's ridiculous. I don't fall in love.

George bursts out laughing.

GEORGE  
My, my, my, I never thought I'd  
live to see this day!

RYAN  
I have to get going.

He leaves the apartment, closing the door behind him.  
George calls out:

GEORGE  
(mockingly)  
Don't you want to stay and talk  
about it?

He wears a smirk.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Ryan and Jackson play an intense game of one-on-one. Ryan scores a basket, but tries to encourage the boy with a pat on the shoulder.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - LATER

Jackson fires a shot from the tree-point line and misses.  
Ryan takes the ball and passes it to the boy.

RYAN  
Make another.

Jackson shoots and scores.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
See? Practice makes you better.

JACKSON  
Is this how you became so good  
with the ladies? Practice?

RYAN  
You could say that. When I was  
your age I didn't know my ding  
from my dong! As I grew up, I  
learned how to play the game.

JACKSON  
Can you teach me? I wanna be  
like you.

RYAN  
Why would you want to be like me?

JACKSON

There's this girl at school that I really like. I want to be able to talk to her.

RYAN

You really like her?

The boy nods in response.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Then don't play her. Just tell her how you feel.

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Claire watches TV. The HORN of a car alarms her. She gets up, goes to the window and gazes outside. CLAIRE'S PARENTS (50s) stand next to their car in front of the building, waving at her. Claire waves back.

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The Walker family is gathered around the table at a friendly game of Scrabble.

CLAIRE'S FATHER

How are things at the store?

CLAIRE

Fine, dad. Like always. Me and Kadence are doing fine.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER

Never did trust that girl. There's something about her --

CLAIRE

Well, I do, mom.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER

And that boy you were seeing? Michael?

CLAIRE

We're not together anymore.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER

That's too bad. He seemed like such a nice boy.

Claire doesn't respond.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Are you seeing anybody else right  
now?

CLAIRE  
No.

CLAIRE'S FATHER  
When do we get to meet him?

CLAIRE  
Can you just play? It's been  
your turn for the past 10  
minutes.

EXT. CLAIRE'S BUILDING - DAY

Claire says her good-byes to her parents inside the car.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER  
Come and visit us sometime. It's  
been so long since you've been  
home.

CLAIRE  
I was kind of busy with the  
store, mom.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER  
That's not an excuse.

CLAIRE'S FATHER  
Your mother's right. We can't  
keep driving all the way from  
Jersey whenever we want to see  
you.

CLAIRE  
I'll try.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER  
We love you.

CLAIRE  
I love you, too.

The car drives away.

INT. JAMES' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan and FOUR FRIENDS sit around a table, playing poker.  
Friend #1 shows his cards. Straight flush.

FRIEND #1  
 And this is how the game is  
 played, gentlemen.

He collects the pile of chips at the center of the table.

FRIEND #2  
 Oh, come on! He cheated!

FRIEND #1  
 I believe that would be your  
 wife!

Everyone laughs. Ryan half-smiles.

FRIEND #3  
 Don't you think that was a little  
 below the belt?

FRIEND #1  
 My apologies. Ex-future wife!

The all laugh again, except Ryan.

FRIEND #2  
 Screw you, guys!

Offended, Friend #2 jerks to his feet and makes his way to  
 the kitchen.

RYAN  
 (to Friend #1)  
 Come on, why don't you drop it,  
 huh?

FRIEND #2 (O.S.)  
 No matter what you guys say, I  
 prefer to go to bed with the same  
 person every night.

FRIEND #1  
 (whispers)  
 I wish I could say the same about  
 your ex.

The men stifle a laugh. Friend #2 comes back with an open  
 beer bottle in his hands. He pats Friend #3 on the back.

FRIEND #2  
 Back me up here, will you?

FRIEND #3  
 (unconvincing)  
 Yep. Being in a committed  
 relationship is the best. Best-o  
 all the way.

FRIEND #2

There you go. Unlike these losers looking for different prey every night. Like a hungry pack of wolves.

Friend #1 puts his arms around Ryan and Friend #4.

FRIEND #1

Me and my cubs are more than proud to offer our services to the ladies of this city. Ungrudgingly!

FRIEND #2

I'm sorry to inform you, but a little one of yours has broken from the pack.

(off Friend #1's look)

That's right. From what I hear, our Ryan's gone straight.

Friend #1 addresses Ryan.

FRIEND #1

What's he talking about?

Ryan feels the eyes of everyone upon him.

RYAN

I've been dating this girl... for sometime now...

FRIEND #1

She must be a fireball in the sack to be keeping her around, right?

Before Ryan has the chance to answer.

FRIEND #1 (CONT'D)

That's my boy!

RYAN

Actually, it's not like that. This time I want to give it a shot. A real shot.

Friend #2 lets out a HOWL.

FRIEND #1

Are you kidding me?

RYAN

I think I'm ready for something more serious --

FRIEND #1

No, no, no, don't you even finish that sentence! No! I don't want to hear it!

FRIEND #2

(to Friend #1)

Didn't I tell you?

(to Ryan)

Welcome to the club!

Ryan breaks into a smile.

INT. PICK AND PAINT POTTERY SHOP - WORKROOM - MORNING

The workroom is surrounded with KIDS and PARENTS. Claire instructs a YOUNG GIRL how to paint a porcelain duck. She looks up, Ryan stands in front of her table. Claire is pleasantly surprised.

RYAN

I thought you owned a pottery shop.

CLAIRE

Not just "a" pottery shop. "A pick and paint" pottery shop. Have a seat.

Ryan sits down on the picnic table.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You want to try it?

RYAN

I haven't done this since elementary school.

CLAIRE

Just paint what's in your heart.

Ryan considers and takes a mug from the table. He picks up a brush, dips it in red color and paints. Fleeing glances and grins between him and Claire, as he colors the mug.

After a while, Ryan shows his finished work to Claire. A house with flowers and roads around it, as well as a small sun in the sky.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

That wasn't so hard, now, was it?

RYAN

What do you think?

CLAIRE

Honestly?

(after Ryan's look)

Your house is surrounded by many roads, which means you're trying to find your way out of something. A situation perhaps.

Ryan is both dumbfounded and impressed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

And it might seem odd, but drawings that reflect happiness, say that your mood is far from joyful. The small sun and flowers suggest that you're feeling melancholic.

RYAN

Wow, that was impressive. How do you know so much about interpreting drawings?

CLAIRE

My major in college was child psychotherapy.

RYAN

How come you've end up doing this?

CLAIRE

I was working with problematic children for a while, but it just wasn't for me. All the things you see.

Ryan nods in understanding.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

This way is much better.

INT. JILL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An 80's theme party is taking place. Michael Jackson, Madonna, Luke Skywalker, Indiana Jones are all here. A huge banner above the entrance reads: "GIRLS (AND BOYS) JUST WANNA HAVE FUN!"

Claire and Ryan walk through the door. She is dressed as Cyndi Lauper and he wears a wig in the fashion of Flock of Seagulls.

