

FADE IN:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Hurrying down some stairs, A-list actress CHELSEA GISCH (35) stops in front of the curb and looks both ways. She has her purse and a shoulder bag and shades on. She rips the shades off of her face and stares towards the left in opposite direction of the traffic.

CHELSEA  
(to herself)  
Where the hell is that limo?

Chelsea flags down a cab.

INT. CAB

The cab driver is a stout man with a stout face and a five o'clock shadow. He wears a plaid cap and is in his upper 50's.

CAB DRIVER  
Where to?

CHELSEA  
Prudential Building and step on it!  
I'm late for an appointment.

Chelsea fishes through her purse, leaning down to dig into it as she cannot find what she wants. Soon, she finds her cellular and flips it open. She stabs at the numbers with her sharp fingernails.

On the other end answers MURRAY HAMILTON, her agent.

MURRAY (O.S.)  
Murray here.

CHELSEA  
Murray, you witless piece of shit.  
Where were my limo arrangements?  
There was no one here to greet me  
and I had to take some smelly cab.

Cab driver smirks at her through the rear view.

MURRAY (O.S.)  
I'm so sorry my dear. Must have  
been a mixup.

CHELSEA

There was a mix up all right--with your other clients! You pay more attention to them than you do to me--the one who earns you the most.

MURRAY (O.S.)

I'll make sure a limo is waiting for you at the end of the photo shoot.

CHELSEA

What about my other arrangements?

MURRAY (O.S.)

What...re...other arrangements?

CHELSEA

AT the photo shoot!

MURRAY (O.S.)

Uh...yes....,

CHELSEA

The tonic water, the freshly squeezed orange juice, the bagels with just a touch of creme cheese on them, the grapes, the corns.

MURRAY

I'm sure they're setting those up as we speak.

CHELSEA

You better hope so Murray because if they are not--

Chelsea stabbed her finger into the "hang up" button of her cellular. She then looked out at the street.

CHELSEA

Driver, why are we not speeding? I told you I was in a hurry!

CAB DRIVER

Sorry lady. We're at the tail end of morning rush hour traffic.

CHELSEA

I don't want excuses, I want to get where I'm going on time!

CAB DRIVER

(rolls his eyes.)  
Yes mam'm.

EXT. SU CASA OUTDOOR CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Waiter ANTHONY CAFARELLI (37) is just starting his shift. He puts on his apron with the Su Casa's logo on it and ties his tie and tucks it under the apron.

RUPHERT DOCKERY, a balding short man (43) hands Anthony a piece of paper.

RUPHERT  
Got a new song for ya.

ANTHONY  
What?

RUPHERT  
Yeah. Wrote it myself. Real lovy  
dovey song.

ANTHONY  
I'm still learnin' the last one you  
gave me

RUPHERT  
And you can learn this one. You  
know the requirements for the singing  
waiter position.

ANTHONY  
Can't I sing my own song?

RUPHERT  
No.

ANTHONY  
But you said you'd think about it  
last time I asked.

Ruphert puts his hand underneath his chin and looks to the ceiling as if he is considering it.

RUPHERT  
Okay...no. There, I thought about  
it.

ANTHONY  
Come on, Ruphert. How can I be a  
song writer someday if I can't write  
my own tunes?

RUPHERT  
You can be anything you want on your  
own time. Fer now, sing the sappy  
love songs that I give you.

Anthony looks around at some construction workers, police officers, and office temps and people who look half asleep with their donuts in their coffee.

INT. CAB - MOMENTS LATER

Chelsea thumbs her way through her cellular directory looking for a name.

CHELSEA  
(to herself)  
Where is he?

CAB DRIVER  
We're almost there, mam'm.

CHELSEA  
I wasn't talking to you. I was  
talking to myself.

Cab driver sighs.

CHELSEA  
(to herself)  
Goddamn.

Not finding what she wants in her directory, Chelsea types a number in. She then waits for someone to pick up.

EXT. SU CASA OUTDOOR CAFE - CONTINUOUS

No sooner is Anthony serving a couple outside when his cell goes off. He leaves the table, reaches in his back pocket, and picks it up.

ANTHONY  
Yelp.

CHELSEA (O.S.)  
You sound like a dog. Is that how  
you answer the phone these days?

ANTHONY  
Who is this?

CHELSEA (O.S.)  
You know I removed your number from  
my cell. I still had it in memory...

Anthony stares at the cell trying to come up with where he'd heard this voice before.

CHELSEA (O.S.)  
I mean...my own personal memory.  
Look...I was thinking about you and  
willing to let bygones be bygones.

Anthony nods to himself. He must know who this is. Better to play along until it comes to him.

ANTHONY  
What if I don't want to?

CHELSEA (O.S.)  
We had some good times. I just needed  
a break.

ANTHONY  
I didn't need a break from you. Did  
you even ask me?

CHELSEA (O.S.)  
The woman does not ask.

ANTHONY  
Did you level with me why we broke  
up?

CHELSEA (O.S.)  
I told you why.

ANTHONY  
You needed some space?

CHELSEA (O.S.)  
You don't remember?

Anthony moves the cellular to his ear as he is shoved a large serving platter in his hands with plates of spaghetti, bowls of soup and other foods his table ordered on it.

ANTHONY  
I don't think of someone who dumps  
me. I go on. I don't dwell on it.

CHELSEA (O.S.)  
You haven't found anyone else?

ANTHONY  
What is it to you? We're broken up.  
I doesn't have to confide in you  
anymore.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Cheslsa puts her head to the phone.

CHELSEA  
Darling, we can get together and  
discuss this.

ANTHONY (O.S.)  
There's nothing to discuss.

CHELSEA  
Is there someone else?

ANTHONY (O.S.)  
That's none of your business.

INT. SU CASA OUTDOOR CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Anthony is bent over serving a table and hands the plates  
over to the people little by little while talking to Chelsea.

CHELSEA (O.S.)  
We just broke up three weeks ago.  
You have someone else?

ANTHONY  
Three weeks ago?

CHELSEA (O.S.)  
You will not have as good of a time  
as you did with me.

ANTHONY  
I really don't remember what we did...  
(beat)  
(to himself)  
And I mean that.

CHELSEA (O.S.)  
How could you not remember? The  
concerts I took you to, my photo  
shoots, the time we spent in my Malibu  
and New York apartments--

ANTHONY  
Aw man, that is lame. Now I know  
you've got the wrong person.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea looks perplexed.

CHELSEA  
Excuse me?

INT. SU CASA OUTDOOR CAFE - CONTINUOUS

So preoccupied, Anthony holds up on giving a customer his salad, keeping it out of his reach.

ANTHONY

You weren't my girlfriend. If you were, we would have had court seats at a Bulls game, would have been backstage at an awards show, shared time in a limo overlooking Chicago's night life while other suckers are in bed 'cause they have to work tomorrow. We would walk barefooted on the beach at sun set.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea stares at the phone.

CHELSEA

This isn't Ben?

EXT. SU CASA OUTDOOR CAFE - CONTINUOUS

The customer ends up grabbing for the salad just as Anthony stands upright, ensuring the tray and salad are out of his reach.

ANTHONY

This is Anthony.

CHELSEA (O.S.)

"Anthony?"

ANTHONY

Word of advice, mam'm. This guy was no boyfriend but a hanger on. He wanted to be seen. He hung with you is all he did. He was no boyfriend.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea opens her mouth but is too flabbergasted to speak.

CHELSEA

Who is this, again?

EXT. SU CASA OUTDOOR CAFE

The patron grabs at the salad and Anthony gives it to him, looking confused at why he was reaching for it.

ANTHONY

You sound inexperienced and dreamy.  
What lines did he lay on you to get  
with you?

CHELSEA (O.S.)

Excuse me? Inexperienced?

ANTHONY

If you ask me, the man was glad to  
be rid of you. He was probably  
twittering everyone and his press  
agent playing up the fact he was  
with you. But you outlived your  
usefulness to him. He's got his  
fame now.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea again stares at the phone.