Kadence, dressed up as a punk rock girl, and Jill, dressed up as Karate Kid, greet them. Kadence's face falls into anger as soon as she sees Ryan.

JILL  
Welcome to the 80's!

KADENCE  
It's Cyndi Lauper and...?

RYAN  
Flock of Seagulls. Good to see  
you again, Kadence.

KADENCE  
(sarcastically)  
Always a pleasure.

They enter the apartment and mingle with the PARTY GUESTS.

JILL  
I'm signing you up for the  
breakdancing contest, right?

Claire is excited, Ryan doesn't share her enthusiasm. He  
rolls his eyes and turns to Jill.

RYAN  
Sure, why not?  
(to Claire)  
I'll go get us some drinks.

He gives Claire a brief kiss and marches off towards the  
bar.

INT. JILL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jill and Claire have some wine while watching Ryan talking  
to a Party Guest. Kadence stands alone in a corner,  
focused on her mobile phone.

JILL  
How's it going with you two?

CLAIRE  
Great. It's going great.

JILL  
I'm happy for you.

CLAIRE  
He's proven to be a lot different  
than I thought.

JILL  
Kadence says he'll end up  
breaking your heart.

CLAIRE  
He's not who he seems to be.  
(pauses)  
I think I'm starting to fall for  
him.

Jill beams and hugs her. Kadence and Claire exchange a glance.

JILL  
Can I plan the wedding? Please,  
please, please! You won't regret  
it!

A bitter smile crosses Claire's face.

CLAIRE  
Okay.

JILL  
This calls for a toast.  
Champagne! Don't you go  
anywhere!  
(to Kadence)  
I knew she'd be the first one to  
get married!

She rushes out of the kitchen. Kadence moves closer to Claire.

KADENCE  
How could you let that happen?

CLAIRE  
People fall in love, Kady.

KADENCE  
This is a terrible idea.

CLAIRE  
Can you stop patronizing me for  
one second? Let me live my life  
my way.

KADENCE  
I don't want to see you get hurt.

CLAIRE  
Trust me, I won't --

RYAN (O.S.)  
What are you girls talking about?

Ryan steps into the kitchen.

KADENCE  
Girl stuff.

RYAN

The contest's about to start.  
You still up for this?

Claire nods affirmatively and goes to Ryan. He looks over his shoulder at Kadence, staring at them leave.

MONTAGE:

-- Two Party Guests breakdance. People around them laugh and cheer them on.

-- Jill breakdances on her own.

-- Ryan and Claire dance among whistling and clapping.

END MONTAGE

INT./EXT. RYAN'S CAR - NIGHT

The car is parked outside Claire's building. Claire and Ryan are making out. Claire pulls away.

CLAIRE

I should go.

She gives Ryan one last kiss and hops out of the car. She holds the door open.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

All right, uh...

She wants to say "I love you," but hesitates.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

... good night.

Ryan nods in response. Claire closes the door and paces to her building.

INT. CLAIRE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Claire approaches the door to her apartment, lost in her thoughts. She puts the keys in the lock --

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Good evening, Claire.

Claire spins. MICHAEL (30, short, good looking) descends the stairway.

CLAIRE

Michael! What are you doing here?

MICHAEL  
I've been looking for you.

CLAIRE  
I thought I made it clear. I  
want you to stay away from me.

MICHAEL  
All am asking is a chance to make  
things right.

CLAIRE  
You don't deserve one.

MICHAEL  
Claire, listen to me --

Claire gets into her apartment and slams the door behind  
her. Michael bangs on the door.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Claire. Come on, open the door!  
Claire!

He gives up, anger building on his face.

INT. PICK AND PAINT POTTERY SHOP - DAY

Claire and Kadence stack some flowers on the shelves.  
Claire seems abstracted by her thoughts and accidentally  
drops a pot on the floor that shatters into pieces. She  
kneels down to clean up the mess.

KADENCE  
You need help, babe?

CLAIRE  
I got it.

She takes a broom and a scraper and sweeps the floor.

KADENCE  
What's the matter with you today?  
Everything all right with you and  
Ryan?

Claire nods slowly.

KADENCE (CONT'D)  
Something must've happened. You  
can't fool me.

CLAIRE  
Yesterday when I got home after  
the party, you won't believe who  
showed up at my door.

Claire looks at her questioningly.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Michael.

KADENCE  
Christ. How did he find you?

CLAIRE  
I have no idea. Did he call you?  
Did you tell him anything?

KADENCE  
Of course not! You know I'd  
never do that!

CLAIRE  
How did he know where I live?

Kadence shakes her head.

KADENCE  
What did he want?

CLAIRE  
To talk.

KADENCE  
Claire, don't tell me --

CLAIRE  
No! I didn't even let him in! I  
just slammed the door on his  
face!

KADENCE  
Are you going to be okay?

Claire slowly nods.

KADENCE (CONT'D)  
You want to sleep at my place  
tonight?

CLAIRE  
I'm going over to Ryan's.

Kadence nods in acknowledgment.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Just seeing him made me so angry!

KADENCE  
I know, honey. He can't hurt you  
anymore.

They lock each other in a warm embrace.

INT. CORAL BAR - NIGHT

It's closing time. Claire helps Ryan with the cleaning of the bar. He hums the melody of "Unforgettable" by Nat King Cole.

CLAIRE

What are you humming? I know this song.

RYAN

Something that got stuck in my head.

CLAIRE

What's the title?

RYAN

"Unforgettable." You know:  
"Unforgettable, that's what you are...!"

CLAIRE

You're not that bad of a singer.

Ryan laughs.

RYAN

It's a great song. The first one I learned how to play on the piano.

(pause)

It's the song my father played for my mom the night they first met. She fell in love with him because of that song.

Claire takes a step closer and looks at him straight in the eye.

CLAIRE

Play it for me.

RYAN

I can't do that, Claire.

CLAIRE

Why?

RYAN

I made a promise.

CLAIRE

To who?

RYAN

Myself.

A glass breaks in his hands, giving Ryan a bad cut on the right palm.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Goddamn --!

Claire bullets to him. Ryan folds some napkins on the wound.

CLAIRE

Can I see that?

RYAN

It's just a little cut. I'll be fine.

CLAIRE

Let me have a look.

Ryan reveals his cut.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

All right, where's your first aid kit?

INT. CORAL BAR - RYAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A first aid kit is left on the desk. Seated on the side, Ryan receives medical attention from Claire. She finishes up with a band aid.

CLAIRE

All done.

Ryan stares at her for several breaths.

RYAN

You really want to hear me play?

Claire looks up and beams.

INT. CORAL BAR - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ryan sits in front of the piano. Claire stands further away, watching him. He places his hands on the keys, bows his head. He plays "Unforgettable."

His hand seems to hurt, but not enough for him to stop. Claire listens to the song, the melody travelling her away. Ryan finishes, Claire glances at him dreamily.

RYAN  
I'm out of tune.

CLAIRE  
That was beautiful.

Ryan bows his head, a little embarrassed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
You have such an amazing gift.  
How could you turn your back on  
something like that?

Ryan doesn't have an answer and deftly avoids giving one.

RYAN  
Did you ever learn how to play?

CLAIRE  
I always wanted to, but my mother  
thought language lessons would be  
a more valuable asset to my  
future career.

RYAN  
Come here.

Claire is puzzled, but goes to him.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You'll have your first lesson.  
Free of charge.

Claire sits next to him. He crosses his one leg over the bench and puts her in between his legs.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Give me your hands.

Claire holds up her hands. Ryan studies them.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You've got piano fingers, you  
know that? Sweaty piano fingers.

Blushed, Claire pulls her hands away and tries to dry them on her blouse. Ryan nabs her arms.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Let me.

He caresses her hands and brings them close to his face. He locks eyes with Claire and blows in between her fingers. Slowly. Sensually. A smile creeps on the woman's face.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Much better. Now place your hands on the keys, level them with the floor. And relax your wrists.

Claire does. Ryan places his hands on top of Claire's.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Try not to push the keys too hard. Just follow my lead.

He leads Claire's fingers to the melody of "Unforgettable." Starting a little off tune, but slowly sounding good. Claire beams.

CLAIRE

We're playing!

RYAN

No. You're playing.

CLAIRE

You'd make a good teacher.

RYAN

You'd make an excellent student.

His lips brush down her neck. Their fingers intertwine and stop hitting the keys. Claire turns her head and the two engage in a soft kiss.

INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ryan is at his desk, surfing the net on his laptop. Reflective, he shifts his gaze to Claire sleeping on the bed.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The door BANGS. In his bathrobe, George hastes to it. He passes past a clock on the wall. It's 8:05.

GEORGE

Cool your jets! I'm coming!

He opens the door. To his surprise, Ryan blasts inside.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What the heck are you doing up eight in the morning? Did the clock stop?

RYAN

Nope. I had to talk to you.

GEORGE

Did you even get any sleep last night?

RYAN

Not much.

He sits at the table. Confused, George closes the door and sits next to Ryan.

GEORGE

What's going on?

RYAN

I've got an idea about the bar.

He reaches into his pocket and digs out a white piece of paper with listed prices of items. He gives it to George that reads it in perplexity.

GEORGE

What is all this?

RYAN

We always said we needed to give a new spirit to the Coral, so here it is.

GEORGE

"Furnishing, fitting, flooring?"  
You're talking about refurbishing the whole thing!

RYAN

And why not?

GEORGE

I'll tell you why the heck not!  
Who's going to cover this? I'm still paying the mortgage --

RYAN

George, George, George! I'm not asking you for money, all right? All I need to know is if you're with me on this.

GEORGE

You inherited a rich uncle I don't know about?

RYAN

I've got a little something saved up and I know this guy who can do the furnishing for a decent price. Hell, I'll even get a small loan if I have to.

GEORGE

I don't know, Ryan. It seems too much of a risk.

RYAN

I need you to trust me.

GEORGE

What did you have in mind?

RYAN

Bring back the "88."

George looks at him, confused.

EXT. CLAIRE'S TERRACE - AFTERNOON

A small garden terrace. Seated on a futon at the balcony railing, Claire writes something on a small scrapbook. She dreamily smiles into the afternoon sun.

Ryan steps outside. He goes to Claire and plants a kiss on her cheek. She closes the scrapbook.

CLAIRE

How are the preparations at the bar going?

RYAN

Good. Workers are starting tomorrow.

He notices the scrapbook.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

CLAIRE

Writing on my scrapbook.

RYAN

Anything about me?

CLAIRE

It's a scrapbook for flowers.

RYAN

What's that?

CLAIRE

Take a look.

She hands him the scrapbook. Ryan leafs through the pages of the dried flowers, impressed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
All the flowers I ever had are in  
my scrapbooks.

RYAN  
Look at all this. How did you  
make all of this?

CLAIRE  
You dry the flowers, write down  
everything you can remember about  
them and just... close the book.

RYAN  
It's really amazing work.

CLAIRE  
I've been doing it for years.  
This way I can keep their memory  
alive.

RYAN  
You get to have them forever.

CLAIRE  
Right.

Ryan bends down, takes her hand and kisses it.

RYAN  
What would you write about me?

CLAIRE  
Hmm... Let me think.  
(pause)  
Handsome, great body, gentle  
eyes, dazzling smile...

She takes a smell of his neck.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
... and smells like gardenias in  
bloom. Then I'd cut out this  
little nose...

She bites Ryan's nose. They start to tickle and play.  
Laughter fills the air.

EXT. CORAL BAR - DAY

A TECHNICIAN on a ladder undoes the screws that hold the  
sign "CORAL BAR." Ryan and Jackson stand under him.

RYAN  
Did you talk to your girl?

JACKSON  
Not yet. But I will.

The two grab the sign and ease it down on the sidewalk.

RYAN  
Easy, easy. That's good.  
(pause)  
Remember. Be honest with her.

He takes a couple steps back and glances at the empty wall.  
A broad smile spreads across his face.

A limousine pulls up on the sidewalk behind him. The rear window rolls down and Shane appears inside the luxurious vehicle.

SHANE  
I see you've been saving me some work.

Ryan laughs ironically.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
You got five minutes?

RYAN  
It's a really busy day.

SHANE  
I won't keep you. You got my word.

Ryan contemplates, opens the door and gets in.

INT. SHANE'S LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Ryan takes a seat opposite from Shane.

SHANE  
Would you like some water?  
Coffee?

RYAN  
Thanks, I'm all right.

SHANE  
Why are you bringing down the sign?

RYAN  
We're making a few changes.

SHANE  
Ryan, why are you bothering with this, eh?  
(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)  
You're a bartender, not a  
manager. There's no shame in  
that.

Ryan is visibly offended by the comment.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
You should let the management to  
the people that know how to do  
it.

RYAN  
I've been running the Coral for  
ten years and we seem to be doing  
just fine.

SHANE  
Let me ask you this. Is ever  
"just fine" good enough?

Ryan doesn't answer. Shane pulls out a cheque from his  
jacket pocket.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
My final offer... for 50 percent  
of the Coral.

He hands over the cheque to Ryan. The young man glares at  
the numbers in stunned silence.

RYAN  
That is... very generous.

SHANE  
Talk to your uncle. When you  
have finally decided, this will  
be waiting for you.

They shake hands.

EXT. CORAL BAR - CONTINUOUS

Ryan steps out of the limo. Through the open window:

SHANE  
Have a good day. And don't wear  
out yourself too much. It's not  
worth it.

Ryan watches the limousine drive off.

INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

George and Ryan sit at the table.

RYAN  
So what do you think?

GEORGE  
That son of a bitch!  
(pauses; thinks)  
It's a lot of money. We could  
start a new life. Both of us.

RYAN  
Are you seriously thinking about  
this?

GEORGE  
I'm just saying it could be a  
chance --

RYAN  
A chance for what? This was my  
father's bar!

GEORGE  
And mine.

RYAN  
Yeah, but you're here and he's  
not! It's all I have left of  
him, George.