CHELSEA

Now, wait a minute...

ANTHONY (O.S.)

I think you knew he was after  
attention. I think you didn't care  
because someone was with you. He  
isn't worth your time, but, good  
luck trying to get him back.

Anthony disconnects.

EXT. OUTSIDE MODELING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The cab pulls up to a large building with stairs in front of  
it.

INT. CAB

The cab driver turns to Chelsea.

CAB DRIVER

That'll be five fifty.



Chelsea stares flabbergasted at the driver as if not knowing where she was or what she was doing there, She fishes in her purse, pulls out a twenty and slams it into the man's hand.

CAB DRIVER

A twenty. Lady--

Chelsea gets out the cab.

EXT. OUTSIDE MODELING STUDIO

Chelsea walks up the stairs then stops and turns. She stares back at the cab. She then scrambles for her cell and pushes the number that redials the last one she dialed.

EXT. SU CASA OUTDOOR CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Anthony struggles with a large tray of dirty dishes and by impulse, one-handedly clicks open his cell and puts it on "speaker" mode. Another waiter plops another tray on top of the one he had and Anthony ends up walking them wobbly to the kitchen.

OTHER WAITER

You gotta sing at table three. Couple just got engaged last night.

EXT. OUTSIDE MODELING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea hears clanging and other talk in the background.

CHELSEA

Hello?

Someone in the background, presumably someone answering a phone, says Su Casa cafe. Chelsea switches to her internet browser and then to a map browser and then types the name into the search engine and gets an address.

The cab starts to pull away.

CHELSEA

(yelling)

Taxi!!!

EXT. SU CASA OUTDOOR CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Anthony comes out of the cafe wearing a mic on his collar and holding a sheet of paper. He looks at it, rolls his eyes, balls it up and crams it in his front pocket.

ANTHONY

I got my own song.

He then clears his voice.

His cellular is blinking bright green, meaning it is still on speaker mode.

EXT. OUTSIDE MODELING STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea races down the steps to the cab.

EXT. SU CASA OUTDOOR CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Anthony approaches the couple's table; a man around fifty three and a woman around fifty one or so. Anthony motions like he is pumping an air guitar and starts singing.

ANTHONY

Your voice is all I know of you.  
You're a mystery to me. Who are  
you? What do you mean to me?  
Someday, some time, the veil will be  
swept away.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

The cab driver looks at Chelsea in the mirror.

CAB DRIVER

You want me to what?

CHELSEA

Go to that address. And I already  
paid you enough for this fare.

CAB DRIVER

(to himself)  
Not enough, lady.

Chelsea listens to her cell when she hears Anthony singing.

EXT. SU CASA OUTDOOR CAFE

Anthony pumps the air guitar high over his head and mimics the sounds of that guitar solo in the song. He leans back and taps his right shoe.

ANTHONY

GIRL...We're perfect for each other  
I can't envision myself being with  
any one else. GIRL...we're perfect  
for each other. Anything life throws  
at us, we're up to pass the test

A cab pulls up just as Anthony puts his guitar to his side,  
leans back, and strums it aggressively.

EXT. CAB

Chelsea steps out of the taxi and closes the door. The taxi  
pulls off as we imagine the driver has had enough of her.  
Chelsea walks to the patio at the foot or so from where  
Anthony is.

Anthony goes into this long drawl.

ANTHONY

We are one...

Then he sees Chelsea and she is holding her cell out as if  
to show him. He can hear his own voice from that phone and  
Anthony looks down and realizes his own phone is on. He  
then realizes that Chelsea is the one he spoke to.

ANTHONY

Our worlds are now one...

Ruphert, the manager seen earlier, comes out and stares wide  
eyed at Anthony.

RUPHERT

You didn't sing the...that's not the  
song I...

Anthony ignores him, puts his air guitar down and walks to  
Chelsea amid cheers from the restaurant patrons. Ruphert  
follows suit.

RUPHERT

Yeah! I wrote that song!

Chelsea cuts off her cellular phone and Anthony cuts off  
his. They just smile at each other.