George nods solemnly.

GEORGE  
You're right. Come here.

He puts his arms around Ryan.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I don't know what got into me.  
I'm with you whatever you decide  
to do.

MONTAGE:

-- Ryan steps out of Shane's office and a grin spreads to  
his eyes. Shane shakes his head, disappointingly.

-- George watches a few WORKERS refurbishing the bar.  
Floors, furniture, walls.

-- Claire and Ryan paint mugs in the workroom.

-- The piano is in its original place at the back of the  
bar. Ryan stares at it, a wave of memories coming back to  
him.

-- Claire and Ryan play one-on-one basketball.

-- Ryan waters the flower in his kitchen that has grown considerably.

-- The sign: "EIGHTY8 CORAL BAR" is set outside the bar. Ryan and George stand under it with wide smiles on their faces.

-- Ryan teaches Claire how to play the piano.

-- Ryan plays the piano alone. George stands in the doorway and studies him, a wisp of gratification at the corner of his mouth.

END MONTAGE

INT. RYAN'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Claire stands outside Ryan's apartment and KNOCKS on the door. No answer. She sighs in disappointment. George's door opens.

GEORGE

How are you, sweetness? Looking for Ryan?

CLAIRE

We were suppose to meet, but he's not home.

GEORGE

(clears throat)

He, uh, he told me that he'd be running late in case you asked.

CLAIRE

Why didn't he call me? Anyway, I'll go to the store and come back later.

GEORGE

Let me drive you.

CLAIRE

I don't want to trouble you, George. I'll take the subway.

GEORGE

Nonsense! There's no trouble at all.

He grabs his jacket from the coat rack and shuts the door.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I also want us to have a little chat.

Claire watches him move away with mild curiosity.

INT. GEORGE'S TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

George is behind the wheel of his pickup truck, Claire in the passenger seat.

GEORGE

Claire, we've known each other for sometime now, but we never had the chance to talk. Just you and me.

CLAIRE

That's true. What did you want to talk about --?

GEORGE

I wanted to thank you.

CLAIRE

For what?

GEORGE

For what you've done with him. Before you, he was a ghost. No purpose, no goals, but then you came along. You've changed him. I've never seen him happier.

Claire smiles coyly.

CLAIRE

I don't know about that.

GEORGE

Take my word for it.

(pause)

Has he told you he loves you?

Claire shakes her head.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You have to give him time. He might not say it, but he does. He really loves you.

Emotion surges within Claire.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And I see that you love him, too. You're going to be so happy together.

Claire stifles a smile and shifts her gaze to the window. An OLD COUPLE strolls down the street hand in hand. Sadness passes over Claire's face.

INT./EXT. GEORGE'S TRUCK - DAY

Still contorted with sadness, Claire peers out the window. The truck has stopped outside the Pick and Paint.

GEORGE  
Sweetheart, we're here.

Slightly disoriented, Claire looks around.

CLAIRE  
Sorry, I didn't realize.

GEORGE  
Are you okay?

CLAIRE  
A little dizzy, that's all.  
Thanks for the ride.

She gets off the car and goes to the store.

INT. PICK AND PAINT POTTERY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Claire saunters in. No one in sight.

CLAIRE  
Kadence? Hello?

All of a sudden, PEOPLE in party hats jump from their hiding places around the store and shout:

PEOPLE  
SURPRISE!

Claire stands petrified. Her parents, Kadence, Jill, Ryan, they are all here. Claire gazes back at the doors. George walks in with a grin on his face. Kadence and Jill hurry to their friend.

KADENCE  
Happy birthday, honey!

They hug and kiss Claire. Ryan stays at a distance and waves at her. Claire flickers a smile. Her parents approach her.

CLAIRE  
Mom! Dad! I can believe you  
came --

As they move to her, Michael is revealed in the background. Immediately, Claire's face darkens. She embraces her mother and father, her eyes never leaving him.

INT. PICK AND PAINT POTTERY SHOP - WORKROOM - DAY

The party is in full swing. People are dancing, chatting, having a good time. Claire and Kadence talk in a corner. Claire is clearly upset, staring at Michael conversing with her father.

CLAIRE

What the hell is he doing here?

KADENCE

He came with your parents! What was I supposed to do?

CLAIRE

I'll go talk to him.

KADENCE

Come on, hon, don't make a scene. It's your birthday.

CLAIRE

I don't care. This has to end once and for all!

She darts to Michael, brushing past Ryan coming towards her. He addresses Kadence.

RYAN

Where's she going?

KADENCE

She'll be right back.

On the other side of the room, Claire approaches Michael and her father.

CLAIRE'S FATHER

There's the birthday gal! I was just telling Mike, about the ant farm we got you for your eighth birthday. Remember that?

(to Michael)

We come home the next day, the house is full of ants! She said they had to be free!

He laughs. Claire whispers to Michael's ear.

CLAIRE

I want to see you. Outside.

Michael nods. Across the room, Ryan confers with Jill. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Claire and Michael head to the back door.

JILL  
So when's the big opening?

RYAN  
Next week.

JILL  
We won't miss it for the world.

RYAN  
Thanks. I'll be sure to save you a spot.

EXT. PICK AND PAINT POTTERY SHOP - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Claire and Michael come out of the store.

CLAIRE  
Why are you here?

MICHAEL  
Your parents invited me.

CLAIRE  
They never would, if they knew what piece of work you are!

MICHAEL  
Claire, when are you going to forgive me?

CLAIRE  
How can I forgive you? Is there a way I can do that? Because I don't see one!

MICHAEL  
I'm a changed man.

CLAIRE  
What you did can't change! You can't take that back!

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Is everything all right here?

George stands a few feet away, having a cigarette.

MICHAEL  
Why don't you mind your own business, huh?

CLAIRE

George, please. I need you to stay out of this.

(to Michael)

I don't want you in my life anymore! You understand that? It's over!

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL

I know I screwed up, but there's too much between us to just throw away! I love you.

George puts his hand on Michael's shoulder.

GEORGE

Look, why don't you just go? You're clearly not welcome.

MICHAEL

I said mind your business, old man!

He shoves George away, sending him to the ground. Ryan bursts through the door and grabs Michael. Claire's eyes widen in alarm.

CLAIRE

No, Ryan!

Ryan falls on top of Michael and punches him repeatedly. Claire pulls him away with a SCREAM. Kadence, Jill and Claire's parents emerge from the store, frightened.

Claire stands there stupefied, her eyes dart to the people around her. All of a sudden, she storms back inside.

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everyone is around the living room, concerned expressions on their faces. Ryan waits near the bedroom. The door opens and Kadence steps out.

KADENCE

She had a long day. She just needs to rest.

Ryan tries to get in the room. Kadence cuts in front of him, but sees the determination in his eyes.

KADENCE (CONT'D)

Don't be too long.

Ryan nods and enters the room.

## INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Claire is in her bed, the color has drained from her face, her eyes are cried out. As soon as she sees Ryan, she quickly wipes her tears. He goes to Claire, sits on the side of the bed and takes her hand.

CLAIRE

I wish you hadn't seen me like that. I should have explained how things were between me and Michael.

RYAN

It's okay. Don't worry about it.

CLAIRE

We were together for two years. It started off good, but he was becoming possessive.

RYAN

Claire, you don't have to do this.

CLAIRE

Yes, I do.

Ryan nods.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

He wouldn't even let me go out with my friends. He thought I was going to cheat on him.

(pauses)

And this one day, we were arguing quite heatedly and he, uh... lost control...

She turns her head and moves a bang of hair to uncover a three-inch scar. Her eyes fill with a storm of emotions. Ryan is shocked. He touches the scar, leans down and kisses it gently.

RYAN

He's not here anymore. I am.

He tucks her hair behind her ear and plants a soft kiss on her forehead. Claire closes her eyes. When she opens them again, a gift-wrapped present waits on her lap. She eyes Ryan.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You didn't get to open your presents.

Claire breaks into a smile and tears open the wrapping paper. It's an elegant crystal rose.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You can keep this one forever.

Tearful, Claire smiles to him.

CLAIRE  
It's beautiful. Thank you so much.

RYAN  
Try to get some rest.

He rises and crosses to the door. He stops for a moment, wanting to say something, but no words come out. He exits.

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everybody is leaving the apartment. Kadence shows them out.

KADENCE  
She'll call you when she feels better. Take care.  
(to Claire's parents)  
She'll be just fine. Have a safe trip back.

Ryan is left last.

KADENCE (CONT'D)  
Go home. I'll stay with her.

RYAN  
Not a chance.

KADENCE  
I think it might be better if you gave her a little space.

RYAN  
If you don't want me to wait in the apartment, I'll stay out in the hall, but I'm not leaving her.

Kadence smiles.

KADENCE  
Fine. How about I stay with her for now and you can come back in a few hours?

Ryan ponders his options.

RYAN  
Okay. Call me if you need  
anything.

Ryan exits and Kadence closes the door. Claire steps out  
of her bedroom and motions to the middle of the living  
room.

CLAIRE  
Is everyone gone?

KADENCE  
Yeah.

Kadence picks her way to one of the windows.

KADENCE (CONT'D)  
I can't do it anymore, Claire.

CLAIRE  
Don't back out on me. I trusted  
you.

KADENCE  
It's gone far enough. You have  
to come clean.

CLAIRE  
I'm not ready. Not yet.

KADENCE  
It's not fair to anyone.  
Especially him.

Claire just stares at her friend.

KADENCE (CONT'D)  
You have to put an end to all  
this... or I'll have to do it for  
you. I'm sorry, honey.

Claire nods in acknowledgment.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emotionally numb, Claire sits in a corner, curled up in a  
ball. The crystal rose is in her hands.

Abruptly, she throws it at the wall across from her,  
shattering it to pieces. She bursts into tears.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - LATER

The door opens slowly and Ryan creeps into the room. Claire is in the same position as before, her eyes swollen from crying.

RYAN  
Claire?

CLAIRE  
Where's Kadence?

RYAN  
She went home. I'll stay with you.

CLAIRE  
No, I don't want you here. You should go.

Ryan paces to her side and spots the broken glass on the floor. He kneels down to pick up the pieces.

RYAN  
How did this happen?

Claire launches to her feet.

CLAIRE  
Nothing lasts forever, Ryan. You should know that. Everything has to end... sooner or later.

RYAN  
What are you saying?

CLAIRE  
I can't see you anymore.

Ryan takes a few steps towards her, grabs her arms and gazes into her eyes.

RYAN  
I understand that you're upset and if you want to be alone --

CLAIRE  
That's exactly what I want! This was a mistake. All of it.

RYAN  
Why would you say that? What's going on, Claire?

CLAIRE  
 There are things about me you  
 don't know!

RYAN  
 Then why don't you tell me? Why  
 won't you let me in? I want to  
 know you inside out.

CLAIRE  
 No, you don't! You don't want to  
 know me!

She turns her back to Ryan.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 I need you to leave.

RYAN  
 Claire...

CLAIRE  
 LEAVE!

Ryan nods solemnly and slowly walks out of the room.

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ryan treads along the living room and suddenly stops in his  
 tracks. He rushes back into the bedroom.

RYAN  
 I'm not going anywhere and you  
 want to know why?

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ryan barges into the room.

RYAN  
 Because I love --!

His eyes widen. Claire is crumpled down on the floor.  
 Ryan rockets to her, bends down and clasps her in his arms.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Claire? Talk to me! Claire!  
 CLAIRE!

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Claire rests on a hospital bed, connected to a heart  
 monitor and an IV.

Ryan stands against the window, staring at her through the pane of glass. Kadence comes running down the corridor.

KADENCE

What happened?! Where is she?!

She follows Ryan's gaze into the room.

RYAN

The doctors are waiting for the results. They said she'll be out for a few hours.

KADENCE

Oh, God. Oh, God, I knew this would happen.

Ryan looks at her dead in the eye.

RYAN

Kadence... please tell me the truth.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - LATER

Ryan and Kadence sit down on a bench.

KADENCE

When that sack of shit cracked her head open, the bleeding and infection caused a brain damage.

RYAN

"Brain damage?" What's, uh --?

KADENCE

A permanent form of dementia. Gradual memory loss.

Ryan is speechless, uncertain of what to think or say.

KADENCE (CONT'D)

Six months from now, a year at best, she won't have recollection of anything or anybody in her life.

Ryan's expression melts to chagrin. He rises and paces back and forth.

RYAN

All this time, she seemed...

KADENCE

I know.

RYAN  
Who else knows?

KADENCE  
Nobody. Just me. She made me  
promise not to tell anyone.

Devastated, Ryan walks off without a word.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Kadence emerges through the hospital doors. Ryan is seated on a bench a few yards away. She goes to him and comes before him.

RYAN  
It's not fair.

KADENCE  
When has anything in life been  
fair?

RYAN  
How could she keep this from me?

KADENCE  
The same reason she kept it from  
everyone else. She didn't want  
people to look at her  
differently.

RYAN  
I wasn't "everyone else."

A silence settles between them.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Is there a way to --? Some kind  
of treatment?

Kadence shakes her head.

KADENCE  
She tried, saw dozens of doctors.  
They all said the same thing.

RYAN  
Why would she get involved with  
me if she knew one day it will be  
over?

Kadence shrugs.

KADENCE

At first, I thought she was just looking for a fling, but that wasn't it. She saw something in you.

Ryan nods slowly.

KADENCE (CONT'D)

Does she know?

RYAN

What?

KADENCE

That you love her.

RYAN

I hope she does.

They both smile.

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - DAWN

A spectacular view of the Manhattan skyline. The sun kisses the horizon.

INT. HOSPITAL - CLAIRE'S ROOM - MORNING

Claire slowly opens her eyes, completely disoriented. Her vision goes in and out of clarity. Bright colors all around her.

As her sight regains, she realizes the room is filled with flowers and plants. Ryan sleeps on a chair next to her bed. She glances at him for a while.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER (O.S.)

She's up! She's waking up!

Her mother rockets into the room. Ryan wakes up with a jolt and turns his gaze to Claire, her eyes still on him. Her father, Jill and Kadence also hurry inside the room. Claire's mother hugs her daughter.

CLAIRE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell us, Claire?  
We would've understood. We're  
your parents for God's sake!

Her husband pulls her away.

CLAIRE'S FATHER

Now is not the time.

KADENCE  
How are you feeling, hon?

CLAIRE  
Exhausted. Like I've been out  
running.

She notices the flowers.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Who did all this?

JILL  
It was Ryan's idea.

Claire and Ryan lock eyes.

CLAIRE  
Can you give us a minute?

Everyone leaves the room. Claire and Ryan are left alone.  
They stay silent for a moment.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I don't know what  
else to say.

RYAN  
How could you do this?

CLAIRE  
There's no excuse for what I did,  
but try to understand --

RYAN  
What I don't understand is "why."  
Why spend the time you have left  
with someone like me?

CLAIRE  
People spend their whole life  
searching for what I found in  
you.

In mute anger, Ryan bolts up and goes to a window.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Every day, every single day, I  
wanted to tell you, I tried to  
tell you, but I couldn't.

RYAN  
You should've tried harder! If I  
knew right from the start, I  
wouldn't have bothered!

CLAIRE  
What? Sleeping with me?

RYAN  
Falling in love with you.

Claire is near tears and tries to sit up. She lets out a painful gasp. Ryan darts to Claire's bed, kneels next to her and takes her hand. Their eyes are very involved.

CLAIRE  
I feel the same way... that's why  
I have to let you go.

Ryan stares at her in surprise.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
And if you really love me, you'll  
do the same.

RYAN  
No. Never. We'll find a way to  
make this work.

CLAIRE  
There is no way, Ryan. I beg  
you, don't make things any  
harder.

RYAN  
Don't run away.

CLAIRE  
I have to.

Ryan stares at her for a long moment. Suddenly, he springs up and storms out as a DOCTOR enters the room, a patient chart in hand.

DOCTOR  
Good day, Ms. Walker.

Claire's family, Kadence and Jill hasten into the room. The Doctor reads the chart.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
We just got your test results  
back and we have some good news  
for you...

Everyone listens with rapt attention, except for Claire. Her gaze is fixated on Ryan walking away.

EXT. CLAIRE'S BUILDING - DAY

Claire's mother and Kadence help Claire out of a taxi. Her father opens the door to her building.

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Claire waters her plants. Kadence stands in a corner watching her.

KADENCE

Your parents are on the way. I have to go back to the store. Do you need anything before I leave?

Claire shakes her head.

KADENCE (CONT'D)

Keep in mind what the doctor said, huh? Try to save your strength.

CLAIRE

My flowers need more care than I do.

KADENCE

Nothing can change you one bit.

Claire shakes her head once more.

KADENCE (CONT'D)

I'll call you later.

She heads for the door.

CLAIRE

Kady?

Kadence turns around.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for everything I've put you through.

Kadence acknowledges with a smile.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

A three-on-three basketball game is on. Ryan tries his best to hold defence. Despite his efforts, Teenage Boy #1 scores a basket in front of him and tosses him a wink in mockery. Anger flushes over Ryan's face.

As the play continues, Ryan's team is again on defence. A shot is made, Ryan and Teenage Boy #1 both jump for the rebound. Ryan sends an elbow on the Teenage Boy's face and gets the ball. The Boy is pushed across the court. He lifts his head up, blood dripping down his nose.

The rest of the players stare at Ryan with judgmental eyes. The Boy wipes his nose and looks at the blood on his palm. He turns to Ryan.

TEENAGE BOY #1  
What the hell's the matter with you?

TEENAGE BOY #2  
I think you better go, man.

Ryan throws the ball away and storms off. As he exits the court, crosses paths with Jackson.

JACKSON  
Ryan, I got to talk to you.

RYAN  
Not right now, Jackson.

JACKSON  
It will take two minutes.

He follows Ryan.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
The girl I was telling you about?  
I did what you told me and she --

Ryan halts and spins.

RYAN  
Look, you're going to have to learn how to deal with your own problems. I can't keep doing it for you, okay?

He rushes away leaving Jackson with a stunned expression on his face.

INT. EIGHTY8 CORAL BAR - DAY

Halfway drunk, Ryan sits at the piano, an empty bottle of wine by his feet. George slowly approaches him.

GEORGE  
I heard what happened. I'm sorry.

Ryan stays silent.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Will you see her again?

RYAN

She broke up with me.

GEORGE

That's a shame. I thought you  
two would --

RYAN

Well, you thought wrong!

He bangs his hand on the keys.

GEORGE

It's better to have loved and  
lost...

RYAN

And how would you know, huh? You  
were too selfish to love anyone  
besides yourself and you want to  
talk to me about love?

GEORGE

That's not true and you know it.

RYAN

Then why don't you tell me what  
is true?

GEORGE

Some people go through life never  
finding someone.

RYAN

You didn't find anybody so you  
threw in the towel? You let life  
pass you by without even --!

GEORGE

All right, that's enough. I  
think you better get upstairs.

RYAN

Goddamn it! Stop treating me  
like I'm a child! Like I'm your  
child!

GEORGE

I've been taking care of you as  
if you were mine. Since day one.

RYAN

Nobody asked you to.

GEORGE

You little punk. And you're calling me selfish? I never loved anyone besides myself? What do you think I did you, eh?

RYAN

You weren't my father and never will be.

He rises and staggers out of the bar.

INT. RYAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan stands by the window, peering outside. Dark clouds swirl in the sky. A tear flows down his cheek. Heavy rain starts to fall.

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire leans against the wall, looking at the raindrops tapping on the window.

INT. RYAN'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Ryan steps into the kitchen and gazes outside the window. On the sill, the flower is almost dead, rained down from the previous night.

Ryan darts to the window, opens it and takes the half-dead plant inside. He tenderly touches its leaves.

INT. EIGHTY8 CORAL BAR - DAY

The final preparations of the opening day are on the way. A crew of WORKERS hangs paintings on the walls. George and Ryan set up their bar. There is ice in the air. They exchange a brief glance.

GEORGE

We have to talk.

RYAN

If it's about the other night --

GEORGE

It's not about that. Something has come up.

He makes his way to the exit. Ryan follows him.

EXT. EIGHTY8 CORAL BAR - DAY

George fires up a smoke. Ryan stands next to him, a puzzled look on his face.

RYAN

Okay, what's going on?

GEORGE

This might sound a little out-of-the-way, but I've been discussing with Shane...

(pauses)

...about selling my share of the Coral.

Ryan cannot believe his ears.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I just want to make sure you're okay with it first.

Ryan smiles in disbelief.

RYAN

You're messing with me, right? Because I know you wouldn't do something like that.

George stares at him, a slight embarrassment in his eyes.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I don't believe it! For God's sake, how can you do this?

GEORGE

You were right. It's time for me to pick up the towel. I found a nice, little restaurant uptown just enough money of my share from the bar.

Ryan shakes his head disbelievingly.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

This isn't easy for me either. I hope you can understand.

RYAN

How can I, George? When you're selling my father? 'Cause that's what you're doing! You're not selling a bar! You're selling your own blood --!

GEORGE

Don't speak to me like that! I would have given my own soul to save his!

RYAN

Then how can you give up all that's left of him?

GEORGE

When are you going to realize these are only things? Your dad is not these walls, or floors, or tables! He's here...

(touches his head)

...and here...

(touches his heart)

Keep him alive inside of you. Everything else don't matter.

Both men are bent with emotion and they hug.

RYAN

I'm so sorry.

GEORGE

I'm sorry, too.

INT. EIGHTY8 CORAL BAR - NIGHT

The piano bar is literally packed with people. Mika whirls around the bar, serving drinks on her tray. So does Ryan behind the counter. Shane talks to George at the end of the counter. He motions to Ryan's side and offers his hand to him.

SHANE

I shouldn't have doubted you. You've done a terrific job.

Ryan shakes his hand.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Ryan, I don't want you to see me as the enemy. I knew your father and I respected him as a person and as a manager. And you got my word I'll respect the Coral.

RYAN

I appreciate that. Thanks.

Shane leaves. Jill and Kadence approach the bar. Ryan's eyes scan the place for Claire, but never find her.

JILL  
 Congratulations, Ryan! The place  
 looks superb!

KADENCE  
 Really. Good for you.

RYAN  
 Thanks a lot, girls. Thank you.  
 (pause)  
 Where's Claire?

Kadence just stares at him. Jill shakes her head. Ryan  
 nods in acknowledgment. He clears the bartop in front of  
 him.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 I've got your seats right here.  
 What can I get you?

INT. EIGHTY8 CORAL BAR - NIGHT

The patrons are having an excellent time. Abruptly, the  
 lights go out and the SOUND of a PIANO fills the bar. The  
 piano is spotlighted. Ryan plays an marvelous tune, his  
 notes amaze people. George glances at him, more proud of  
 him than ever.

INT. EIGHTY8 CORAL BAR - LATER

Ryan finishes another song. People clap enthusiastically.  
 He beams and looks up. His gaze goes from Jill to Kadence,  
 to Mika and finally to George. To all the people, but the  
 one he truly wants to be there.

EXT. EIGHTY8 CORAL BAR - NIGHT

Mika strides away from the bar. The neon sign is turned  
 off.

INT. EIGHTY8 CORAL BAR - NIGHT

George pulls down some switches and a few lights come off.  
 Ryan is still at the piano, hitting a few keys with one  
 hand. George sees him and sighs. He crosses to him and  
 stands above him.

GEORGE  
 Look, don't take this the wrong  
 way, but maybe it's time for you  
 to forget about her and move on.

Ryan turns his gaze to him, immerse pain in his eyes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I know, but it's probably for the best.

(pause)

Let's get some sleep, huh? It's been a long night.

He pats Ryan on the back and makes a few steps towards the door.

RYAN

George...

The old man spins.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I want to tell this girl that I love her and I'm going to need your help...

George breaks into a grin.

GEORGE

Can't it wait 'till tomorrow?

Ryan grins.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire rest sleepless on her bed. MUSIC from a PIANO playing in the distance. She sits up, trying to hear a little better. The song is familiar. "Unforgettable." She rolls out of bed and rockets to the living room.

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Claire dashes to a nearby window and peers outside. Ryan sits at his piano in the middle of the sidewalk, playing the song.

EXT. CLAIRE'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Ryan's Friends and George stand by his truck parked further away. Through the glass, Claire's eyes meet Ryan's. They hold a moment.

Suddenly, the woman moves away from the window. Wondered, Ryan looks at his Friends and George.

A few moments later, the door of the building opens and Claire steps out. She makes her way to Ryan, her eyes glued on him. Ryan stands up and meets her half-way.

RYAN

I know you're scared... but you don't have to fight this alone. We'll find a way... if you let us try. Yeah?

Emotion overtaking her, Claire gives him a grin and nods emphatically. They kiss.

EXT. BOTANICAL PARK - DAY

Ryan and Claire stride among the colorful flowers.

RYAN

So you want to talk about it?

CLAIRE

(faking memory loss)  
Talk about what? Hey, who are you again?

RYAN

Come on, cut it out. It's not funny.

CLAIRE

It's a little funny.

They share a look and a smile.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What? There isn't that much to talk about.

RYAN

Don't put me on the sideline, Claire.

CLAIRE

What can I say? My life turned upside-down in the blink of an eye. Everything I have now, one day will be taken from me. And I know that...

(pause)

... I'm just trying to deal with it.

Ryan nods understandingly and takes her hand.

RYAN

You're not alone.

Claire's face is suffused with tenderness. The couple engages in a deep kiss.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You want to do something fun?

CLAIRE  
Like what?

RYAN  
I've made you a promise I didn't  
keep.

Claire's eyes squint curiously.

EXT. BRYANT PARK - DAY

The carousel is now open. Claire and Ryan ride one horse each, seeming radiantly happy. Claire takes a picture.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Jackson and some Teenage Boys sit on a bench, taking a time out from their game. Their talks and laughs are loud.

A few yards away, Ryan approaches the door of the bard wired fence. He makes eye contact with Jackson, but the boy carries on with his conversation as if he never saw him. Ryan is disappointed and moves a bit closer. He addresses Jackson.

RYAN  
Hey. Can we talk?

The boy ignores him.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Jackson, come on!

Jackson wears a look of distress, stands up and paces to Ryan. Teenage Boy #1 shouts:

TEENAGE BOY #1  
Tell him, he ain't playing!

Jackson comes before Ryan.

JACKSON  
What do you want?

RYAN  
Spend some time with you.

JACKSON  
You managed to fit me into your  
schedule?

RYAN

I've been a jerk. You know I didn't mean what I said. I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings. Friends?

He extends his hand for a handshake. Jackson glares at it for a while, then grabs it.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'll be there whenever you need me. No matter what.

The boy nods.

RYAN (CONT'D)

So what about this girl?

Shyly, Jackson looks over his shoulder at the Teenage Boys. He moves further away to a more discreet spot.

JACKSON

I did just like you said. I finally told her how I feel.

RYAN

And what did she say?

JACKSON

She walked out on me and we didn't speak for a week.

Ryan frowns.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

But then yesterday, she came over and told me she was into me since ninth grade, but was too scared to say anything. I got a girlfriend now!

RYAN

Wow! That's great! I knew you could do it.

JACKSON

Me? It was you all along. If you hadn't pushed me to tell her the truth, things could have been different.

RYAN

Nah. Love always finds a way.

Ryan considers these words.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 (under his breath)  
 It always finds a way.  
 (to Jackson)  
 I'm proud of you!

They shake hands again.

INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire sleeps on the bed in the half-light. With his clothes still on, Ryan spoons behind her and wraps his arms around her.

RYAN  
 (whispers)  
 We'll always be together. Love  
 will find a way for us.

He plants a kiss on her bare shoulder. Claire opens her eyes, both moved and unconvinced.

INT. GEORGE'S RESTAURANT - DAY

George walks among the few tables of the restaurant, leading the tour of the place to Ryan and Claire. The space is small, but cozy and friendly.

GEORGE  
 ... this the main restaurant.  
 It's seven tables in this area  
 and another three at the back.  
 Let me show you my favorite part.

INT. GEORGE'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY

A huge kitchen, almost as big as the main restaurant itself.

GEORGE  
 The kitchen!

Enthusiasm takes over him, as he darts from counter to counter showing the cookware to Claire and Ryan.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 We keep all the pots, pans and  
 ladles up here! Over there we  
 have the trays and the bake  
 liners --!

RYAN  
 George, take it easy.

George stops to catch his breath.

GEORGE  
This is what I've always wanted!

CLAIRE  
The place is just lovely. We  
wish you all the luck in the  
world, George.

RYAN  
Yeah.

Ryan and George hold a look.

GEORGE  
It's a nice, little restaurant,  
nothing showy, but I guarantee  
you the food's excellent!

They all smile.

INT. GEORGE'S RESTAURANT - DAY

George and the couple have lunch, happy faces on every one.  
George is in the middle of a story.

GEORGE  
... and without a second thought  
he punches the man right in the  
face!

Claire drops her jaw.

RYAN  
He wouldn't pay!

GEORGE  
He was drunk as a log!

Ryan lowers his head in embarrassment.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Later that night, he confessed to  
me he had regretted it and tried  
to find the man to apologize.

RYAN  
I'm not sure about that.

GEORGE  
You did.  
(to Claire)  
He did. Although a troublemaker,  
he always had a heart of gold.

Claire and Ryan share a look. She touches his hand.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
What about you, Claire? Any stories you wouldn't be too embarrassed to share?

CLAIRE  
There's always a little something to dig up.

GEORGE  
Let's hear it.

Claire tries to remember.

CLAIRE  
I had just opened the store, it wouldn't be more than four or five days, and a man walks in and tells me he wants flowers for his partner's birthday...

Her eyes blink in nothingness.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
He comes in the store... He, uh...

Claire seems not to be able to put a sentence in order.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
... I wouldn't even considered going there...

Suddenly, she stops talking and gazes around her as if she never been there before.

RYAN  
Claire? Claire, look at me, please. Look into my eyes.

The woman stares at him blankly. Him and George share a concerned glance.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Claire?

CLAIRE  
Ryan...

RYAN  
Yes.  
(pauses; smiles)  
Are you tired? You want me to take you home?

Claire tries to continue where she left of.

CLAIRE

... And when he says "partner" I immediately assume it's a woman. Let me save you the suspense, it wasn't!

George and Ryan smile in awkwardness.

RYAN

I think we should be heading back.

CLAIRE

Why can't we stay? Is there something wrong?

RYAN

No. Everything's fine.

He shares another look with George.

INT. RYAN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

A skeptical Ryan drives his car through the streets of New York. Next to him, Claire glares at him with concern.

CLAIRE

You haven't said a word since we left the restaurant. What's the matter?

RYAN

I got a little headache.

CLAIRE

Did anything happen?

RYAN

Let's just forget about it, okay?

CLAIRE

What? Tell me.

RYAN

You honestly don't remember?

Claire shakes her head.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You blanked out for a moment. It seemed like you didn't know where you were or who we are...

Claire is stunned.

CLAIRE  
I didn't even realize.  
(pause)  
It's starting to happen, isn't  
it?

Ryan takes her hand.

RYAN  
It's going to be all right.  
We're in this together.

Claire slowly nods, doubt in her gaze.

EXT. CLAIRE'S TERRACE - NIGHT

Claire sits out in the terrace, admiring the glimmering view of the city. She seems troubled by her thoughts.

Ryan comes through the door with a blanket in his hands and covers the young woman. He takes a seat behind her with his legs wrapped around her.

RYAN  
What are you doing out here?  
It's getting cold.

CLAIRE  
I couldn't sleep.

RYAN  
Is there something I can do to  
help?

He kisses Claire's neck. She closes her eyes, feeling every touch.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Come on. Let's go back inside.

He stands up, pulling Claire's arm, but she won't move. Ryan gives her a quizzical look.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
All right. I'll wait for you in  
bed.

He lets go and goes for the door.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
You want to know what my worst  
fear is?

Ryan halts and turns around.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
That one day I'll close my eyes  
and when I open them you won't be  
there.

Ryan stands still.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
You're the most important thing  
in my life and just the idea of  
losing you --

Ryan rockets to her and falls on his knees in front of her.

RYAN  
You won't. You won't lose me,  
okay? You can't.

CLAIRE  
But I am. Moment by moment.

RYAN  
Don't say that, Claire.

CLAIRE  
I know we don't want to, but it's  
time for us to start facing the  
truth.

RYAN  
We still have so much time  
together. Don't give up on us.

CLAIRE  
I'm not. I'm giving us a chance.  
I may not be able to remember  
you, but you can remember me.  
And this is the memory I want you  
to have of me. All that I am  
right now.

Ryan frowns as he ponders all this.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Please, Ryan, try and  
understand...

RYAN  
God. This can't be the end.

Claire caresses his cheek.

CLAIRE  
True love stories never end.

They fall into a kiss. A last kiss. They pull away and take each other in. They stare at one another for a long moment.

RYAN

What now?

CLAIRE

Now, it's time to close my eyes...

Ryan nods understandingly. He runs his hand over Claire's face and closes her eyelids. He leans closer and whispers in her ear.

RYAN

Write in your book about me.  
Like you do with your flowers.  
Keep me forever.

CLAIRE

I will.

RYAN

I'll always love you.

The feeling of the moment wells up in Claire's eyes. A second later, she opens them. No one in sight.

CLAIRE

(under her breath)  
I'll always love you.

INT. WALKER LIVING ROOM - DAY

Claire's mother opens the front door and Claire with Kadence stand on the doorstep. Full of joy, the mother hugs her daughter tightly.

INT. GEORGE'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Ryan walks through the door to the busy restaurant. George stands at the back, talking to a few CUSTOMERS. He spots Ryan and signals to him. The young man smiles and makes his way towards his uncle.

EXT. UPTOWN STREET - DAY

Claire, Kadence and Jill past by a hotel entrance decorated with gardenias. Claire smells the scent of the blooming flowers that remind her of Ryan and a flood of warm memories seizes her.

INT. EIGHTY8 CORAL BAR - NIGHT

The Coral is filled with people. Ryan and Shane on opposite ends of the counter, raise their glasses in salutation and then drink.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Claire writes something down on a scrapbook. On the page, there attached pictures of her and Ryan. She finishes and stares at the pictures, choking back emotions. She closes the book.

INT. RYAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

On the window sill, the flower is in full blossom, its colors are striking in the autumn sun.

FADE OUT.

THE END